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PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

GRECIAN SECTION.

PART II.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO TIMOLEON OF CORINTH.

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LANGHORNE TRANSLATION.

Text and Notes Complete and Revised, with Index.

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ALEXANDER THE GREAT TO TIMOLEON OF CORINTH.

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PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

ANALYSIS OF CONTENTS.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, KING OF MACEDON, 102-163.—Claimed to be 38th in descent from Hercules, 102; born July 6, 354 B.C.—temple of Diana at Ephesus burned that night, 104; was fair in complexion, with a tinge of red, warm in temperament, inclined to drink, subject to passion, his head turned a little to one side, and eagle-eyed, 104; asked to run at the Olympian games—"he would, if kings run against him," 105; Leonidas, his preceptor, 105; "my father (Philip) will go on conquering till there is nothing left for me to do," 105: Bucephalus, the war steed, offered for £2619—no one could mount him, Alexander rode him, "seek another kingdom, my son," said Philip, "that may be worthy of thy abilities, for Macedonia is too small for thee," 106; Aristotle, his tutor, 107; he loved polite learning, and was a man of extensive reading, 107; the Iliad he thought a portable treasure of military knowledge, 107; his father in Asia, he is left regent at 16, 108; founded a town and called it Alexandropolis, 108; fought in the battle of Cheronæa, and first broke the array of the *sacred band* of Thebes, 108; home quarrel with his father, who soon after falls by the hand of Pausanias, 109; at 20 mounts the throne, and finds all in tumult in Macedon, 110; reduces and razes Thebes to the ground, 6000 fell in battle, 30,000 sold as slaves, but from all punishment he excepted the descendants of Pindar, 111; elected by the Greeks as captain-general in the war they resolved to wage in Asia, against Darius, 111; seeing Diogenes lying in the sun, he enquired if there was anything he could serve him in. *Only stand a little out of my sunshine*, said Diogenes, while his courtiers ridiculed the philosopher. He said, *If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes* 112; the oracle of Delphi said, *My son, thou art invincible*—he replied, that was the very oracle he desired, 112; the force he led against Darius, 112; he reserved HOPE for himself, 112; at Ilium he offered libations to the heroes, anointed himself upon Achilles' tomb with oil, and ran round it with his friends, naked, as was the custom, 113; finds the forces of Darius posted on banks of the Granicus, 113; forced the passage, distinguished by buckler, crest, and plume of white feathers, 114; result of the victory, 114; passage of the Pamphylian sea, 115; cutting of the

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CLEOMENES, THE LAST KING OF SPARTA, 303-328.—Son of Leonidas, married Agiatis, widow of King Agis, 303; in beauty, temper, and conduct she was superior to all the women of Greece, 304; he was ambitious of glory, and had a native greatness of mind, 304; nature had disposed him to temperance and simplicity of manners as much as Agis, but he had not his calmness and moderation, 304; he was not satisfied with the prevailing manners and customs of Sparta, 304; despised by Aratus as a young man without experience, 305; sent by the Ephori to seize Athenæum, one of the keys of Laconia, 305; Aratus, with 23,000, dares not meet him with his 5000—"We seldom inquire the number of our enemies," said he, "but the place where they could be found," 306; his mother, Cratesiclea supplied him with money, and joined in all his schemes o glory, 307; does honour to the remains of Lysiadas, 307; believes that the yoke of the Ephori must be broken, an equal division of property made, when Sparta would once more rise to the empire of Greece, 307; the Ephori destroyed, 308; when the Ephori entered on office they used to proclaim "that the people should shave the upper lip and be obedient to the laws," 308; the pests of Lacedæmon were "luxury, superfluous expense, debts, usury, and those more ancient evils—poverty and riches," 309; the land was divided, 310; 4000 foot raised and taught the use of the two-handed pike instead of the javelin, and to hold their shields by a handle, and not by a ring as before, 310; made his brother Euclidas partner in the throne—the only time the Spartans had two kings of the same family, 310; among the Grecian and royal armies his was the only one which had not a train of players, jugglers, singers, and dancers of both sexes, no intemperance or buffoonery, no public shows or feasts were seen in his camp, 311; as a king he was ever found in an ordinary habit, ready to meet his people, and enter into their business with the utmost care and freedom, 311; his common supper was short and truly Laconic, there were only couches for three people, but when he entertained ambassadors or strangers two more couches were added, the dishes were larger, the wine more generous—after supper a three-legged stand was brought in, upon which was placed a brass bowl full of wine, two silver pots that held about 1⅛ pints each, and a few cups of the same metal—such as were inclined to drink did so, but the cup was not pressed on any man—he entertained his company with his conversation, sometimes asking questions, and sometimes telling stories, 311; his difference with the Achæans ruined the affairs of Greece, 312; his successful operations, 315; death of Megistonus, his father-in-law, 316; is repulsed at Argos, 317; death of his excellent wife, 317; Ptolemy of Egypt offers him aid, 317; enfranchises such of the Helots as could pay 5 Attic minæ for their liberty, and arms 2000 such in the Spartan manner, 318; captures Megalopolis, and sends the statues and pictures to Sparta, 318; he first called money the sinews of war, 320; is totally defeated by Antigonus at Sallasia, 321; sees his brother Euclidas surrounded, when he cried out, "Thou art lost, my dear brother, thou art lost," 322; of 6000 Spartans in the action, not 200 were saved, 322; when he reached Sparta, he advised them to surrender to Antigonus, 322; then proceeded to Gythium with his friends, 322; Therycion advises suicide—he combats the idea, 323; sails for Africa, reaches Alexandria, and is well received by Ptolemy, 323; received 24 talents for his support, 323; old Ptolemy dying, women rule the court of his successor, and the Greeks are neglected, 324; "beating a drum with his royal hands about the palace"—occupies the young king of Egypt, 324; Cleomenes is feared as a lion among a flock of sheep, 324; arrested, confined, escapes with 13 friends! who agree to die by the hands of each other, 325; his mother, Cratesiclea, is killed, calling sadly, "O my children, whither are you gone?" and the last duties are nobly discharged by the wife of Panteus, a Spartan matron, who fell like a heroine, showing that "it is impossible for fortune to conquer virtue," 328.

DEMETRIUS, TYRANT OF MACEDON, KING OF ATHENS, 205-239.—Son of Antigonus, though tall was not equal in size to his father, but his beauty and mien were inimitable, 206; in his hours of leisure an agreeable companion, at his table, as in every species of entertainment, of all princes the most delicate, and yet, when business called, nothing could equal his study, his diligence, and despatch, 206; his affection for his father, the greatest and oldest of the successors of Alexander, was great, as was his respect for his mother, 207; he saved the life of Mithridates, his friend and companion, 207; his father sent him (æt. 22), in command of an army against Ptolemy, who defeated him at Gaza, 208; soon after he defeated Cilles, Ptolemy's general, 208; goes against the Nabathœan Arabs and Seleucus in Mesopotamia, 208; his father and he resolve to aid Athens as the key of Greece, the watch tower of the world, from whence the torch of their glory would blaze over the earth, 209; arrives at Athens, promising to reinstate them in their liberties, and expel the hostile garrison, 209; took Megara, and there found Stilpo, the philosopher, whom he asked "if aught had been taken from him?" "No," replied he, "I found none that wanted to steal my knowledge."—On leaving him he said, "Stilpo, I leave you entirely free." "True," was the reply, "you have not left a slave among us," 210; the Athenian democracy, restored to power, give the titles of King to Antigonus and Demetrius, and honoured them with the appellation of their god protectors, ordering their portraits to be wrought in the holy veil with those of other gods, 211; marries Eurydice, a descendant of Miltiades, and widow of the king of Cyrene, 213; he had before married Phila, the widow of Craterus, but he was more infamous for his licentious excesses than any other prince of his time, 213; defeats, at Cyprus, Menelaus, the brother of Ptolemy, and the victory was important, 213; among the captives was the celebrated Lamia, who, old as she was, enslaved him, 214; the people now, for the first time, proclaimed Antigonus and Demetrius kings, who immediately assumed the diadems, 214; he one while gave himself up entirely to pleasure, and another while to business, he did not intermix them, 216; there was something peculiarly great in the construction of his ships and engines, and he took an unwearied pleasure in the inventing of new ones, for he was ingenious in the speculative part of mechanics, 216; description of his Helepoles, 217; his coats of mail and their cost, 217; sails to succour the Athenians, 218; the Athenians decree that "whatsoever he might command should be accounted holy in respect of the gods, and just in respect of men," 219; marries Deidamia, the sister of Pyrrhus, 219; there were no women actors on the stage, men in female dresses performed their parts, 220; the hostile armies on the eve of the battle of Ipsus—fatal to Antigonus and his son, 222; evil omens precede it, 222; defeated, he is rejected at Athens, 223; his fortunes revive, and Seleucus marries his daughter Stratonice, 224; the meeting with Seleucus, 224, maxims of Plato, "that the man who would be happy should not study to enlarge his estate, but to contract his desires, for he who does not restrain his avarice must be for ever poor," 225; the famine at Athens, 225; Epicurus then supported himself and disciples with beans, which he shared with and counted out to them daily, 226; is kind to starving people, 226; defeats the Lacedæmonians at Mantinea, and again near Sparta, and was almost master of a town which had "never been taken before," 226; had a narrow escape from assassination, himself destroying the plotter, 227; declared king of, and enters, Macedonia, 228; Antiochus, son of Seleucus, falls violently in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, the symptoms of such love, according to Sappho, 228; to save the son the father yields up his wife, and they are married, 229; Thebes taken, and twice so within ten years of being rebuilt, 229; lays waste Epirus, 230; meets Pyrrhus in action, is defeated, and loses the kingdom of Macedon, the soldiers preferring his rival, 231; he did always appear as a theatrical king, not only affecting a superfluity of ornament in wearing a double diadem, and a roll of purple interwoven with gold, but he had his shoes made of cloth of gold, with soles of fine purple, 231; his luxurious and dissolute manner of life, and the difficulty of access to him, disobliged his subjects, 231; Philip of Macedon, being importuned by an old woman, replied "he was not at leisure."—"Then," cried she, "you should not be a king," the king, struck with this remark, returned to his palace and heard all suitors, beginning with the old woman, 231; no man before his time ever had a galley of 15 or 16 banks of oars, 232; after his time Ptolemy Philopater built one of 40 banks, length 490 feet, depth 84 feet, 400 marines, rowers 4,000, on deck 3,000 soldiers, but it was calculated more for show than for use, 232; the ships of Demetrius were magnificent in construction, equally fit for fighting, admirable for their size, and still more so for the swiftness of their motion, 232; preparing for the invasion of Asia he found himself surrounded with war at home, 232; the soldiers had been accustomed to think "the best man in the field the most worthy of the crown," and he was deserted for Pyrrhus, 233; he fled to Cassandra, where his wife Phila was, and she, seeing him so fallen in fortune, took poison, 233; yet his glory broke out again, and shone with new splendour, 234; he sailed for Asia, and was received by Euridice, a sister of Phila, who gave him her daughter Ptolemais in marriage, 234; is hunted by Agathocles, whom he baffles, 234; appeals to Seleucus, who helps him, 235; finds himself like a wild beast in the toils, 235; fights on with varied success, 236; in despair draws his sword to kill himself, but is prevented, and at last surrenders to Seleucus, 237; is magnificently treated, 237; took to drinking and play, 237; after three years' confinement in the Chersonesus, fell into a distemper and died, æt. 54, his funeral, 238.

DEMOSTHENES, THE GREAT ORATOR OF GREECE, 82-102.—He was born in "the famous city of Athens," 82; "perhaps the precept 'know thyself' would not be considered as divine if every man could easily reduce it to practice," 82; like Cicero he was taken by his enemies, and expired the same hour with the liberties of his country, 83; his father, a sword cutler, died when he was seven years old, and his guardians dealt ill with the large estate left him, 83; his mother did not choose that he should be put to laborious exercises on account of the weakness and delicacy of his frame, 84; his temperament was morose, 84; the first orator he heard plead was Callistratus, whose abilities were admired, and whose success fired him with emulation, 84; he studied under Plato, 85; when his minority expired (æt. 18) he called his guardians to account at law, 85; he gained his case, but recovered little of his fortune, 85; yet having tasted the honour and power that go in the train of eloquence he attempted to speak in public debates, 85; by advice of his physicians he applied himself to running till he had gained such excellent health and breath that he tried for the crown at the public games, 85; in his first address to the public he was laughed at and interrupted, as he had a weakness and a stammering in his voice, and a want of breath, 85; on quitting the assembly a friend found him wandering in a dejected condition in the Piræus, who said, "You have a manner of speaking very like that of Pericles, and yet you lose yourself out of mere timidity and cowardice," 85; again, when his speeches had been ill received, and he was going home with his head covered, and in the greatest distress, Satyrus, the player, met him, to whom he lamented that though "he was the most laborious of all the orators, and had almost sacrificed his health to that application, yet he could gain no favour with the people, but drunken seamen and other unlettered persons were heard, and kept the rostrum, while he was entirely disregarded,"—"Repeat to me some speech in Euripides or Sophocles," said the player—when done, Satyrus pronounced the same speech, but with such propriety of action, etc., that he now understood well how much grace and dignity action adds to the best oration—upon this he built himself a subterranean study which remains to our time, 86; thither he repaired every day to form his action and exercise his voice, and he would often stay there for two or three months together, shaving one side of his head, that the appearing so might keep him from going abroad, 86; when he did meet friends, he would take something that passed in conversation for a subject to exercise himself upon; would repeat the matter in order as it passed, together with the arguments for and against it, 86; the substance of his speeches he committed to memory, reduced them to regular sentences and periods, altering and correcting and giving new forms of expression; hence it was concluded that he was not a man of much genius; and that all his eloquence was the effect of labour, 86; he was seldom heard to speak anything extempore, though often called upon to speak to the point debated, he was ridiculed and told that "his arguments smelled of the lamp," 86; he wrote the whole of his orations, and declared the coming prepared to the rostrum was a mark of respect for the people, 87;

he did not take Pericles entirely for his model, he only adopted his action and delivery, and his resolution not to make a practice of speaking from a sudden impulse, 87; of the orators he was the greatest, but Phocion was the more powerful speaker, because he compressed a great deal of sense in a few words, 88; the hesitation and stammering of his tongue he corrected by practising to speak with pebbles in his mouth, and he strengthened his voice by running or walking up hill, and pronouncing some passage in an oration, or a poem, during the difficulty of breathing which that caused, had a looking-glass in his house, before which he used to declaim—and adjust all his actions, 88; in his written orations, there was something extremely cutting and severe, but in his repartees there was also something of humour, 89; at 32 years of age he had attained no name or power in the administration, 89; he was vindictive in his nature, and implacable in his resentments, 89; his Phillippics, orations against Philip, were admired in Greece, and by the King of Persia, 89; he was never a timeserver either in his word or actions; the key of politics which he first touched, he kept to without variation, 90; but he had neither the courage that could be trusted in the field, nor was he sufficiently fortified against the impression of money, 90; he excelled all the orators of his time, except Phocion, in his life and conversation, 90; he told the people the boldest truths, opposed their inclinations and corrected their errors with the greatest spirit and freedom, 90; Philip of Macedon claimed credit for eloquence, beauty, end even for being able to drink heavily; Demosthenes said, the first was the property of a sophist, the second of a woman, the third of a sponge, and not one of them could do any credit to a king, 92; in battle he performed nothing worthy of the glorious things he had spoken. He quitted his post, he threw away his arms, he fled in the most infamous manner, 94; he rebuilt the walls of Athens at his own expense, 96; from Harpalus, treasurer of Alexander, he took a cup as a bribe, 97; is exiled for that, 98; when fleeing, he declared that "if two roads had been shown him at first, the one leading to the *rostrum* and the business of the assembly, and the other to certain destruction, and he could have forseen the evils that awaited him in the political walk, the fears, the envy, the calumny, and contention, he would have chosen that road which led to immediate death, 98; the people of Athens voted for his recal, 99; but he did not long enjoy his return—the affairs of Greece soon went to ruin, 99; he retired from the city, and was condemned to death, 99; took sanctuary in the temple of Neptune at Calauria; but is followed by Archias, the exile hunter, 100; claims a little time to send orders to his family, 100; retired, took poison he had prepared, uncovered his face, looked on Archias, and died, 101.

DION, THE PATRIOTIC PRINCE OF SYRACUSE, 26-56.—He was brother of Aristomache, queen of Dionysius the elder, 27; was the most distinguished of the scholars Plato had in Syracuse; and to the fertility of his genius, and the excellence of his disposition, he deports Plato to Egina, when he was sold for twenty pounds, 28; Dionysius desired a sleeping dose, and got one he waked from no more, 28; Dion is unpopular in the court of Dionysius the younger, 29; that prince would continue the scene of intoxication for 90 days without intermission, when no sober person was admitted to his court—all was buffoonery, revel, and riot, 29; his gravity of manners the courtiers called pride—his freedom of speech insolence—his declining to join in their licentiousness, contempt, 29; Plato is sent for from Athens, 31; the apartments of the palace become like so many schools, 32; but Dion becomes suspected by the tyrant, and is shipped off to Italy, 32; he was little inferior in wealth to the king, 33; he lived at Athens with Callipus, 33; his behaviour was modest, discreet, and manly; and his discourses were learned and ingenious, 34; the tyrant confiscated his estate, 34; is urged by his friends to return to Sicily, 34; Plato visits Sicily a third time, 35; Arete, wife of Dion, compelled to marry another, 36; noble conduct of Theste, sister of the tyrant, 36; declares himself the enemy of Dionysius, and prepares to assail him, 37; lands in Sicily, the tyrant absent in Italy, 39; spies "a set of wretches, hated of gods and men," 40; enters Syracuse and proclaims it free, 40; as he passed through the streets, the people prepared their victims on tables placed before the doors, scattered flowers on his head, and offered up prayers to him as to their tutelar deity, 40; made prætor of Syracuse, 41; Dionysius returns from Italy and enters the citadel from the sea, 41; the battle, 42; Heraclides the admiral made his colleague, 43; who courts the people, 43; the tyrant, leaving his son in command, escapes from the citadel, 45; division of the land proposed by Heraclides, 46; Dion's men tampered with, but prove faithful to him, 46; the recent recovery of their liberty made the Syracusans insolent, and they held their very commanders as their servile dependants, 47; the city is lost by the people and saved for them by Dion, 48; the citadel evacuated, 52; meeting with his wife Arete, 52; Heraclides murdered, 53; Callippus intrigues to supplant him, 54; takes the great oath as to his loyalty, 55; of Athens its good men are the best, its bad men the worst, 55.

EUMENES, SECRETARY OF ALEXANDER AND DRAVE, 163-180.—When a lad he won the favour of Philip of Macedon, 163; and earned the reputation of being equal in capacity to any of the officers of Alexander, to whom he was principal secretary, 163; applied to for 300 talents by Alexander, declares he has but 100; his tent is burned down, and metal of 1000 talents is found, 164: in the quarrels which arose, after his death, among the friends and generals of Alexander, he stood neuter, 165; in the division of the provinces, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, and the Sea of Pontus fell to him, 165; Cleopatra, sister of Alexander, offered him her hand, 165; he has powerful enemies, 166; Craterus from Macedonia advances against him, 167; he falls in battle, 168; fierce combat with Neoptolemus, 169; to pay his army he sold them all the farms and castles in the country, together with the people and the cattle that were upon them, 170; he lost a battle to Antigonus, being betrayed, but did not suffer the traitor to escape—he hung him, 170; forced to wander from place to place, he finds refuge in his castle of Nora—Nora garrisoned, 171; when Antigonus claimed his submission, he replied, "While I am master of my sword, I shall never think any man greater than myself," 171; with the mean provisions in his fort he furnished a cheerful entertainment for his friends, whom he invited in their turns; his countenance had nothing of a ferocious or war-worn turn, but was smooth and elegant, and the proportions of his limbs were as if they had come from the chisel of the statuary; he was not eloquent, but soft and persuasive of speech, 172; how he exercised his garrison, 173; solicited by Olympias to come and take care of the son of Alexander, 173; the camp of the Macedonians looked like a place of public reception for every species of intemperance, and the soldiers were courted for military appointments, as the people are for their vote in a republic, 174; to secure support from his friends he borrows 40,000 crowns from them, 174; defeats Antigonus, 175; the lustre of their golden armour glittering in the sun, the elephants with the towers upon their backs, and the purple vests which the cavalry of Antigonus used to wear when advancing to the contest, 175; he was sick, carried in a litter, but when his troops saw him they saluted him in the Macedonian language, clanked their arms, and with loud shouts challenged the enemy to advance, 175; Antigonus, seeing the excellent order of the army of Eumenes, stood still in silent admiration, then spying the litter, he laughed aloud, as his manner was, and said, "Yon litter is the thing that pitches the battle against us," 176; a conspiracy formed to take him off, he said "he lived among a herd of savage beasts," and made his will, 177; the Argyraspides, his best troops, were bribed by Antigonus to deliver him alive to him, 178; watching their opportunity, they fell upon him, took away his sword, and bound his hands behind him with his own girdle, 178; he exclaimed, "I am not conquered: I have beaten the enemy, and am ruined by my fellow-soldiers," 178; he was denied food, and when near his end an executioner was sent to despatch him, 179; the body was delivered to his friends, 179; of those wretches who betrayed him not one of them returned to Macedonia, all perished, Antigonus, their leader, being put in a silver coffin, and buried alive, 180.

PELOPIDAS, THEBAN GENERAL AND COMPATRIOT OF EPAMINONDAS, 1-26.—Sybarite opinions, 1; Homer leads out his warriors to battle always well armed, 1; the light-armed resemble the hand, the cavalry the feet, the infantry the breast, the general the head of the army, 1; a good general should die an old man, 2; Pelopidas compared with Marcellus, 2; was of an illustrious family in Thebes, 2; affluent, but not the slave of his wealth, 2; gloried in plainness of dress, slenderness of diet—indefatigable in labour, plain and open in conduct, 2; married into a noble family and had children, 2; in the battle at Mantinea he and Epaminondas locked their shields together, repulsed all, till having received seven wounds he fell—succour came and both were saved, 3: Thebes was faithful to Sparta throughout the Peloponnesian war, 3; the Cadmea—citadel of Thebes betrayed, 4; with his fellow-exiles Pelopidas seeks to recover it, and does so, 8; is elected general, 9; the Spartan maxim 9; was never out of employment, 10; the battle of Tegyræ gave him fame, 11; the *sacred band* of Thebes, 12; the Greeks then first taught that wherever the youths are ashamed of what is base, resolute in a good cause, and more inclined to avoid disgrace than danger—these are the men who are terrible to their enemies, 12; Gorgidas formed the sacred band, and Pelopidas constantly charged at their head, 13; when departing from the army he said to his wife, "My dear, private persons are to be advised to take care of themselves, but those in a public character must take care of others," 13; his dream—on eve of the victories of Leuctra—B.C. 371, 14; the victim appears, 15; the contending forces—incidents of the battle—the slaughter between Greeks, greater than had ever been known before, 15; the envy of their fellow-citizens shows itself—Pelopidas and Epaminondas on their return from a glorious campaign are capitally tried—they had held their commands beyond their legal time—they were acquitted, 16; Thebes was now the only commonwealth in Greece that retained any remains of patriotism and compassion for the injured and oppressed, 18; Pelopidas is seized at Pharsalus, 19; recovered by Epaminondas, 20; sent ambassador to Persia, and bears himself well, 21; eclipse of the sun, 22; sacrifices both his safety and his duty as a general to his passions—he sprang forward before his troops and fell on the field, 23; the Thebans, afflicted at his loss, deplore him as their father, their saviour, and instructor in all that was great and noble, 23; they crowd round the body, piled round it the spoils of the army, and cut off their horses' manes and their own hair, 24.

PHILOPŒMEN, THE LAST OF THE GREEKS, 329-344.—He was the last of many excellent generals, and Greece loved him as the child of her old age, 329; in visage homely, but for size and strength no man in Peloponnesus excelled him, 329; came to a house at Megara where the general of the Achæans was expected, and in his habits was ordinary—his hostess in haste preparing supper, her husband being out of the way, desired him to assist her; he threw off his cloak and began to cleave wood—"What is the meaning of this?" said his host. "I am paying the fine of my deformity," was the reply, 330; "What fine hands and legs you have," said Flaminius, "but then you have no belly," 330; his leisure he spent in the chase, or in tillage of the field; he had a fine estate 20 furlongs from the city of Megalopolis, to which he went every day after dinner and after supper, and at night threw himself on an ordinary mattress; in the morning [illegible]se early and went to work along with his vine-dressers or ploughmen, after which he returned to town, and employed his time about the public offices, 330; he declared, the surest way not to touch what belongs to others is to take care of one's own, 231; as to reading, he was persuaded that learning might conduce to action, and not be considered as a mere pastime and a useless fund of talk, 331; he strove hard to defend Megalopolis when it was attacked by Cleomenes, 330; his services in the field at Sellasia were such that Antigonus declared that, though a young man, he had performed the office of an experienced general, 332; offered a command by Antigonus, but declined it, as he could not bear to be under the direction of another, 333; serves in Crete, 333; in the battle of Larrissus, he, at 44, encountered and slew Demophantus, general of the Elean horse, 333; remodels the manner of arming and fighting of the Achæan forces, 334; under him they became used to conquer, 335; defeats Machanidas, tyrant of Sparta, 335; his oration at the Nemean games, 336; his troops followed him on the principle that he who excels should command, 337; everything in his character was great, 337; had an extreme aversion to idleness, and desired to keep his talents as a soldier and a general in constant practice, 337; held that skill in drawing up an army is the capital point in the art of war, 338; deals hardly with Sparta, 340; the orators of Greece inclined to the Roman interest, 341; general for eighth time, æt. 70, 341; in the conflict on Evander's hill, he is thrown from his horse, and made captive, 342; lodged in his dungeon, Dinocrates, to forestall demand of his release, hands in a draught of hemlock, which, offered him by the executioner, he drinks, and dies, 343.

PHOCION THE GOOD, PATRIOT GENERAL OF ATHENS, 180-204. —He came to the helm when the commonwealth was no more than a wreck, 180; his virtues and those of Cato the younger were the same to the most minute particular, 180; their severity of manner was equally tempered with humanity, and their valour with caution, 182; when very young he was under tuition of Plato, 182; the Athenians never saw him either laugh, cry, make use of a public bath, or put his hand from under his cloak when dressed to appear in public, 182; when made merry of, because of his terrible brows, he said, "This never gave you one hour of sorrow, but the laughter of those sneerers has cost their country many a tear," 183; he used no flowers of rhetoric—his speeches were concise, commanding, and severe, 183; in the sea-fight of Naxos he distinguished himself, 183; sent on a mission to the islands, 184; peace and tranquillity were the great objects he always had in view; yet he was engaged in more wars than any person of his own or of the preceding times, 184; he was elected general 45 times without ever attending the election, 184; importuned to contribute to the *cost* of a public sacrifice, he bid them apply to the rich, adding, "I should be ashamed to give you anything, and not to pay this man what I owe him," 185; in a difference with the Bœotians, he said, "Good people, keep to the method in which you have the advantage; and that is talking, not fighting," 185; Demosthenes saying to him, "The Athenian will certainly kill thee, Phocion," he answered, "They may kill me if they are mad; but it will be you, if they are in their senses," 186; Aristogiton, a public informer, was a noisy advocate for war, when the lists were making out of those who were to serve, appeared with his leg bound up, and a crutch under his arm, Phocion called out to his secretary to put "Aristogiton down as a cripple and a coward," 186; the unfortunate he was always ready to assist, and he pleaded even for his enemy if he were in danger, 187; saves Byzantium, 189; public barreters applied their whole time in the court of Heliaca, and made it their business to form impeachments, 189; received by Alexander, young king of Macedon, whom he advised, "if tranquillity were his object, to put an end to his wars; if glory, to leave the Greeks in quiet, and turn his arms against the barbarians," 191; 100 talents were sent him by Alexander, as he looked upon him as an honest and a good man—the gift refused—"Let him permit me always to retain that character," 191; "The man who did not want such a sum of money was richer than he who could bestow it," 192; advised the citizens "either to have the sharpest sword, or keep on good terms with those who had," 193; is tempted, but in vain, by Harpalus, 193; asked what good he had done his country, replied, "Dost thou think it nothing for the Athenians to be buried in the sepulchres of their ancestors?" 194; to Leosthenes he said, "Young man, your speeches are like cypress trees, large and lofty, but without fruit," 194; when asked by the Athenians the proper time to go to war—"When the young men keep within the bounds of propriety, the rich become liberal, and the orators forbear robbing the public," 194; decreed that all not more than 60 years above the age of puberty should take five days' provisions and follow him to the field—the order demurred at, he said, "Does this disturb you, when I, who am eighty years old, shall be at the head of you!" 195; "Heavens, how many generals we have, and how few soldiers!" 195; when Antipater wanted him to do something inconsistent with his probity, he said, "You cannot have me both for a friend and a flatterer," 199; "Be the issue what it may," said he, "I had rather be found suffering than doing what is unjust," 200; is seized, the citizens weeping, 202; yet some reviled him, one even spat in his face, 204; his death by hemlock poison, 204; the people soon found how vigilant a magistrate, how excellent a guardian of virtue and sobriety they had lost, erected his statue in brass, buried his remains at the public expense, 204.

PYRRHUS, KING OF EPIRUS, AND INVADER OF ITALY, 273-303—His lineage, and escape from death in his childhood, 273; had an air of majesty rather terrible than august—instead of teeth in his upper jaw he had one continued bone, marked with small lines resembling the divisions of a row of teeth, 275; it was believed that he cured the swelling of the spleen by sacrificing a white cock, and with his right foot gently pressing the part affected, the patients lying upon their backs for that purpose, 275; accompanied Demetrius to the battle of Ipsus and distinguished himself, 275; in Egypt marries Antigone, 275; death of Neoptolemus, 276; acquires part of Macedonia, . 277; combat with Pantauchus, 278; in him the Macedonians think they see the countenance, the swiftness, and motions of Alexander, 278; he married several wives, 279; his dream, 281; was a popular man who loved a soldier, 281; known by his lofty plume and crest of goat's horns, 281; led by the Macedonians, who desert Demetrius to serve him, 281; was more fit for action than for repose, 282; Meton entered the assembly "with an air of intoxication," 283; invited by the Greeks in Italy to come to their aid, 283; Cineas the orator, 283; the visions of conquests, 284; sails for Italy—the storm, 285; the Tarentines, 285; wins battle and advances within 37 miles of Rome, 287; Appius Claudius the aged Roman, 289; report by Cineas, 289; interview with Fabricius, 289; his offer to poison him exposed, 290; battle of Asculum, 291; called to Sicily, 292; troubled by the Mamertines, 292; his affairs run fast to ruin, 293; unable to hold Sicily, he quits it and throws himself again into Italy, 293; beaten by the Romans, his hopes of Italy and Sicily are gone after he had wasted six years upon them, 295; returns to Epirus and seeks for a field for a time, 295; aids Sparta, 296; Sparta besieged, matrons and maids join the men in the defence, the women arm the youths with their hands, 297; the Gauls in the field, and avaricious they were, 297; his vision, and light estimate he made of it, 298; his hopes grew as fast as they were cut off, 299; death of his son Ptolemy, 300; his challenge to Antigonus and the rejection, 300; the adverse omens, 300; night attack on Argos, the street fight, his son Helenus, 301; dies by a tile cast down on his head by a woman to save her son he was fighting with, 302; honours paid by Antigonus, 303.

TIMOLEON OF CORINTH, THE LIBERATOR OF SICILY, 56-81.—Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, 56; parentage of Timoleon, 57; sad death of his brother Timophanes, 58; lives long in solitude, 59; a fleet sent from Corinth to Sicily, and under command of Timoleon, 60; omens of success, 60; measures of Icetes, 61; at Rhegium, 61; the Carthaginians in Sicily, 62; success at Adranum, 63; career of Dionysius, 64; at Corinth, 66: within 50 days of his landing, Timoleon was master of the city of Syracuse, 66; narrow escape from assassination, 67; flight of Mago, the Carthaginian, 70; the citadel, the palaces and the monuments of the tyrant destroyed, 70; grass growing in the market-place of Syracuse, 71; defeat of Hamilcar, who had landed in Sicily with 30,000 men, 71; marches with his small force against the enemy, 72; extraordinary incidents of the victory over 20 of the Crimesus, 75; death of Icetes, 77; peace in the island, 78; Timoleon takes no part in the troubles of Greece, 79; rejoices to see the Syracusans have the privilege of saying what they thought fit, 80; became blind, but lives honoured, and dies regretted, grand obsequies, 81.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES.

PELOPIDAS.

CATO the elder, hearing somebody commend a man who was rashly daring in war, justly observed that *there was great difference between a due regard to valour and a contempt of life.* To this purpose is the story of a soldier of Antigonus, who was astonishingly brave, but of an unhealthy complexion and bad habit of body. The king asked him the cause of his paleness, and he acknowledged that he had a private infirmity. He therefore charged his physicians, that if any remedy could be found, they should apply it with the utmost care. The man was cured, but no longer risked his person as before. Antigonus asked him the cause. "You, sir," said he, "have made me less bold by delivering me from that misery which made my life of no account." Similarly a certain Sybarite[1] said of the Spartans, "It was no wonder they ventured their lives freely in battle, since death delivered them from such labours, and such wretched diet." But in fact, the Lacedæmonians thought it a pleasure either to live or die as virtue and reason directed; and so this epitaph testifies—

> Nor life, nor death, they deem'd the happier state;
> But life that's glorious, or a death that's great.

For neither is the avoiding of death to be found fault with, if a man is not dishonourably fond of life, nor is the meeting it with courage to be commended if he is disgusted with life. Hence, Homer leads out the bravest of his warriors to battle always well armed; and the Grecian lawgivers punish him who throws away his shield, thus instructing us that the first care of every man, should be to defend himself, and after that, he is to think of annoying the enemy. For if, according to the comparison made by Iphicrates, *the light-armed resemble the hands, the cavalry the feet, the main body of infantry the breast, and the general the head,* then that general who is carried away by his impetuosity, not only endangers his own life, but the lives of his whole army, whose safety depends upon his. Callicratidas, therefore, did not answer the soothsayer well, who desired him not to expose himself to danger, because the entrails of the victim threatened his life. "Sparta," said he, "is not bound up in one man." Much better was the saying of

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[1] The Sybarites were a colony of Greeks, who settled in ancient times on the gulf of Tarentum. The felicity of their situation, their wealth and power drew them into luxury, which was remarkable to a proverb. But one cannot credit the extravagant things which Athenæus relates of them. Their chief city, which at first was called Sybaris, from a river of that name, was afterwards named Thurium, or Thurii.

Antigonus when about to engage in a sea-fight, near the isle of Andros. Somebody observed to him that the enemy's fleet was much larger than his: "For how many ships then dost thou reckon me?"

On the same account we must allow that Timotheus expressed himself happily, when Chares showed the Athenians the wounds he had received when their general. "I, for my part," said he, "was much ashamed when, at the siege of Samos, a javelin fell near me, as if I had behaved too like a young man, and not as became the commander of so great an armament."

Thus much I thought proper to premise before the lives of Pelopidas and Marcellus, who both perished by their rashness. Both were excellent soldiers, and did honour to their country; yet at last they both threw away their lives.

Pelopidas, the son of Hippoclus, was of an illustrious family in Thebes, as was also Epaminondas. Brought up in affluence, he applied himself to show that he was really master of his riches, not their slave. The Thebans with grateful hearts enjoyed the liberality of Pelopidas. Epaminondas alone could not be persuaded to share in it. Pelopidas, however, partook in the poverty of his friend, glorying in a plainness of dress and slenderness of diet; indefatigable in labour, and plain and open in his conduct in the highest posts. In short, he was like Capaneus in Euripides,

—Whose opulence was great, And yet his heart was not elated.

As for Epaminondas, poverty was his inheritance, but he made it still more easy by philosophy, and by the uniform simplicity of his life.

Pelopidas married into a noble family, and had several children, but setting no greater value upon money than before, and devoting all his time to the concerns of the commonwealth, he impaired his substance. And when his friends admonished him, that *money, which he neglected, was a very necessary thing; It is necessary indeed*, said he, *for Nicodemus there*, pointing to a man that was both lame and blind.

Epaminondas and he were both equally inclined to every virtue, but Pelopidas delighted more in bodily, and Epaminondas in mental, exercises. Among the many things that reflected glory upon both, there was nothing which men of sense so much admired as that inviolable friendship which subsisted between them from first to last: for if we consider the administration of Aristides and Themistocles, of Cimon and Pericles, of Nicias and Alcibiades, how much the common concern was injured by their dissention, their envy and jealousy of each other, and then cast our eyes upon the mutual kindness and esteem which Pelopidos and Epaminondas inviolably preserved, we may justly call these colleagues in civil government and military command, and not those whose study it was to get the better of each other rather than of the enemy. The cause of the difference was the virtue of these Thebans, which led them not to seek their own honour and wealth, the pursuit of which is always attended with envy and strife; but being both inspired from the first with a divine ardour to raise their country to the summit of glory, for this purpose they availed themselves of the achievments of each other, as if they had been their own.

But many are of opinion, that their extraordinary friendship took its rise from the campaign which they made at Mantinea,[1] among the succours which the Thebans had sent the Lacedæmonians, who as yet were their allies. For, being placed together among the heavy-armed infantry, and fighting with the Arcadians, that wing of the Lacedæmonians in which they were gave way and was broken; whereupon Pelopidas and Epaminondas locked their shields together, and repulsed all that attacked them, till at last Pelopidas, having received seven large wounds, fell upon a heap of friends and enemies who lay dead together. Epaminondas, though he thought there was no life left in him, yet stood forward to defend his body and his arms, and being determined to die rather than leave his companion in the power of his enemies, he engaged with numbers at once. He was now in extreme danger, being wounded in the breast with a spear, and in the arm with a sword, when Agesipolis, king of the Lacedæmonians, brought succours from the other wing, and, beyond all expectation, delivered them both.

After this, the Spartans, in appearance, treated the Thebans as friends and allies,[2] but, in reality, they were suspicious of their spirit and power; particularly they hated the party of Ismenias and Androclides, in which Pelopidas was, as attached to liberty and a popular government. Therefore Archias, Leontidas, and Philip, men inclined to an oligarchy, and rich withal, and ambitious, persuaded Phœbidas, the Lacedæmonian, who was marching by Thebes with a body of troops,[3] to seize the castle called Cadmea, to drive the opposite party out of the city, and to put the administration into the hands of the nobility, subject to the inspection of the Lacedæmonians. Phœbidas listened to the proposal, and coming upon the Thebans unexpectedly, during the feast of the *Thesmophoria*,[4] he made himself master of the citadel, and seized Ismenias, and carried him to Lacedæmon, where he was put to death soon after. Pelopidas, Pherenicus, and Androclides, with many others that fled, were sentenced to banishment. But Epaminondas remained upon the spot, being despised for his philosophy, as a man who would not intermeddle with affairs, and for his poverty, as a man of no power.

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[1] We must take care not to confound this with the famous battle at Mantinea, in which Epaminondas was slain. For that battle was fought against the Lacedæmonians, and this for them. The action here spoken of was probably about the third year of Olympiad 98.

[2] During the whole Peloponnesian war, Sparta found a very faithful ally in the Thebans; and under the countenance of Sparta, the Thebans recovered the government of Bœotia, of which they had been deprived on account of their defection to the Persians. However, at length they grew so powerful and headstrong, that when the peace of Antalcidas came to be subscribed to, they refused to come into it, and were with no small difficulty overawed and forced into it by the confederates. We learn, indeed, from Polybius, that though the Lacedæmonians, at that peace, declared all the Grecian cities free, they did not withdraw their garrisons from any one of them.

[3] Phœbidas was marching against Olynthus, when Leontidas or Leontiades, one of the two polemarchs, betrayed to him the town and citadel of Thebes. This happened in the third year of Olympiad 99, B.C. 374.

[4] The women were celebrating the feast in the Cadmea.

Though the Lacedæmonians took the command of the army from Phœbidas, and fined him 100,000 drachmas, yet they kept a garrison in the Cadmea notwithstanding. All the rest of Greece was surprised at this absurdity of theirs, in punishing the actor and yet authorizing the action. As for the Thebans, who had lost their ancient form of government, and were brought into subjection by Archias and Leontidas, there was no room for them to hope to be delivered from the tyranny, which was supported in such a manner by the power of the Spartans that it could not be pulled down, unless those Spartans could be deprived of their dominion both by sea and land.

Nevertheless, Leontidas, having got intelligence that the exiles were at Athens, and that they were treated there with great regard by the people, and no less respected by the nobility, formed secret designs against their lives. For this purpose he employed certain unknown assassins, who took off Androclides; but all the rest escaped. Letters were also sent to the Athenians from Sparta, insisting that they should not harbour or encourage exiles, but drive them out as persons declared by the confederates to be common enemies: but the Athenians, agreeable to their usual and natural humanity as well as in gratitude to the city of Thebes, would not suffer the least injury to be done to the exiles. For the Thebans had greatly assisted in restoring the democracy at Athens, having made a decree that if any Athenian should march armed through Bœotia against the tyrants, he should not meet with the least hindrance or molestation in that country.

Pelopidas, though he was one of the youngest,[1] applied to each exile in particular, as well as harangued them in a body; urging, "That it was both dishonourable and impious to leave their native city enslaved and garrisoned by an enemy; and, meanly contented with their own lives and safety, to wait for the decrees of the Athenians, and to make their court to the popular orators; but that they ought to run every hazard in so glorious a cause, imitating the courage and patriotism of Thrasybulus; for as he advanced from Thebes to crush the tyrants in Athens, so should they march from Athens to deliver Thebes.

Thus persuaded to accept his proposal, they sent privately to their friends who were left behind in Thebes, to acquaint them with their resolution, which was highly approved of; and Charon, a person of the first rank, offered his house for their reception. Philidas found means to be appointed secretary to Archias and Philip, who were then *Polemarchs;* and as for Epaminondas, he had taken pains all along to inspire the youth with sentiments of bravery. For he desired them in the public exercises to try the Lacedæmonians at wrestling, and when he saw them elated with success, he used to tell them, by way of reproof, "That they should rather be ashamed of their meanness of spirit in remaining subject to those to whom, in strength, they were so much superior."

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[1] Xenophon, in the account which he gives of this transaction, does not so much as mention Pelopidas. His silence in this respect was probably owing to his partiality to his hero Agesilaus, whose glory he might think would be eclipsed by that of Pelopidas, and his worthy colleague Epaminondas: for of the latter, too, he speaks very sparingly.

A day being fixed for putting their designs in execution, it was agreed among the exiles, that Pherenicus with the rest should stay at Thriasium, while a few of the youngest should attempt to get entrance first into the city; and that if these happened to be surprised by the enemy, the others should take care to provide for their children and their parents. Pelopidas was the first that offered to be of this party, and then Melon, Democlides, and Theopompus, all men of noble blood, who were united to each other by the most faithful friendship, and who never had any contest but which should be foremost in the race of glory and valour. These adventurers, who were twelve in number, having embraced those that stayed behind, and sent a messenger before them to Charon, set out in their under garments, with dogs and hunting poles, that none who met them might have any suspicion of what they were about, and that they might seem to be only hunters beating about for game.

When their messengers came to Charon, and acquainted him that they were on their way to Thebes, the near approach of danger changed not his resolution: he behaved like a man of honour, and made preperations to receive them. Hipposthenidas, who was also in the secret, was not by any means an ill man, but rather a friend to his country and to the exiles; yet he wanted that firmness which the present emergency and the hazardous point of execution required. He grew giddy, as it were, at the thought of the great danger they were about to plunge in, and at last opened his eyes enough to see that they were attempting to shake the Lacedæmonian government, and to free themselves from that power without any other dependence than that of a few indigent persons and exiles. He therefore went to his own house without saying a word, and despatched one of his friends to Melon and Pelopidas, to desire them to defer their enterprise for the present, to return to Athens, and to wait till a more favourable opportunity offered.

Chlidon, for that was the name of the man sent upon this business, went home in all haste, took his horse out of the stable, and called for the bridle. His wife being at a loss, and not able to find it, said she had lent it to a neighbour. Upon this words arose, and mutual reproaches followed; the woman venting bitter imprecations, and wishing that the journey might be fatal both to him and those that sent him. So that Chlidon having spent great part of the day in this squabble, and looking upon what had happened as ominous, laid aside all thoughts of the journey, and went elsewhere. So near was this great and glorious undertaking to being disconcerted at the very entrance.

Pelopidas and his company, now in the dress of peasants, divided and entered the town at different quarters, whilst it was yet day. And, as the cold weather was setting in,[1] there happened to be a sharp wind and a shower of snow, which concealed them the better, most people retiring into their houses, to avoid the inclemency of the weather. But those that were concerned in the affair, received them as they came, and conducted them immediately to Charon's house; the exiles and others making up the number of forty-eight.

As for the affairs of the tyrants, they stood thus: Philidas, their secretary, knew (as we said) the whole design of the exiles, and omitted nothing that might contribute to its success. He had invited Archias and Philip some time before, to an entertainment at his house on that day, and promised to introduce to them some women, in order that those who were to attack them, might find them dissolved in wine and pleasure. They had not yet drunk very freely, when a report reached them, which, though not false, seemed uncertain and obscure, that the exiles were concealed somewhere in the city. And though Philidas endeavoured to turn the discourse, Archias sent an officer to Charon, to command his immediate attendance. By this time it was grown dark, and Pelopidas and his companions were preparing for action, having already put on their breast-plates and girt their swords, when suddenly there was a knocking at the door; whereupon one ran to it, and asked what the person's business was, and having learned from the officer that he was sent by the Polemarchs to fetch Charon, he brought in the news in great confusion. They were unanimous in their opinion, that the affair was discovered, and that every man of them was lost, before they had performed anything which became their valour. Nevertheless, they thought it proper that Charon should obey the order, and go boldly to the tyrants. Charon was a man of great intrepidity and courage in dangers that threatened only himself, but then he was much affected on account of his friends, and afraid that he should lie under some suspicion of treachery, if so many brave citizens should perish. Therefore, as he was ready to depart, he took his son, who was yet a child, but of a beauty and strength beyond those of his years, out of the women's apartment, and put him in the hands of Pelopidas, desiring, "That if he found him a traitor, he would treat that child as an enemy, and not spare its life." Many of them shed tears, when they saw the concern and magnanimity of Charon; and all expressed their uneasiness at his thinking any of them so dastardly and so much disconcerted with the present danger, as to be capable of suspecting or blaming him in the least. They begged of him, therefore, not to leave his son with them, but to remove him out of the reach of what might possibly happen, to some place where, safe from the tyrants, he might be brought up to be an avenger of his country and his friends. But Charon refused to remove him, "For what life," said he, "or what deliverance could I wish him that would be more glorious than his falling honourably with his father and so many of his friends?" Then he addressed himself in prayer to the gods, and having embraced and encouraged them all, he went out; endeavouring by the way to compose himself, to form his countenance, and to assume a tone of voice very different from the real state of his mind.

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[1] The Spartans seized on the Cadmea about the middle of summer, in the year mentioned, and it was taken from them in the beginning of winter, in the first year of Olympiad 100.

When he was come to the door of the house Archias and Philidas went out to him and said, "What persons are these, Charon, who, as we are informed, are lately come into the town, and are concealed and countenanced by some of the citizens?" Charon was a little fluttered at first, but soon recovering himself, he asked, "Who these persons they spoke of were, and by whom harboured?" And finding that Archias had no clear account of the matter, concluded from thence that his information came not from any person that was privy to the design, and therefore said, "Take care that you do not disturb yourselves with vain rumours. However, I will make the best inquiry I can, for, perhaps, nothing of this kind ought to be disregarded." Philidas, who was by, commended his prudence, and conducting Archias in again, plied him strongly with liquor, and prolonged the carousal by keeping up their expectation of the women.

When Charon was returned home, he found his friends prepared, not to conquer or preserve their lives, but to sell them dear, and to fall gloriously. He told Pelopidas the truth, but concealed it from the rest, pretending that Archias had discoursed with him about other matters.[1]

The first storm was scarcely blown over when fortune raised a second. For there arrived an express from Athens with a letter from Archias, high priest there, to Archias his namesake and particular friend, not filled with vain and groundless surmises, but containing a clear narrative of the whole affair, as was found afterwards. The messenger being admitted to Archias, now almost intoxicated, as he delivered the letter, said, "The person who sent this, desired that it might be read immediately, for it contains business of great importance." But Archias receiving it, said, smiling, *Business to-morrow*. Then he put it under the bolster of his couch, and resumed the conversation with Philidas. This saying, *Business to-morrow*, passed into a proverb, and continues so among the Greeks to this day.

A good opportunity now offering for the execution of their purpose, the friends of liberty divided themselves into two bodies, and sallied out. Pelopidas and Democlidas went against Leontidas and Hypates,[2] who were neighbours, and Charon and Melon against Archias and Philip. Charon and his company put women's clothes over their armour, and wore thick wreaths of pine and poplar about their heads to shadow their faces. As soon as they came to the door of the room where the guests were, the company shouted and clapped their hands, believing them to be the women whom they had so long expected. When the pretended women had looked round the room and distinctly surveyed all the guests, they drew their swords, and making at Archias and Philip across the table, they shewed who they were. A small part of the company were persuaded by Philidas not to intermeddle: the rest engaged in the combat, and stood up for the *Polemarchs*, but, being disordered with wine, were easily despatched.

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[1] There appears no necessity for this artifice; and indeed Plutarch, in his treatise concerning the genius of Socrates, says, that Charon came back to the little band of patriots with a pleasant countenance, and gave them all an account of what had passed, without the least disguise.

[2] These were not invited to the entertainment, because Archias, expecting to meet a woman of great distinction, did not choose that Leontidas should be there.

Pelopidas and his party had a more difficult affair of it. They had to do with Leontidas, a sober and valiant man. They found the door made fast, for he was gone to bed, and they knocked a long time before anybody heard. At last a servant perceived it, and came down and removed the bar, which he had no sooner done, than they pushed open the door, and rushing in, threw the man down, and ran to the bed-chamber. Leontidas, conjecturing by the noise and trampling what the matter was, leaped from his bed and seized his sword; but he forgot to put out the lamps, which had he done, it would have left them to fall foul on each other in the dark. Being therefore fully exposed to view, he met them at the door, and with one stroke laid Cephisodorus, who was the first man that attempted to enter, dead at his feet. He encountered Pelopidas next, and the narrowness of the door, together with the dead body of Cephisodorus lying in the way, made the dispute long and doubtful. At last Pelopidas prevailed, and having slain Leontidas, he marched immediately with his little band against Hypates. They got into his house in the same manner as they did into the other: but he quickly perceived them, made his escape into a neighbour's house, whither they followed, and despatched him.

This affair being over, they joined Melon, and sent for the exiles they had left in Attica. They proclaimed liberty to all the Thebans,[1] and armed such as came over to them, taking down the spoils that were suspended upon the porticos, and the arms out of the shops of the armourers and sword-cutlers. Epaminondas[2] and Gorgidas came to their assistance, with a considerable body of young men and a select number of the old, whom they had collected and armed.

The whole city was now in great terror and confusion; the houses were filled with lights, and the streets with men, running to and fro. The people, however, did not yet assemble; but being astonished at what had happened, and knowing with certainty, they waited with impatience for the day. It seems, therefore, to have been a great error in the Spartan officers, that they did not immediately sally out and fall upon them; for their garrison consisted of 1500 men, and they were joined besides by many people from the city. But terrified at the shouts, the lights, the hurry, and confusion that were on every side, they contented themselves with preserving the citadel.

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[1] Pelopidas also sent Philidas to all the gaols in the city, to release those brave Thebans whom the tyrannic Spartans kept in fetters.

[2] Epaminondas did not join them sooner, because he was afraid that too much innocent blood would be shed with the guilty.

As soon as it was day, the exiles from Attica came in armed; the people complied with the summons to assemble; and Epaminondas and Gorgidas presented to them Pelopidas and his party, surrounded by the priests, who carried garlands in their hands, and called upon the citizens to exert themselves for their gods and their country. Excited by this appearance, the whole assembly stood up, and received them with great acclamations as their benefactors and deliverers.

Pelopidas, then elected governor of Bœotia, together with Melon and Charon, immediately blocked up and attacked the citadel, hastening to drive out the Lacedæmonians, and to recover the *Cadmea*,[1] before succours could arrive from Sparta. And indeed he was but a little beforehand with them; for they had but just surrendered the place, and were returning home, according to capitulation, when they met Cleombrotus at Margara, marching towards Thebes with a great army. The Spartans called to account the three *Harmostea*, officers who had commanded in the *Cadmea*, and signed the capitulation. Hermippidas and Arcissus were executed for it, and the third, named Dysaoridas, was so severely fined, that he was forced to quit Peloponnesus.[2]

This action of Pelopidas[3] was called by the Greeks, sister to that of Thrasybulus, on account of their near resemblance, not only in respect of the great virtues of the men, and the difficulties they had to combat, but the success with which fortune crowned them. For it is not easy to find another instance so remarkable, of the few overcoming the many, and the weak the strong, merely by dint of courage and conduct, and procuring by these means, such great advantages to their country, but the change of affairs which followed upon this action rendered it still more glorious. For the war, which humbled the pride of the Spartans, and deprived them of their empire both by sea and land, took its rise from that night, when Pelopidas, without taking town or castle, but being only one out of twelve who entered a private house, loosened and broke to pieces (if we may express truth by a metaphor) the chains of the Spartan government, until then esteemed indissoluble.

The Lacedæmonians soon entering Bœotia with a powerful army, the Athenians were struck with terror; and renouncing their alliance with the Thebans, they took cognizance, in a judicial way, of all that continued in the interest of that people: some they put to death, some they banished, and upon others they laid heavy fines. The Thebans being thus deserted by their allies, their affairs seemed to be in a desperate situation. But Pelopidas and Gorgidas, who then had the command in Bœotia, sought means to embroil the Athenians again with the Spartans; and they availed themselves of this stratagem. There was a Spartan named Sphodrias, a man of great reputation as a soldier, but of no sound judgment, sanguine in his hopes, and indiscreet in his ambition. This man was left with some troops at Thespiæ, to receive and protect such of the Bœotians as might come over to the Spartans. To him Pelopidas privately sent a merchant in whom he could confide,[1] well provided with money, and with proposals that were more likely to prevail than the money: "That it became him to undertake some noble enterprise—to surprise the Piræus, for instance, by falling suddenly upon the Athenians, who were not provided to receive him: for that nothing could be so agreeable to the Spartans as to be masters of Athens; and that the Thebans, now incensed against the Athenians, and considering them as traitors, would lend them no manner of assistance."

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[1] As it is not probable that the regaining so strong a place should be the work of a day, or have been effected with so small a force as Pelopidas then had, we must have recourse to Diodorus Siculus and Xenophon, who tell us, that the Athenians, early on the next morning after the seizing on the city, sent the Theban general 5000 foot and 2000 horse; and that several other bodies of troops came in from the cities of Bœotia, to the number of about 7000 more: that Pelopidas besieged the place in form with them, and that it held out several days, and surrendered at length for want of provisions. DIODOR. SICUL. lib. xv. XENOPH. l. v.

[2] It was a maxim with the Spartans, to die sword in hand, in defence of a place committed to their care.

[3] M. Dacier gives a parallel between the conduct of this action, and that of the prince of Monaco, in driving a Spanish garrison out of his town.

Sphodrias, suffering himself at last to be persuaded, marched into Attica by night, and advanced as far as Eleusis.[2] There the hearts of his soldiers began to fail, and finding his design discovered, he returned to Thespiæ, after he had thus brought upon the Lacedæmonians a long and dangerous war. For upon this the Athenians readily united with the Thebans; and having fitted out a large fleet, they sailed round Greece, engaging and receiving such as were inclined to shake off the Spartan yoke.

Meantime the Thebans, by themselves, frequently came to action with the Lacedæmonians in Bœotia, not in set battles, indeed, but in such as were of considerable service and improvement to them; for their spirits were raised, their bodies inured to labour, and, by being used to these rencounters, they gained both experience and courage. Hence it was, that Antalcidas the Spartan said to Agesilaus, when he returned from Bœotia wounded, *Truly you are well paid for the instruction you have given the Thebans, and for teaching them the art of war against their will.* Though to speak properly, Agesilaus was not their instructor, but those prudent generals who make choice of fit opportunities to let loose the Thebans, like so many young hounds, upon the enemy; and when they had tasted of victory, satisfied with the ardour they had shewn, brought them off again safe. The chief honour of this was due to Pelopidas. For from the time of his being first chosen general, until his death, there was not a year that he was out of employment, but he was constantly either captain of the sacred band, or governor of Bœotia. And while he was employed, the Lacedæmonians were several times defeated by the Thebans, particularly at Platæ, and at Thespiæ, where Phœbidas, who had surprised the *Cadmea*, was killed; and at Tanagra, where Pelopidas beat a considerable body, and slew, with his own hand, their general Panthoides.

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[1] This is more probable than what Diodorus Siculus says—namely, that Cleombrotus, without any order from the *Ephori*, persuaded Sphodrias to surprise the Piræus.

[2] They hoped to have reached the Piræus in the night, but found, when the day appeared, that they got no farther than Eleusis. Sphodrias, perceiving that he was discovered, on his return plundered the Athenian territories. The Lacedæmonians recalled Sphodrias, and the *Ephori* proceeded against him; but Agesilaus, influenced by his son, who was a friend of the son of Sphodrias, brought him off.

But these combats, though they served to animate and encourage the victors, did not quite dishearten the vanquished. For they were not pitched battles, nor regular engagements, but rather advantages gained of the enemy, by well-timed skirmishes, in which the Thebans sometimes pursued, and sometimes retreated.

But the battle of Tegyræ, which was a sort of prelude to that of Leuctra, lifted the character of Pelopidas very high; for none of the other commanders could lay claim to any share of the honour of the day, nor had the enemy any pretext to cover the shame of their defeat.

He kept a strict eye upon the city of Orchomenus,[1] which had adopted the Spartan interest, and received two companies of foot for its defence, and watched for an opportunity to make himself master of it. Being informed that the garrison were gone upon an expedition into Locris, he hoped to take the town with ease, now it was destitute of soldiers, and therefore hastened thither with the *sacred band*, and a small party of horse. But finding, when he was near the town, that other troops were coming from Sparta to supply the place of those that were marched out, he led his forces back again by Tegyræ, along the sides of the mountains, which was the only way he could pass: for all the flat country was overflowed by the river Melas, which, from its very source, spreading itself into marshes, and navigable pieces of water, made the lower roads impracticable.

A little below these marshes stands the temple of Apollo *Tegyræus*, whose oracle there has not been long silent. It flourished most in the Persian wars, while Echerates was high-priest. Here they report that Apollo was born; and at the foot of the neigbouring mountain, called Delos, the Melas returns into its channel. Behind the temple rise two copious springs, whose waters are admirable for their coolness and agreeable taste. The one is called *Palm*, and the other *Olive*, to this day; so that Latona seems to have been delivered, not between two trees, but two fountains of that name. Ptoum, too, is just by, from whence it is said, a boar suddenly rushed out and frightened her; and the stories of Python and Tityus, the scene of which lies here, agree with their opinion who say Apollo was born in this place. The other proofs of this matter I omit. For tradition does not reckon this deity among those who were born mortal, and afterwards were changed into demigods; of which number were Hercules and Bacchus, who by their virtues were raised from a frail and perishable being to immortality: but he is one of *those eternal deities who were never born*, if we may give credit to those ancient sages that have treated of these high points.

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[1] This was one of the largest and also the most considerable towns in Bœotia, and still garrisoned by the Lacedæmonians.

The Thebans then retreating from Orchomenus towards Tegyræ, the Lacedæmonians who were returning from Locris met them on the road. As soon as they were perceived to be passing the straits, one ran and told Pelopidas, *We are fallen into the enemy's hands. And why not they*, said he, *into ours?* At the same time he ordered the cavalry to advance from the rear to the front, that they might be ready for the attack; and the infantry, who were but 300,[1] he drew up in a close body; hoping that, wherever they charged, they would break through the enemy, though superior in numbers.

The Spartans had two battalions. Ephoras says their battalion consisted of five hundred men, but Callisthenes makes it seven hundred, and Polybius and others nine hundred. Their *Polemarchs*, Gorgoleon and Theopompus, pushed boldly on against the Thebans. The shock began in the quarter where the generals fought in person on both sides, and was very violent and furious. The Spartan commanders, who attacked Pelopidas, were among the first that were slain, and all that were near them being either killed or put to flight, the whole army was so terrified that they opened a lane for the Thebans, through which they might have passed safely, and continued their route if they had pleased; but Pelopidas, disdaining to make his escape so, charged those who yet stood their ground, and made such havoc among them, that they fled in great confusion. The pursuit was not continued very far, for the Thebans were afraid of the Orchomenians, who were near the place of battle, and of the forces just arrived from Lacedæmon. They were satisfied with beating them in fair combat, and making their retreat through a dispersed and defeated army.

Having, therefore, erected a trophy, and gathered the spoils of the slain, they returned home not a little elated: for it seems that of all their former wars, both with the Greeks and barbarians, the Lacedæmonians had never been beaten, the greater number by the less, nor even by equal numbers, in a pitched battle. Thus their courage seemed irresistible; and their renown so much intimidated their adversaries, that they did not care to hazard an engagement with them on equal terms. This battle first taught the Greeks that it is not the Eurotas, nor the space between Babyce and Cnacion, which alone produces brave warriors, but *wherever the youth are ashamed of what is base, resolute in a good cause, and more inclined to avoid disgrace than danger, there are the men who are terrible to their enemies.*

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[1] This small body was, however, the very flower of the Theban army, and was dignified by the names of the *sacred battalion* and the *band of lovers* (as mentioned below), being equally famed for their fidelity to the Theban state and affection for each other. Some fabulous things are related of them, from which we can only infer, that they were a brave resolute set of young men, who had vowed perpetual friendship to each other, and had bound themselves, by the strongest ties, to stand by one another to the last drop of their blood: and were therefore the fittest to be employed in such private and dangerous expeditions.

Gorgidas, as some say, first formed the *sacred band*, consisting of 300 select men, who were quartered in the *Cadmea*, and maintained and exercised at the public expense. They were called the *city band*, for citadels in those days were called cities.

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But Gorgidas, by disposing those that belonged to this sacred band here and there in the first ranks, and covering the front of his infantry with them, gave them but little opportunity to distinguish themselves, or effectually to serve the common cause, thus divided as they were, and mixed with other troops, more in number and of inferior resolution; but when their valour appeared with so much lustre at Tegyræ, where they fought together, and close to the person of their general, Pelopidas would never part them afterwards, but kept them in a body, and constantly charged at the head of them in the most dangerous attack; for, as horses go faster when harnessed together in a chariot than they do when driven single, not because their united force more easily breaks the air, but because their spirits are raised higher by emulation, so he thought the courage of brave men would be most irresistible, when they were acting together and contending with each other which should most excel.

But when the Lacedæmonians had made peace with the rest of the Greeks, and continued war against the Thebans only, and when king Cleombrotus had entered their country with 10,000 foot and 1000 horse, they were not only threatened with the common dangers of war, as before, but even with total extirpation; which spread the utmost terror over all Bœotia. As Pleopidas, on this occasion, was departing for the army, his wife, who followed him to the door, besought him with tears to take care of himself; he answered, *My dear, private persons are to be advised to take care of themselves, but persons in public character to take care of others.*

When he came to the army, and found the general officers differing in opinion, he was the first to close in with that of Epaminondas, who proposed that they should give the enemy battle. He was not, indeed, then one of those that commanded in chief, but he was captain of the *sacred band;* and they had that confidence in him, which was due to a man who had given his country such pledges of his regard for liberty.

The resolution thus taken to hazard a battle, and the two armies in sight at Leuctra, Pelopidas had a dream which gave him no small trouble. In that field lie the bodies of the daughters of Scedasus, who are called *Leuctridæ* from the place. For a rape having been committed upon them by some Spartans whom they had hospitably received into their house, they had killed themselves, and were buried there. Upon this, their father went to Lacedæmon, and demanded that justice should be done upon the persons who had committed so detestable and atrocious a crime; and, as he could not obtain it, he vented bitter imprecations against the Spartans, and then killed himself upon the tomb of his daughters. From that time many prophecies and oracles forewarned the

Spartans to beware of the vengeance of Leuctra: the true intent of which but few understood; for they were in doubt as to the place that was meant, there being a little maritime town called Leuctrum, in Laconia, and another of the same name near Megalopolis in Arcadia. Besides, that injury was done to the daughters of Scedasus long before the battle of Leuctra.

Pelopidas, then, as he slept in his tent, thought he saw these young women weeping at their tombs, and loading the Spartans with imprecations, while their father ordered him to sacrifice a red-haired young virgin to the damsels, if he desired to be victorious in the ensuing engagement. This order appearing to him cruel and unjust, he rose and communicated it to the soothsayers and the generals. Some were of opinion that it should not be neglected or disobeyed, alleging to the purpose the ancient stories of Menœceus the son of Creon,[1] and Macaria the daughter of Hercules; and the more modern instances of Pherecydes the philosopher, who was put to death by the Lacedæmonians, and whose skin was preserved by their king, pursuant to the direction of some oracle; of Leonidas, who, by order of the oracle too, sacrificed himself, as it were, for the sake of Greece; and lastly, of the human victims offered by Themistocles to Bacchus-omestes, before the seafight at Salamis: to all which sacrifices the ensuing success gave a sanction. They observed also, that Agesilaus setting sail from the same place that Agamemnon did, and against the same enemies, and seeing moreover, at Aulis, the same vision of the goddess[2] demanding his daughter in sacrifice, through an ill-timed tenderness for his child refused it; the consequence of which was, that his expedition proved unsuccessful.

Those that were of the contrary opinion argued that so barbarous and unjust an offering could not possibly be acceptable to any superior being; that no *Typhons* or giants, but the father of gods and men, governed the world; that it was absurd to suppose that the gods delighted in human sacrifices; and that if any of them did, they ought to be disregarded as impotent beings, since such strange and corrupt desires could not exist but in weak and vicious minds.

While the principal officers were engaged on this subject, and Pelopidas was more perplexed than all the rest, on a sudden a she-colt quitted the herd and ran through the camp, and when she came to the place where they were assembled she stood still. The officers, for their part, only admired her colour, which was a shining red, the stateliness of her form, the vigour of her motions, and the sprightliness of her neighings; but Theocritus the diviner, understanding the thing better, cried out to Pelopidas, "Here comes the victim; fortunate man that thou art! wait for no other virgin, but sacrifice that which Heaven hath sent thee." They then took the colt and led her to the tomb of the virgins, where, after the usual prayers and the ceremony of crowning her, they offered her up with joy, not forgetting to publish the vision of Pelopidas, and the sacrifice required, to the whole army.

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[1] Menœceus devoted himself to death or the benefit of his country; as did also Macaria for the benefit of the Heraclidæ. For an account of the former, see the œnissæ, and for the latter, the *Heraclidæ* Euripides.

[2] Xenophon, in the seventh book of his recian history, acquaints us, that Pelopidas, when he went upon an embassy to the king of Persia, represented to him, that the hatred which the Lacedæmonians bore the Thebans, was owing to their not following Agesilaus when he went to make war upon Persia, and to their hindering him from sacrificing his daughter at Aulis when Diana demanded her; a compliance with which demand would have insured his success; such, at least, was the doctrine of the heathen theology.

The day of battle being come, Epaminondas drew up the infantry of his left wing in an oblique form, that, the right wing of the Spartans being obliged to divide from the other Greeks, he might fall with all his force upon Cleombrotus, who commanded them, and break them with the greater ease; but the enemy, perceiving his intention, began to change their order of battle, and to extend their right wing and wheel about, with a design to surround Epaminondas. In the meantime, Pelopidas came briskly up with his band of 300; and before Cleombrotus could extend his wing as he desired, or reduce it to his former disposition, fell upon the Spartans, disordered as they were with the imperfect movement. And though the Spartans, who were excellent masters in the art of war, laboured no point so much as to keep their men from confusion and dispersing when their ranks happened to be broken; insomuch that the private men were as able as the officers to knit again and to make a united effort, wherever any occasion of danger required; yet, Epaminondas then attacking their right wing only, without stopping to contend with the other troops, and Pelopidas rushing upon them with incredible speed and bravery, broke their resolution and baffled their art. The consequence was such a rout and slaughter as had never been known before.[1] For this reason Pelopidas, who had no share in the chief command, but was only captain of a small band, gained as much honour by this day's great success as Epaminondas, who was governor of Bœotia and commander of the whole army.

But soon after, they were appointed joint governors of Bœotia, and entered Peloponnesus together, where they caused several cities to revolt from the Lacedæmonians, and brought over to the Theban interest Elis, Argos, all Arcadia, and great part of Laconia itself. It was now the winter solstice, and the latter end of the last month in the year, so that they could hold their office but a few days longer: for new governors were to succeed on the first day of the next month, and the old ones to deliver up their charge under pain of death.

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[1] The Theban army consisted, at most, but of 6000 men, whereas that of the enemy was, at least, thrice that number, reckoning the allies. But Epaminondas trusted most in his cavalry, wherein he had much the advantage, both in their quality and good management; the rest he endeavoured to supply by the disposition of his men, who were drawn up fifty deep, whereas the Spartans were but twelve. When the Thebans had gained the victory, and killed Cleombrotus, the Spartans renewed the fight to recover the king's body: and in this the Theban general wisely chose to gratify them, rather than to hazard the success of a second onset. The allies of the Spartans behaved ill in this battle, because they came to it with an expectation to conquer without fighting; as for the Thebans, they had no allies at this time. This battle was fought in the year 371 B.C. Diod. Sicul. l. xv. Xenoph. Hellen. l. vi.

The rest of their colleagues, afraid of the law, and disliking a winter campaign, were for marching home without loss of time: but Pelopidas joining with Epaminondas to oppose it, encouraged his fellow citizens, and led them against Sparta. Having passed the Eurotas, they took many of the Lacedæmonian towns, and ravaged all the country to the very sea, with an army of 70,000 Greeks, of which the Thebans did not make the twelfth part. But the character of those two great men, without any public order or decree made all the allies follow with silent approbation, wherever they led. For the first and supreme law, that of nature, seems to direct those that have need of protection, to take him for their chief who is most able to protect them. And as passengers, though, in fine weather, or in port, they may behave insolently, and brave the pilots, yet, as soon as a storm arises and danger appears, fix their eyes on them, and rely wholly on their skill; so the Argives, the Eleans, and the Arcadians, in the bent of their counsels were against the Thebans, and contended with them for superiority of command; but when the time of action came, and danger pressed hard, they followed the Theban generals of their own accord, and submitted to their orders.

In this expedition they united all Arcadia into one body, drove out the Spartans who had settled in Messenia, and called home its ancient inhabitants; they likewise repeopled Ithome. And in their return through Cenchrea, they defeated the Athenians,[1] who had attacked them in the straits, with a design to hinder their passage.

After such achievements, all the other Greeks were charmed with their valour, and admired their good fortune; but the envy of their fellow-citizens, which grew up together with their glory, prepared for them a very unkind and unsuitable reception. For at their return they were both capitally tried, for not delivering up their charge, according to law, in the first month, which they call *Boucation*, but holding it four months longer; during which time they performed those great actions in Messenia, Arcadia, and Laconia.

Pelopidas was tried first, and therefore was in most danger: however they were both acquitted. Epaminondas bore the accusation and attempts of malignity with great patience, for he considered it as no small instance of fortitude and magnanimity not to resent the injuries done by his fellow-citizens: but Pelopidas, who was naturally of a warmer temper, and excited by his friends to revenge himself, laid hold on this occasion.

Menecclidas, the orator, was one of those who met upon the great enterprise in Charon's house. This man, finding himself not held in the same honour with the rest of the deliverers of their country, and being a good speaker, though of bad principles and malevolent disposition, indulged his natural turn, in accusing and calumniating his superiors: and this he continued to do with respect to Epaminondas and Pelopidas, even after judgment was passed in their favour. He prevailed so far as to deprive Epaminondas of the government of Bœotia, and managed a party against him a long time with success: but his insinuations against Pelopidas were not listened to by the people, and therefore he endeavoured to embroil him with Charon.[1] It is the common consolation of envy, when a man cannot maintain the higher ground himself, to represent those he is excelled by as inferior to some others. Hence it was, that Meneclidas was ever extolling the actions of Charon to the people, and lavishing encomiums upon his expeditions and victories. Above all, he magnified his success in a battle fought by the cavalry under his command at Platæa, a little before the battle of Leuctra, and endeavoured to perpetuate the memory of it by some public monument.

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[1] This happened to the Athenians through the errors of their general Iphicrates, who, though otherwise an able man, forgot the pass of Cenchrea, while he placed his troops in posts less commodious.

The occasion he took was this. Androcides of Cyzicum had agreed with the Thebans for a picture of some other battle, which piece he worked at in the city of Thebes. But upon the revolt, and the war that ensued, he was obliged to quit that city, and leave the painting, which was almost finished, with the Thebans. Meneclides endeavoured to persuade the people to hang up this piece in one of their temples, with an inscription signifying that it was one of Charon's battles, in order to cast a shade upon the glory of Pelopidas and Epaminondas. Certainly the proposal was vain and absurd, to prefer one single engagement, in which there fell only Gerandas, a Spartan of no note, with forty others, to so many and such important victories. Pelopidas, therefore, opposed this motion, insisting that it was contrary to the laws and usages of the Thebans, to ascribe the honour of a victory to any one man in particular, and that their country ought to have the glory of it entire. As for Charon, he was liberal in his praises of him through his whole harangue, but he showed that Meneclidas was an envious and malicious man: and he often asked the Thebans, if they had never before done any thing that was great and excellent. Hereupon a heavy fine was laid upon Meneclidas; and, as he was not able to pay it, he endeavoured afterwards to disturb and overturn the government. Such particulars as these, though small, serve to give an insight into the lives and characters of men.

At that time Alexander,[2] the tyrant of Pheræ, making open war against several cities of Thessaly, and entertaining a secret design to bring the whole country into subjection, the Thessalians sent ambassadors to Thebes to beg the favour of a general and some troops. Pelopidas seeing Epaminondas engaged in settling the affairs of Peloponnesus, offered himself to command in Thessaly, for he was unwilling that his military talents and skill should lie useless, and well satisfied withal, that wherever Epaminondas was, there was no need of any other general. He therefore marched with his forces into Thessaly, where he soon recovered Larissa; and as Alexander came and made submission, he endeavoured to soften and humanize him, and, instead of a tyrant, to render him a just and good prince. But finding him incorrigible and brutal, and receiving fresh complaints of his cruelty, his unbridled lusts, and insatiable avarice, he thought it necessary to treat him with some severity; upon which he made his escape with his guards.

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[1] Xenophon speaks slightly of Charon: he says, "The exiles went to the house of one Charon."

[2] He had lately poisoned his uncle Polyphron, and set himself up tyrant in his stead. Polyphron, indeed, had killed his own brother Polydore, the father of Alexander. All these, with Jason, who was of the same family, were usurpers in Thessaly, which before was a free state

Having now secured the Thessalians against the tyrant, and left them on a good understanding among themselves, he advanced into Macedonia. Ptolemy[1] had commenced hostilities against Alexander, king of that country, and they both had sent for Pelopidas to be an arbitrator of their differences, and an assistant to him who should appear to be injured. Accordingly he went and decided their disputes, recalled such of the Macedonians as had been banished, and taking Philip, the king's brother, and thirty young men of the best families as hostages, he brought them to Thebes; that he might shew the Greeks to what height the Theban commonwealth was risen by the reputation of its arms, and the confidence that was placed in its justice and probity.[2]

This was that Philip who afterwards made war upon Greece to conquer and enslave it. He was now a boy, and brought up at Thebes, in the house of Pammenes. Hence he was believed to have proposed Epaminondas for his pattern; and perhaps he was attentive to that great man's activity and happy conduct in war, which was in truth the most inconsiderable part of his character: as for his temperance, his justice, his magnanimity, and mildness, which really constituted Epaminondas the great man, Philip had no share of them, either natural or acquired.

After this, the Thessalians complaining again, that Alexander of Pheræ disturbed their peace, and formed designs upon their cities, Pelopidas and Ismenias were deputed to attend them. But having no expectation of a war, Pelopidas had brought no troops with him, and therefore the urgency of the occasion obliged him to make use of the Thessalian forces.

At the same time there were fresh commotions in Macedonia; for Ptolemy had killed the king and assumed the sovereignty. Pelopidas, who was called in by the friends of the deceased, was desirous to undertake the cause; but having no troops of his own, he hastily raised some mercenaries, and marched with them immediately against Ptolemy. Upon their approach, Ptolemy bribed the mercenaries, and brought them over to his side: yet, dreading the very name and reputation of Pelopidas, he went to pay his respects to him as his superior, endeavoured to pacify him with entreaties, and solemnly promised to keep the kingdom for the brothers of the dead king, and to regard the enemies and friends of the Thebans as his own. For the performance of these conditions he delivered to him his son Philoxenus and fifty of his companions, as hostages. These Pelopidas sent to Thebes. But being incensed at the treachery of the mercenaries, and having intelligence that they had lost the best part of their effects, together with their wives and children, in Pharsalus, he thought by taking these he might sufficiently revenge the affront. Hereupon he assembled some Thessalian troops, and marched against the town. He was no sooner arrived, than Alexander the tyrant appeared before it with his army. Pelopidas concluding that he was come to make apology for his conduct, went to him with Ismenias. Not that he was ignorant what an abandoned and sanguinary man he had to deal with, but he imagined that the dignity of Thebes and his own character would protect him from violence. The tyrant, however, when he saw them alone and unarmed, immediately seized their persons, and possessed himself of Pharsalus. This struck all his subjects with terror and astonishment; for they were persuaded, that, after such a flagrant act of injustice, he would spare nobody, but behave on all occasions, and to all persons, like a man that had desperately thrown off all regard to his own life and safety.

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[1] Amyntas II. left three legitimate children, Alexander, Perdicas, and Philip, and one natural son, whose name was Ptolemy. This last made war against Alexander, slew him treacherously, and reigned three years.

[2] About this time the cause of liberty was in a great measure deserted by the other Grecian states. Thebes was now the only commonwealth that retained any remains of patriotism and concern for the injured and oppressed.

When the Thebans were informed of this outrage, they were filled with indignation, and gave orders to their army to march directly into Thessaly; but Epaminondas then happening to lie under their displeasure,[1] they appointed other generals.

As for Pelopidas, the tyrant took him to Pheræ, where at first he did not deny any one access to him, imagining that he was greatly humbled by his misfortune; but Pelopidas, seeing the Pheræans overwhelmed with sorrow, bade them be comforted, because now vengeance was ready to fall upon the tyrant, and sent to tell him, "That he acted very absurdly in daily torturing and putting to death so many of his innocent subjects, and in the meantime sparing *him* who, he might know, was determined to punish him when once out of his hands." The tyrant, surprised at his magnanimity and unconcern, made answer, "Why is Pelopidas in such haste to die?" which being reported to Pelopidas, he replied, "It is that thou, being more hated by the gods than ever, mayest the sooner come to a miserable end."

From that time Alexander allowed access to none but his keepers. Thebe, however, the daughter of Jason, who was wife to the tyrant, having an account from those keepers of his noble and intrepid behaviour, had a desire to see him, and to have some discourse with him. When she came into the prison she could not presently distinguish the majestic turn of his person amidst such an appearance of distress: yet supposing, from the disorder of his hair and the meanness of his attire and provisions, that he was treated unworthily, she wept. Pelopidas, who knew not his visitor, was much surprised; but when he understood her quality, addressed her by her father's name, with whom he had been intimately acquainted. And upon her saying, "I pity your wife," he replied, "And I pity you who, wearing no fetters, can endure Alexander." This affected her nearly, for she hated the cruelty and insolence of the tyrant, who to his other debaucheries added that of abusing her youngest brother. In consequence of this, and by frequent interviews with Pelopidas, to whom she communicated her sufferings, she conceived a still stronger resentment and aversion for her husband. The Theban generals, who had entered Thessaly without doing anything, and either through their incapacity or ill-fortune, returned with disgrace, the city of Thebes fined each of them 10,000 *drachmas*, and gave Epaminondas the command of the army that was to act in Thessaly.

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[1] They were displeased at him, because in a late battle fought with the Lacedæmonians near Corinth, he did not as they thought pursue his advantage to the utmost, and put more of the enemy to the sword. Hereupon they removed him from the government of Bœotia, and sent him along with their forces as a private person. Such acts of ingratitude towards great and excellent men are common in popular governments.

The reputation of the new general gave the Thessalians fresh spirits, and occasioned such great insurrections among them, that the tyrant's affairs seemed to be in a very desperate condition, so great was the terror that fell upon his officers and friends, so forward were his subjects to revolt, and so universal was the joy of the prospect of seeing him punished.

Epaminondas, however, preferred the safety of Pelopidas to his own fame, and fearing, if he carried matters to an extremity at first, that the tyrant might grow desperate and destroy his prisoner, he protracted the war. By fetching a compass, as if to finish his preparations, he kept Alexander in suspense, and managed him so as neither to moderate his violence and pride, nor yet to increase his fierceness and cruelty; for he knew his savage disposition, and the little regard he paid to reason or justice: that he buried some persons alive, and dressed others in the skins of bears and wild boars, and then, by way of diversion, baited them with dogs or despatched them with darts: that, having summoned the people of Melibœa and Scotusa, towns in friendship and alliance with him, to meet him in full assembly, he surrounded them with guards, and with all the wantonness of cruelty, put them to the sword; and that he consecrated the spear with which he slew his uncle Polyphron, and having crowned it with garlands, offered sacrifice to it as to a god, and gave it the name of *Tychon*. Yet, upon seeing a tragedian act the *Troades* of Euripides, he went hastily out of the theatre, and at the same time sent a message to the actor, "Not to be discouraged, but to exert all his skill in his part; for it was not out of any dislike that he went out, but he was ashamed that his citizens should see him, who never pitied those he put to death, weep at the sufferings of Hecuba and Andromache."

This execrable tyrant was terrified at the very name and character of Epaminondas,

And dropp'd the craven wing.

He sent an embassy in all haste to offer satisfaction, but that general did not vouchsafe to admit such a man into alliance with the Thebans: he only granted him a truce of thirty days, and having recovered Pelopidas and Ismenias out of his hands, he marched back again with his army.

Soon after this, the Thebans having discovered that the Lacedæmonians and Athenians had sent ambassadors to the king of Persia, to draw him into league with them, sent Pelopidas on their part, whose established reputation amply justified their choice, for he had no sooner entered the king's dominions than he was universally known and honoured. The fame of his battles with the Lacedæmonians had spread itself through Asia; and, after his victory at Leuctra, the report of new successes continually following, had extended his renown to the most distant provinces, so that when he arrived at the king's court, and appeared before the nobles and great officers that waited there, he was the object of universal admiration. "This," said they, "is the man who deprived the Lacedæmonians of the empire both of sea and land, and confined Sparta within the bounds of Taygetus and Eurotas; that Sparta which a little before, under the conduct of Agesilaus, made war against the great king, and shook the realms of Susa and Ecbatana." On the same account Artaxerxes rejoiced to see Pelopidas, and loaded him with honours; but when he heard him converse in terms that were stronger than those of the Athenians, and plainer than those of the Spartans, he admired him still more; and as kings seldom conceal their inclinations, he made no secret of his attachment to him, but let the other ambassadors see the distinction in which he held him. It is true, that of all the Greeks he seemed to have done Antalcidas the Spartan the greatest honour,[1] when he took the garland which he wore at table from his head, dipped it in perfumes, and sent it to him. But though he did not treat Pelopidas with that familiarity, yet he made him the richest and most magnificent presents, and fully granted his demands, which were, "That all the Greeks should be free and independent; that Messenes should be repeopled; and that the Thebans should be reckoned the king's hereditary friends."

With this answer he returned, but without accepting any of the king's presents, except some tokens of his favour and regard; a circumstance that reflected no small dishonour upon the other ambassadors. The Athenians condemned and executed Timagoras, and justly too, if it was on account of the many presents he received; for he accepted not only gold and silver, but *a magnificent bed, and servants to make it*, as if that was an art which the Greeks were not skilled in. He received also 80 cows, and herdsmen to take care of them, as if he wanted their milk for his health; and, at last, he suffered himself to be carried in a litter as far as the sea-coast at the king's expense, who paid four talents for his conveyance. But his receiving of presents does not seem to have been the principal thing that incensed the Athenians, for when Epicrates, the armour-bearer, acknowledged in full assembly that he had received the king's presents, and talked of proposing a decree, that instead of choosing nine *archons* every year, nine of the poorest citizens should be sent ambassadors to the king, that by his gifts they might be raised to affluence, the people only laughed at the motion. What exasperated the Athenians most, was, that the Thebans had obtained of the king all they asked; they did not consider how much the character of Pelopidas outweighed the address of their orators, with a man who ever paid particular attention to military excellence.

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[1] If Plutarch means the Spartan ambassador, he differs from Xenophon, who says that his name was Euthicles. He likewise tells us that Timagoras was the person whom the king esteemed next to Pelopidas.

This embassy procured Pelopidas great applause, as well on account of the repeopling of Messen, as to the restoring of liberty to the rest of Greece.

Alexander the Pheræan was now returned to his natural disposition; he had destroyed several cities of Thessaly, and put garrisons into the towns of the Phthiotæ, the Achæans, and the Magnesians. As soon as these oppressed people had learned that Pelopidas was returned, they sent their deputies to Thebes, to beg the favour of some forces, and that he might be their general. The Thebans willingly granted their request, and an army was soon got ready; but as the general was on the point of marching, the sun began to be eclipsed, and the city was covered with darkness in the day time.

Pelopidas, seeing the people in great consternation at this *phænomenon*, did not think proper to force the army to move, while under such terror and dismay, nor to risk the lives of 7000 of his fellow-citizens. Instead of that, he went himself into Thessaly, and taking with him only 300 horse, consisting of Theban volunteers and strangers, he set out, contrary to the warnings of the soothsayers, and inclinations of the people: for they considered the eclipse as a sign from heaven, the object of which must be some illustrious personage. But besides that Pelopidas was the more exasperated against Alexander by reason of the ill treatment he had received, he hoped from the conversation he had with Thebe, to find the tyrant's family embroiled and in great disorder. The greatest incitement, however, was the honour of the thing. He had a generous ambition to shew the Greeks, at a time when the Lacedæmonians were sending generals and other officers to Dionysius the tyrant of Sicily, and the Athenians were pensioners to Alexander, as their benefactor, to whom they had erected a statue in brass, that the Thebans were the only people who took the field in behalf of the oppressed, and endeavoured to exterminate all arbitrary and unjust government.

When he had arrived at Pharsalus, he assembled his forces, and then marched directly against Alexander; who, knowing that Pelopidas had but few Thebans about him, and that he himself had double the number of Thessalian infantry, went to meet him as far as the temple of Thetes. When he was informed that the tyrant was advancing towards him with a great army, "*So much the better*," said he, "*for we shall beat so many the more.*"

Near the place called Cynoscephalæ there are two steep hills opposite each other, in the middle of the plain. Both sides endeavoured to get possession of these hills with their infantry. In the meantime, Pelopidas with his cavalry, which was numerous and excellent, charged the enemy's horse, and put them to the route; but while he was pursuing them over the plain, Alexander had gained the hills, having got before the Thessalian foot, which he attacked as they were trying to force these strong heights, killing the foremost, and wounding many of those that followed, so that they toiled without affecting anything. Pelopidas seeing this, called back his cavalry, and ordered them to fall upon such of the enemy as still kept their ground on the plain, and taking his buckler in his hand, he ran to join those that were engaged on the hills. He soon made his way to the front, and by his presence inspired his soldiers with such vigour and alacrity, that the enemy thought they had quite different men to deal with. They stood two or three charges: but when they found that the foot still pressed forward, and saw the horse return from the pursuit, they gave ground and retreated, but slowly, and step by step. Pelopidas then taking a view, from an eminence, of the enemy's whole army, which did not yet take to flight, but was full of confusion and disorder, stopped a while to look round for Alexander. When he perceived him on the right, encouraging and rallying the mercenaries, he was no longer master of himself; but sacrificing both his safety and his duty as a general to his passion, he sprang forward a great way before his troops, loudly calling for and challenging the tyrant, who did not dare to meet him or to wait for him, but fell back and hid himself in the midst of his guards. The foremost ranks of the mercenaries, who came hand to hand, were broken by Pelopidas, and a number of them slain; but others, fighting at a distance, pierced his armour with their javelins. The Thessalians, extremely anxious for him, ran down the hill to his assistance, but when they came to the place they found him dead upon the ground. Both horse and foot then falling upon the enemy's main body, entirely routed them, and killed above 3000. The pursuit continued a long way, and the fields were covered with the carcases of the slain.

Such of the Thebans as were present were greatly afflicted at the death of Pelopidas, calling him *their father, their saviour, and instructor in everything that was great and honourable.* Nor is this to be wondered at, since the Thessalians and allies, after exceeding, by their public acts in his favour, the greatest honours that are usually paid to human virtue, testified their regard for him still more sensibly by the deepest sorrow. For it is said, that those who were in the action, neither put off their armour, nor unbridled their horses, nor bound up their wounds, after they heard that he was dead; but, notwithstanding their heat and fatigue, repaired to the body, as if it still had life and sense, piled round it the spoils of the enemy, and cut off their horses' manes and their own hair.[1] Many of them, when they retired to their tents, neither kindled a fire nor took any refreshment; but a melancholy silence prevailed throughout the camp, as if instead of gaining so great and glorious a victory, they had been worsted and enslaved by the tyrant.

When the news was carried to the towns, the magistrates, young men, children, and priests, came out to meet the body, with trophies, crowns, and golden armour; and when the time of his interment was come, some of the Thessalians who were venerable for their age, went and begged of the Thebans that they might have the honour of burying him. One of them expressed himself in these terms: "What we request of you, our good allies, will be an honour and consolation to us under this great misfortune. It is not the living Pelopidas, whom the Thessalians desire to attend; it is not to Pelopidas sensible of their gratitude, that they would now pay the honours; all we ask is the permission to wash, to adorn, and inter his dead body, and if we obtain this favour, we shall believe you are persuaded that we think our share in the common calamity greater than yours. You have lost only a good general, but we are so unhappy as to be deprived both of him and of our liberty. For how shall we presume to ask you for another general, when we have not restored to you Pelopidas?"

The Thebans granted their request. And surely there never was a more magnificent funeral, at least in the opinion of those who do not place magnificence in ivory, gold, and purple; as Philistus did, who dwells in admiration upon the funeral of Dionysius; which properly speaking, was nothing but the pompous catastrophe of that bloody treachery, his tyranny. Alexander the Great, too, upon the death of Hephæstion, not only had the manes of the horses and mules shorn, but caused the battlements of the walls to be taken down, that the very cities might seem to mourn, by losing their ornaments, and having the appearance of being shorn and chastised with grief. These things being the effects of arbitrary orders, executed through necessity, and attended both with envy of those for whom they are done, and hatred of those who command them, are not proofs of esteem and respect, but of barbaric pomp, of luxury, and vanity, in those who lavish their wealth to such vain and despicable purposes. But that a man who was only one of the subjects of a republic, dying in a strange country, neither his wife, children, or kinsmen present, without the request or command of any one, should be attended home, conducted to the grave, and crowned by so many cities, and tribes, might justly pass for an instance of the most perfect happiness. For the observation of Æsop is not true, that *Death is most unfortunate in the time of prosperity; on the contrary, it is then most happy, since it secures to good men*

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[1] A customary token of mourning among the ancients.

the glory of their virtuous actions, and puts them above the power of fortune. The compliment, therefore, of the Spartan was much more rational, when embracing Diagoras, after he and his sons and grandsons had all conquered and been crowned at the Olympic games, he said, *Die, die now, Diagoras, for thou canst not be a god.* And yet, I think, if a man should put all the victories in the Olympian and Pythian games together, he would not pretend to compare them with any one of the enterprizes of Pelopidas, which were many and all successful: so that after he had flourished the greatest part of his life in honour and renown, and had been appointed the thirteenth time governor of Bœotia, he died in a great exploit, the consequence of which was the destruction of the tyrant, and the restoring of its liberties to Thessaly.

His death as it gave the allies great concern, so it brought them still greater advantages. For the Thebans were no sooner informed of it, than, prompted by a desire of revenge, they sent upon that business 7000 foot and 700 horse, under the command of Malcites and Diogiton. These finding Alexander weakened, with his late defeat, and reduced to great difficulties, compelled him to restore the cities he had taken from the Thessalians, to withdraw his garrisons from the territories of the Magnesians, the Phthiotæ, and Achæans, and to engage by oath to submit to the Thebans, and to keep his forces in readiness to execute their orders.

And here it is proper to relate the punishment which the gods inflicted upon him soon after for his treatment of Pelopidas. He, as we have already mentioned, first taught Thebe, the tyrant's wife, not to dread the exterior pomp and splendour of his palace, though she lived in the midst of guards, consisting of exiles from other countries. She, therefore, fearing his falsehood, and hating his cruelty, agreed with her three brothers, Tisiphonus, Pytholaus, and Lycophron, to take him off: and they put their design in execution after this manner. The whole palace was full of guards, who watched all the night, except the tyrant's bed-chamber, which was an upper room, and the door of the apartment was guarded by a dog who was chained there, and who would fly at everybody except his master and mistress, and one slave that fed him. When the time fixed for the attempt was come, Thebe concealed her brothers, before it was dark, in a room hard by. She went in alone as usual, to Alexander, who was already asleep, but presently came out again, and ordered the slave to take away the dog, because her husband choose to sleep without being disturbed: and that the stairs might not creak as the young men came up, she covered them with wool. She then fetched up her brothers, and leaving them at the door with poignards in their hands, went into the chamber, and taking away the tyrant's sword, which hung at the head of his bed, shewed it them as a proof that he was fast asleep. The young men now being struck with terror, and not daring to advance, she reproached them with cowardice, and swore in her rage, that she would awake Alexander and tell him the whole. Shame and fear having brought them to themselves, she led them in and placed them about the bed, herself holding the light. One of them caught him by the feet, and another by the hair of his head, while the third stabbed him with his poignard. Such a death was perhaps too speedy for so abominable a monster; but if it be considered that he was the first tyrant who was assassinated by his own wife, and that his dead body was exposed to all kinds of indignities, and spurned and trodden under foot by his subjects, his punishment will appear to have been proportioned to his crimes.

DION.

As we learn from Simonides, my dear Senecio, that the Trojans were by no means offended at the Corinthians for joining the confederates in the Grecian war, because the family of Glaucus, their own ally, was originally of Corinth, so neither the Greeks nor the Romans have reason to complain of the academy, which has been equally favourable to both. This will appear from the lives of Brutus and Dion; for, as one was the scholar of Plato, and the other educated in his principles, they came like wrestlers from the same Palæstra to engage in the greatest conflicts. Both by their conduct, in which there was a great similarity, confirmed that observation of their master, that "*Power and fortune must concur with prudence and justice, to effect anything great in a political capacity:*" but as Hippomachus the wrestler said, that he could distinguish his scholars at a distance, though they were only carrying meat from the market; so the sentiments of those who have had a polite education, must have a similar influence on their manners, and give a peculiar grace and propriety to their conduct.

Accident, however, rather than design, gave a similarity to the lives of these two men; and both were cut off by an untimely death, before they could carry the purposes, which they had pursued with so much labour, into execution. The most singular circumstance attending their death was, that both had a divine warning of it in the appearance of a frightful spectre. There are those, indeed, who say, that no man in his senses ever saw a spectre; that these are the delusive visions of women and children, or of men whose intellects are affected by some infirmity of the body, and who believe that the absurd imaginations are of divine inspiration. But of Dion and Brutus, men of firm and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity—if such men could pay so much credit to the appearance of spectres, as to give an account of them to their friends, I see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients, that men had their evil genii, who disturbed them with fears, and distressed their virtue, lest by a steady and uniform pursuit of it, they should hereafter obtain a happier allotment than themselves.[1]

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[1] This is perfectly agreeable to the Platonic doctrine of the different orders and dispositions of the genii. And as Dion and Brutus were both great enthusiasts in Platonism, the *strength of their faith* brought their spectres before them.

After Dionysius the elder had seized the government of Sicily, he married the daughter of Hermocrates, a Syracusan; but as the monarchic power was yet but ill-established, she had the misfortune to be so much abused in her person by an outrageous faction, that she put an end to her life. When Dionysius was confirmed in his government, he married two wives at the same time. One was Doris, a native of Locris, the other Aristomache, the daughter of Hipparinus, who was a principal person in Syracuse, and colleague with Dionysius, when he was first appointed general of the Sicilian forces. It is said that he married these wives on the same day. It is not certain which he enjoyed first, but he was impartial in his kindness to them, for both attended him at his table, and alternately partook of his bed. As Doris had the disadvantage of being a foreigner, the Syracusans sought every means of obtaining the preference for their countrywoman; but it was more than equivalent to this disadvantage, that she had the honour of giving Dionysius his eldest son. Aristomache, on the contrary, was a long time barren, though the king was extremely desirous of having children by her, and put to death the mother of Doris, upon a supposition that she had prevented her conceptions by potions.

Dion, the brother of Aristomache, was well received at court, not only on her account, but from the regard which Dionysius had for his merit and abilities; and that prince gave his treasurer an order to supply him with whatever money he wanted, but at the same time to keep an account of what he received.

But whatever the talents and virtues of Dion might be originally, it is certain that they received the happiest improvement under the auspices of Plato. Surely the gods, in mercy to mankind, sent that divine philosopher from Italy to Syracuse, that through the humane influence of his doctrine, the spirit of liberty might once more revive, and the inhabitants of that country be rescued from tyranny.[1]

Dion soon became the most distinguished of his scholars. To the fertility of his genius, and the excellence of his disposition, Plato himself has given testimony, and he did the greatest honour to that testimony in his life. For though he had been educated in servile principles under a tyrant; though he had been familiarized to dependence on the one hand, and to the indulgence of pomp and luxury, as the greatest happiness, on the other; yet he was no sooner acquainted with that philosophy which points out the road to virtue, than his whole soul caught the enthusiasm; and with the simplicity of a young man, who judges of the dispositions of others by his own, he concluded that Plato's lectures would have the same effect on Dionysius: for this reason he solicited, and at length persuaded, the tyrant to hear him. When Plato was admitted, the discourse turned on virtue in general. Afterwards they came to fortitude in particular; and Plato made it appear,

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thought that I was insensibly opening a way to the subversion of tyranny!"

that tyrants have, of all men, the least pretence to that virtue. Justice was the next topic; and when Plato asserted the happiness of the just, and the wretched condition of the unjust, the tyrant was stung; and being unable to answer his arguments, he expressed his resentment against those who seemed to listen to him with pleasure. At last he was extremely exasperated, and asked the philosopher what business he had in Sicily. Plato answered," That he came to seek an honest man." "And so, then," replied the tyrant, "it seems you have lost your labour." Dion was in hopes that his anger would have ended here: but while Plato was hasting to be gone, he conveyed him on board a galley, in which Pollis, the Lacedæmonian, was returning to Greece. Dionysius urged Pollis either to put Plato to death in his passage, or, at least, to sell him as a slave: "for, according to his own maxim," said he, "this man cannot be unhappy; a just man, he says, must be happy in a state of slavery, as well as in a state of freedom." Pollis, therefore, carried him to Ægina, and sold him there for twenty pounds. For the people of that place, being at war with the Athenians, had made a decree, that whatever Athenian was taken on their coast, he should be sold. Dion, notwithstanding, retained his interest with Dionysius, had considerable employments, and was sent ambassador to Carthage. Dionysius had a high esteem for him, and he, therefore, permitted him to speak his sentiments with freedom. An instance of this we have in the retort he made in the tyrant's ridiculing the government of Gelo. "Gelo," said Dionysius, "is *(Gelos)* the laughing-stock of Sicily." While others admired and applauded this witticism, Dion answered, "You obtained the crown by being trusted on Gelo's account, who reigned with great humanity, but you have reigned in such a manner, that for your sake, no man will be trusted hereafter. Gelo made monarchy the best of governments: but you have convinced us that it is the worst." Dionysius had three children by Doris, and four by Aristomache, whereof two were daughters, Sophrosyne and Arete. The former of these was married to his eldest son, Dionysius; the latter to his brother Thearides, and after his death, to her uncle Dion. In the last illness of Dionysius, Dion would have applied to him in behalf of the children of Aristomache, but the physicians were beforehand with him. They wanted to ingratiate themselves with his successor; and when he asked for a sleeping dose, Timæus tells us, they gave him so effectual a one that he waked no more.

When his son Dionysius came to the throne in the first counsel that he held, Dion spoke with so much propriety on the present state of affairs, and on the measures which ought to be taken, that the rest appeared to be mere children in understanding. By the freedom of his counsels, he exposed in a strong light, the slavish principles of those who, through a timorous disingenuity, advised such measures as they thought would please their prince, rather than such as might advance his interest. But what alarmed them most, was the steps he proposed to take with regard to the impending war with Carthage; for he offered either to go in person to Carthage, and settle an honourable peace with the Carthaginians, or, if the king were rather inclined for war, to fit out and maintain fifty galleys at his own expense.

Dionysius was pleased with the magnificence of his spirit, but the courtiers felt that it made them appear little. They agreed that, at all events, Dion was to be crushed, and they spared no calumny that malice could suggest. They represented to the king that he certainly meant to make himself master by sea, and by that means to obtain the kingdom for his sister's children. There was, moreover, another and an obvious cause of their hatred to him, in the reserve of his manners and the sobriety of his life. They led the young and ill-educated king through every species of debauchery, were shameless panders to his wrong-directed passions. Yet, while folly rioted, tyranny slept; its rage was dissolved in the ardour of youthful indulgences, as iron is softened in the fire; and that lenity which the Sicilians could not expect from the virtue of their prince, they found in his weakness. Thus the reins of that monarchy, which Dionysius vainly called adamantine, fell gradually from the loose and dissolute hand that held them. This young prince, it is said, would continue the scene of intoxication for ninety days without intermission, during which time no sober person was admitted to his court, where all was drunkenness and buffoonery, revelry and riot.

Their enmity to Dion, who had no taste for these enjoyments, was a thing of course; and as he refused to partake with them in their vices, they resolved to strip him of his virtues. To these they gave the names of such vices as are supposed in some degree to resemble them. His gravity of manners they called pride; his freedom of speech, insolence; his declining to join in their licentiousness, contempt. It is true there was a natural haughtiness in his deportment, and an asperity that was unsociable and difficult of access, so that it is not to be wondered if he found no ready admission to the ears of a young king, already spoiled by flattery. Many, even of his own particular friends, who admired the integrity and generosity of his heart, could not but condemn those forbidding manners, which were so ill adapted to social and political intercourse; and Plato himself, when he wrote to him some time after, warned him, as it were by the spirit of prophecy, *To guard against that austerity which is the companion of solitude.*[1] However, the necessity of the times, and the feeble state of the monarchy, rendered it necessary for the king, though contrary to his inclination, to retain him in the highest appointments; and this Dion himself very well knew.

As he was willing to impute the irregularities of Dionysius to ignorance and a bad education, he endeavoured to engage him in a course of liberal studies, and to give him a taste for those sciences which have a tendency to moral improvement. By this means he hoped that he should induce him to think of virtue without disgust, and at length to embrace its precepts with pleasure. The young Dionysius was not naturally the worst of princes; but his father being apprehensive that if his mind were improved by science and the conversation of wise and virtuous men, he might some time or other think of depriving him of his kingdom, kept him in close confinement; where, through ignorance and want of other employment, he amused himself *with making little chariots, candlesticks, wooden chairs, and tables.* His father, indeed, was so suspicious of all mankind, and so wretchedly timorous, that *he would not suffer a barber to shave him; but had his hair singed off with a live coal by one of his own attendants.* Neither his brother nor his son were admitted into his chamber in their own clothes, but were first stripped and examined by the sentinels, and after that were obliged to put on such clothes as were provided for them. When his brother Leptines was once describing the situation of a place, he took a spear from one of the guards to trace the plan, upon which Dionysius was extremely offended, and caused the soldier who had given up his spear to be put to death. He was afraid, he said, of the sense and sagacity of his friends; because he knew they must think it more eligible to govern than to obey. He slew Marsyas, whom he had advanced to a considerable military command, merely because Marsyas dreamed that he killed him; for he concluded, that this dream by night was occasioned by some similar suggestion of the day. Yet even this timorous and suspicious wretch was offended with Plato, because he would not allow him to be the most valiant man in the world!

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[1] *Haughtiness lives under the same roof with solitude.* This is towards the end of Plato's fourth letter. It is preceded by a fine political precept, viz. that the complaisance which produces popularity is the source of the greatest operations in government.

When Dion considered that the irregularities of young Dionysius were chiefly owing to his want of education, he exhorted him earnestly to apply himself to study; and by all means to send for Plato, the prince of philosophers, into Sicily. "When he comes," said he, "apply to him without loss of time. Conformed by his precepts to that divine exemplar of beauty and perfection which called the universe from confusion into order, you will at once secure your own happiness, and the happiness of your people. The obedience they now render you through fear, by your justice and moderation you will improve to a principle of filial duty; and of a tyrant, you will become a king. Fear and force, and fleets and armies, are not, as your father called them, the adamantine chains of government; but *that attention, that affection, that respect, which justice and goodness for ever draw after them: these are the milder, but the stronger bonds of empire.* Besides, it is surely a disgrace for a prince, who in all the circumstances of figure and appearance is distinguished from the people, not to rise above them, at the same time, in the superiority of his conversation, and the cultivation of his mind."

As Dion frequently solicited the king on this subject, and occasionally repeated some of Plato's arguments, he conceived at length a violent inclination to hear him discourse. He therefore sent several letters of invitation to him at Athens, which were seconded by the entreaties of Dion. The Pythagorean philosophers in Italy requested, at the same time, that he would undertake the direction of this young prince, whose mind was misguided by power, and reclaim him by the solid counsels of philosophy. Plato, as he owns himself, was ashamed to be a philosopher in theory and not in practice; and flattering himself that if he could rectify the mind of the prince, he might by the same means remedy the disorders of the kingdom, he yielded to their request.

The enemies of Dion, now fearing an alteration in Dionysius, advised him to recal from exile one Philistus, who was indeed a man of learning,[1] but employed his talents in defence of the despotic policy; and this man they intended to set in opposition to Plato and his philosophy. Philistus, from the beginning, had been a principal instrument in promoting the monarchic government, and kept the citadel, of which he was governor, a long time for that party. It is said that he had a private commerce with the mother of the elder Dionysius, and that the tyrant himself was not ignorant of it. Be this as it may, Leptines, who had two daughters by a married woman whom he had debauched, gave one of them in marriage to Philistus; but this being done without consulting Dionysius, he was offended, imprisoned Leptines' mistress, and banished Philistus. The latter fled to his friends at Adria, where, it is probable, he composed the greatest part of his history; for he did not return to Sicily during the reign of that Dionysius. After his death, Dion's enemies occasioned him to be recalled. His arbitrary principles were suitable for their purpose, and he began to exercise them immediately on his return.

At the same time calumnies and impeachments against Dion were, as usual, brought to the king. He was accused of holding a private correspondence with Theodoses and Heraclides, for the subversion of the monarchy; and indeed it is probable that he entertained some hopes from the arrival of Plato of lessening the excessive power of Dionysius, or, at least, of making him moderate and equitable in the use of it. Besides, if he continued obstinate, and were not to be reclaimed, he was determined to depose him, and restore the commonwealth to the Syracusans; for he preferred even the popular form of government to an absolute monarchy, where a well-regulated aristocracy could not be procured.

Such was the state of affairs when Plato came into Sicily. At first he was received with the greatest appearance of kindness, and was conveyed from the coast in one of the king's most splendid chariots. Even Dionysius himself sacrified to the gods in acknowledgment of his safe arrival, and of the honour and happiness they had by that means conferred on his kingdom. The people had the greatest hopes of a speedy reformation. They observed an unusual decorum in the entertainments at court, and a sobriety in the conduct of the courtiers; while the king answered all to whom he gave audience in a very obliging manner. The desire of learning and the study of philosophy were become general; and the several apartments of the royal palace were like so many schools of geometricians, full of the dust in which the students describe their mathematical figures. Not long after this, at a solemn sacrifice in the citadel, when the herald prayed as usual for the long continuance of the government, Dionysius is said to have cried, "How long will you continue to curse me?" This was an inexpressible mortification to Philistus and his party: If Plato, said they, has already made such a change in the king, his influence in time will be irresistible.

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[1] He wrote the histories of Egypt, Sicily, and the reign of Dionysius. Cicero calls him the petty Thucydides: *Pusillus Thucydides.*

They now no longer made their attacks on Dion separately, or in private. They united in exclaiming against him, that he had fascinated the king with the delusions of eloquence and philosophy, in order to obtain the kingdom for his sister's children. They represented it as a matter of the greatest indignity, that after the whole force of the Athenians had vainly invaded Sicily, and were vanquished and destroyed, without so much as being able to take Syracuse, they should now, by means of one sophist, overturn the empire of Dionysius. It was with indignation they beheld the deluded monarch prevailed on by his insinuations to part with his guard of 10,000 spearmen, to give up a navy of 400 galleys, to disband an army of 10,000 horse, and as many times that number of foot, in order that he might pursue an ideal happiness in the academy, and amuse himself with theorems of geometry, while the substantial enjoyments of wealth and power were left to Dion and the children of Aristomache.

By means of these suggestions Dion first incurred the suspicion, and soon after the open displeasure of Dionysius. A letter of his was likewise intercepted, and privately carried to the king. It was addressed to the Carthaginian agents, and directed them not to have their audience of the king concerning the conclusion of the peace unless he were present, and then everything should be settled as they wished. Timæus informs us, that after Dionysius had shewed this letter to Philistus, and consulted him upon it, he over-reached Dion by a pretence of reconciliation, and told him, that he was desirous their good understanding might be renewed. After this, as he was one day walking alone with him by the wall of the castle, near the sea, he shewed him the letter, and accused him of conspiring with the Carthaginians against him. When Dion attempted to speak in his own defence, Dionysius refused to hear him; and having forced him on board a vessel which lay there for the purpose, commanded the sailors to set him ashore in Italy.

When this was publicly known, it was generally condemned as tyrannical and cruel. The court was in distress for the ladies of Dion's family; but the citizens received fresh courage from the event; for they were in hopes that the odium which it would bring upon Dionysius, and the general discontent that his government occasioned, might contribute to bring about a revolution. Dionysius perceived this with some anxiety, and thinking it necessary to pacify the women and the rest of Dion's friends, he told them that he was not gone into exile, but only sent out of the way for a time, that his obstinacy might not draw upon him a heavier punishment. He also allowed his friends two ships, that they might convey to him, in Peloponnesus, as much of his treasure and as many of his servants as they should think fit: for Dion was a man of considerable property, and little inferior to the king in wealth or magnificence. The most valuable part of his effects, together with presents from the ladies and others of his acquaintance, his friends conveyed to him; and the splendour of his fortune gained him great respect among the Greeks. At the same time they conceived a high idea of the power of the tyrant, when an exile from his kingdom could make such an appearance.

Dionysius now removed Plato into the citadel, under colour of kindness; but in reality to set a guard upon him, lest he should follow Dion, and proclaim to the world how injuriously he had been treated.

As wild beasts become tame and tractable by use, so the tyrant, by frequent conversation with the philosopher, began at last to conceive an affection for him; yet even that affection had something of the tyrant in it; for he required of Plato, in return, that he should exclusively confine his regard and admiration to him. On condition that he would prefer his friendship to that of Dion, he was willing to give up the whole administration into his hands. This extravagant affection gave Plato no small trouble; for it was accompanied with petulance and jealousy, as the love which subsists between the different sexes has its quarrels and reconciliations. He expressed the strongest desire to become Plato's scholar, and to proceed in the study of philosophy; but he expressed it with reluctance in the presence of those who wanted to divert him from his purpose, and seemed as if he was in pursuit of something he ought to be ashamed of.

As a war broke out about this time, he found it necessary to dismiss Plato; but he promised him, before his departure, to recall Dion the ensuing summer; however, he did not keep his promise, but made the war he was engaged in his apology, and remitted to him the produce of his estate. At the same time he desired Plato to acquiesce in his apology, assuring him that he would send for Dion on the commencement of the peace; and he entreated, in the meantime, that Dion would be peaceable, and not say or do anything that might hurt his character among the Greeks. This Plato endeavoured to effect, by keeping Dion in the academy in pursuit of philosophy.

At Athens Dion lived with an acquaintance whose name was Callippus. But a piece of pleasure ground which he purchased, he gave, on his departure, to Speusippus, with whom he had most usually conversed. Speusippus, as Timon, in his poems called *Syllis*, informs us, was a facetious companion, and had a turn for raillery; and Plato was desirous that Dion's severity of manners might be softened by the pleasantry of his conversation. When

Plato exhibited a chorus of boys at Athens,[1] Dion took upon himself the management, and defrayed the expense. Plato was desirous that this munificence might procure him popularity, and on that account he readily gave up the honour of conducting the affair himself.

Dion likewise visited other cities, and conversed with the principal statesmen, by whom he was publicly entertained. In his manners there was now no longer anything pompous or affected; there was nothing that savoured of the dissolute luxury of a tyrant's court; his behaviour was modest, discreet, and manly; and his philosophical discourses were learned and ingenious. This procured him popular favour, and public honours; and the Lacedæmonians, without regard to the resentment of Dionysius, though at the very time they had received succours from him against the Thebans, made him free of their city. We are told that Dion accepted an invitation from Ptœodorus the Megarensian, who was a man of considerable power and fortune; and when he found his door crowded with people on business, and that it was difficult to have access to him, he said to his friends, who expressed their dissatisfaction on the occasion, "Why should this affront us? We did this, and more than this, at Syracuse."

Dion's popularity in Greece soon excited the jealousy of Dionysius, who, therefore, stopped his remittances, and put his estate in the hands of his own stewards. However, that his reputation might not suffer, through Plato's means, amongst the philosophers, he retained a number of learned men in his court; and being desirous to outshine them all in disputation, he frequently was under a necessity of introducing, without the least propriety, the arguments he had learned from Plato. He now wished for that philosopher again, and repented that he had so ill availed himself of his instructions. Like a tyrant, therefore, whose desires, however extravagant, are immediately to be complied with, he was violently bent on recalling him. To effect this, he thought of every expedient, and at length prevailed on Archytas and the rest of the Pythagorean philosophers to pledge themselves for the performance of his promise, and to persuade him to return to Sicily; for it was Plato that first introduced those philosophers to Dionysius.

On their part they sent Archidamus to Plato, and Dionysius, at the same time, sent some galleys, with several of his friends, to join in their request. The tyrant likewise wrote to him, and told him, in plain terms, that Dion must expect no favour from him, if Plato should not come into Sicily; but upon his arrival, he might depend on everything he desired. Dion was also solicited by his sister and wife to prevail with Plato to gratify the tyrant, that he might no longer have an apology for the severity of his treatment. Plato therefore, as he says himself, set sail the third time for Sicily:—

> To brave Charybdis' dreadful gulf once more.—*Odyss.* l. xii.

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[1] This was a dramatic entertainment, exhibited with great expense and magnificence, on the occasion of the feast of Bacchus.

His arrival was not only a satisfaction to Dionysius, but to all Sicily; the inhabitants of which did not fail to implore the gods that Plato might overcome Philistus, and that the tyranny might expire under the influence of his philosophy. Plato was in high favour with the women in particular, and with Dionysius he had such credit as no other person could boast, for he was allowed to come to him without being searched. When Aristippus, the Cyrenean, observed that the king frequently offered Plato money, and that Plato as constantly refused it, he said, "That Dionysius was liberal without danger of exhausting his treasury; for to those who wanted, and would take money, he was sparing in his offers; but profuse where he knew it would be refused."

After the first civilities were over, Plato took an opportunity to mention Dion; but the tyrant put him off, till at last expostulations and animosities took place. These, however, Dionysius was industrious to conceal, and endeavoured to bring over Plato from the interest of Dion by repeated favours and studied civilities. The philosopher, on the other hand, did not immediately publish his perfidy, but dissembled his resentment. While things were thus circumstanced, Helicon of Cyzicus, one of Plato's followers, foretold an eclipse of the sun; and as it happened according to his prediction, the king, in admiration of his learning, rewarded him with a talent of silver. Upon this Aristippus, jesting among the best of the philosophers, told them he had something extraordinary likewise to prognosticate. Being entreated to make it known, "I foresee," said he, "that in a short time there will be a quarrel between Dionysius and Plato." Soon after this, Dionysius sold Dion's estate and converted the money to his own use. Plato was removed from his apartments in the palace-gardens, and placed within the purlieus of the guards, who had long hated, and even sought to kill him, on a supposition that he advised the tyrant to lay down his government and disband his army.

Archytas, who had engaged for Plato's safety, when he understood his danger, sent a galley to demand him; and the tyrant, to palliate his enmity previous to his departure, made pompous entertainments. At one of them, however, he could not help saying, "I suppose, Plato, when you return to your companions in the academy, my faults will often be the subject of your conversation." "I hope," answered Plato, "we shall never be so much at a loss for subjects in the academy, as to talk of you." Such are the circumstances which have been mentioned concerning Plato's departure, but they are not perfectly consistent with Plato's own account.

Dion being offended, not only with these things, but at some intelligence he had before received from his wife, which is alluded to in Plato's letter to Dionysius, openly declared himself his enemy. The affair was this: Plato, on his return to Greece, was desired by Dionysius privately to consult Dion, whether he would be averse to his wife's marrying another man; for there was a report, whether true or the invention of his enemies, that his matrimonial state was not agreeable to him, and that there was a coolness betwixt him and Arete. After Plato had consulted Dion on the affair, he wrote to Dionysius, and though he spoke in plain terms of other matters, he mentioned this in a manner that could only be intelligible to the king. He told him, that he had talked with Dion on the business, and that he would certainly resent it if any such attempt were made.

While any prospect of an accommodation remained, Dionysius took no further steps in the affair; but when that prospect was gone, and Plato once more had left Sicily in displeasure, he compelled Arete to marry Timocrates; and, in this instance, he fell short even of the justice and lenity of his father. When Philoxenus, who had married his sister Theste, was declared his enemy, and fled through fear out of Sicily, Dionysius sent for his sister, and reproached her with being privy to her husband's escape, without letting him know it. Theste answered, without fear or hesitation, "*Do you think me, Dionysius, so bad a wife, or so weak a woman, that if I had known of my husband's flight, I would not have accompanied him, and shared in the worst of his fortunes? Indeed, I was ignorant of it; and I assure you that I should esteem it a higher honour to be called the wife of Philoxenus the exile, than the sister of Dionysius the tyrant.*" The king, it is said, admired her spirited answer; and the Syracusans honoured her so much that she retained her princely retinue after the dissolution of the tyranny; and the citizens, by public decree, attended the solemnity of her funeral.

Dion now thought of nothing but war. Plato, however, was against it; partly on account of the hospitable favours he had received from Dionysius, and partly because of the advanced age of Dion. Speusippus and the rest of his friends, on the other hand, encouraged him to rescue from slavery his native Sicily, that stretched forth her hands towards him, and would certainly receive him with every expression of joy. Speusippus, when he attended Plato into Sicily, had mixed more with the people, and learned their sentiments with regard to the government. At first, indeed, they were reserved, and suspected him for an emissary of the tyrant's; but by degrees he obtained their confidence. In short, it was the voice, the prayer of the people, that Dion would come, though without either army or navy, to their relief, and lend them only his name and his presence against the tyrant. Dion was encouraged by these representations, and the more effectually to conceal his intentions, he raised what forces he was able by means of his friends. He was assisted in this by many statesmen and philosophers, amongst whom was Endemus the Cyprian (on the occasion of whose death Aristotle wrote his dialogue on the soul), and Timonides the Leucadian. These engaged in his interest Miltas the Thessalian, who was skilled in divination, and had been his fellow-academician. But of all those whom the tyrant had banished, which were no fewer than 1000, no more than 25 gave in their names for the service: the rest, for want of spirit, would not engage in the cause. The general rendezvous was in the island of Zacynthus, and here, when the little army was assembled, it did not amount to 800 men.[1] But they were men who had signalized themselves in the greatest engagements; they were in perfect discipline, and inured to hardship; in courage and conduct they had no superiors in the army: in short, they were such men as were likely to serve the cause of Dion, in animating, by their example, those who came to his standard in Sicily.

Yet these men, when they understood that they were to be led against Dionysius, were disheartened, and condemned the rash resentment of Dion; the consequence of which they looked upon as certain ruin. Nor were they less offended with their commanders, and those who had enlisted them, because they had concealed the design of the service. But when Dion, in a public speech, after shewing them the feeble state of Dionysius's government, told them, that he considered them rather as so many officers whom he carried to head the people of Sicily, already prepared to revolt, than as private men; and when Alcimenes, who, in birth and reputation, was the principal man in Achaia, had concurred in the address of Dion, and joined in the expedition, they then were satisfied.

It was now about midsummer, the Etesian winds[2] prevailed at sea, and the moon was at the full, when Dion prepared a magnificent sacrifice to Apollo, and marched in procession to the temple, with his men under arms. After the sacrifice, he gave them a feast in the race-ground of the Zacynthians. They were astonished at the quantity of gold and silver plate that was exhibited on this occasion, so far above the ordinary fortunes of a private man; and they concluded, that a person of such opulence would not, at a late period of life, expose himself to dangers, without a fair prospect of success, and the certain support of friends. After the usual prayers and libations, the moon was eclipsed. This was nothing strange to Dion, who knew the variations of the ecliptic, and that this defection of the moon's light was caused by the interposition of the earth between her and the sun. But as the soldiers were troubled about it, Miltas, the diviner, took upon him to give it a proper turn, and assured them that it portended the sudden obscurity of something that was at present glorious; that this glorious object could be no other than Dionysius, whose lustre would be extinguished on their arrival in Sicily. This interpretation he communicated in as public a manner as possible: but from the prodigy of bees,[1] a swarm of which settled on the stern of Dion's ship, he intimated to his friends his apprehensions that the great affairs, which Dion was then prosecuting, after flourishing a while, would come to nothing. Dionysius too, they said, had many prodigies on this occasion. An eagle snatched a javelin from one of his guards, and after flying aloft with it, dropped it in the sea. The waters of the sea, at the foot of the citadel, were fresh for one whole day, as plainly appeared to every one that tasted them. He had pigs farrowed perfect in all their other parts, but without ears. The diviners interpreted this as an omen of rebellion and revolt: the people, they said, would no longer give ear to the mandates of the tyrant. The freshness of the sea-water imported that the Syracusans, after their harsh and severe treatment, would enjoy milder and better times. The eagle was the minister of Jove, and the javelin an ensign of power and government: thus the father of the gods had destined the overthrow and abolition of the tyranny. These things we have from Theopompus.

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[1] Diodorus enlarges with great propriety on the extraordinary spirit and success of this enterprise. Lib. xvi.

[2] These winds blew regularly at a certain season of the year. Strabo sometimes calls them east, and sometimes north winds; but to convey Dion from Zacynthus to Pachynus, they must have blown from the east. Pliny makes the Etesian winds the same as the N.E. wind. *Aquilo in æstate media mutat nomen, et Etesias vocatur.* Hist. Nat. l. xviii. cap. 34. He tells us, when the winds begin, xviii. *Calend. Augusti, Ægypto aquilo occidit matutino, Etesiarumque Prodromi Flatus incipiunt*, ibid. l. xviii. cap. 28. And when they end: *Decimo Sexto Calend. Octob. Ægypto Spica, quam tenet virgo, exoritur matutino, Etesiæ que desinunt.* Ibid. l. xviii. cap. 31. Thus it seems, that they last about two months, (Pliny in another place says 40 days, l. ii. chap. 47.) and the relief of such gales in that season is plainly providential. Aristotle accounts for them from the convexity of the earth.

Dion's soldiers were conveyed in two transports. These were accompanied by another smaller vessel, and two more of 30 oars. Beside the arms of those who attended him, he took with him 2000 shields, a large quantity of darts and javelins, and a considerable supply of provisions, that nothing might be wanting in the expedition; for they put off to the main sea, because they did not think it safe to coast it along, being informed that Philistus was stationed off Japygia to watch their motions. Having sailed with a gentle wind about twelve days, on the thirteenth they arrived at Pachynus, a promontory in Sicily. There the pilot advised Dion to land his men immediately; for, if they once doubled the cape, they might continue at sea a long time before they could have a gale from the south at that season of the year. But Dion, who was afraid of making a descent too near the enemy, and chose rather to make good his landing in some remoter part of the island, doubled the cape notwithstanding. They had not sailed far before a strong gale from the N. and a high sea drove them quite off Sicily. At the same time there was a violent storm of thunder and lightning; for it was about the rising of Arcturus; and it was accompanied with such dreadful rains, and the weather was in every respect so tempestuous, that the affrighted sailors knew not where they were, till they found themselves driven by the violence of the storm to Cercina on the coast of Africa. This craggy island was surrounded with such dangerous rocks, that they narrowly escaped being dashed to pieces; but by working hard with their poles they kept clear with much difficulty, till the storm abated. They were then informed by a vessel, which accidentally came up with them, that they were at the head of what is called the Great Syrtis.[2] In this horrible situation they were further disheartened by finding themselves becalmed; but, after beating about for some time, a gale sprung up suddenly from the south. On this unexpected change, as the wind increased upon them, they made all their sail, and, imploring the assistance of the gods, once more put off to sea in quest of Sicily. After an easy passage of five days, they arrived at Minoa, a small town in Sicily, on the S. coast, belonging to the Carthaginians. Synalus,[1] a friend of Dion's, was then governor of the place, and as he knew not that this little fleet belonged to Dion, he attempted to prevent the landing of his men. The soldiers leaped out of the vessels in arms, but killed none that opposed them; for Dion, on account of his friendship with Synalus, had forbidden them. However, they ran in one body with the fugitives into the town, and thus made themselves masters of it. When Dion and the governor met, mutual salutations passed between them, and the former restored him to his town unhurt. Synalus, in return, entertained his soldiers, and supplied him with necessaries.

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[1] This superstition prevailed no less with the Romans than amongst the Greeks.

[2] The Great Syrtis is situated not far from Tripoli.

It happened that Dionysius, a little before this, had sailed with 80 ships for Italy, and this absence of his gave them no small encouragement. Insomuch that when Dion invited his men to refresh themselves for some time after their fatigues at sea, they thought of nothing but making a proper use of the present moment, and called upon him, with one voice, to lead them to Syracuse: he therefore left his useless arms and baggage with Synalus, and having engaged him to transmit them to him at a proper opportunity, marched for Syracuse. Two hundred of the Agrigentine cavalry who inhabited the country about Ecnomus immediately revolted, and joined him in his march, and these were followed by the inhabitants of Gela.

The news of his arrival soon reaching Syracuse, Timocrates, who had married Dion's wife, and was appointed regent in the absence of Dionysius, immediately dispatched letters to acquaint him with the event. In the meanwhile he applied himself to prevent all tumults in the city, for the people were greatly animated on the report of Dion's arrival, though the uncertainty they were under, as yet kept them quiet. A singular accident happened to the courier who was despatched with letters for Dionysius. As he was passing through the territory of Rhegium to Caulonia, where the tyrant then was, he met an acquaintance of his returning home with a newly-offered sacrifice, and having taken a little of the flesh for his own use,[2] he made the best of his way. At night, however, he found it necessary to take a little rest, and retired to sleep in a wood by the side of the road. A wolf, allured by the smell of the flesh, came up while he was asleep, and carried it off, together with the bag of letters to which it was fastened. When the courier awaked, he sought a long time to no purpose for his despatches, and being determined not to face Dionysius without them, he absconded. Thus it was a considerable time after, and from other hands, that Dionysius was informed of Dion's arrival in Sicily.

Dion, in his march, was joined by the Camarinæans, and many revolters from the territory of Syracuse. The Leontines and Campanians, who, with Timocrates, guarded the Epipolæ, being misled by a report designedly propogated by Dion, that he intended to attack their cities first, quitted their present station, and went to take care of their own concerns. Dion being informed of this, while he lay near Acræ, decamped in the night, and came to the river Anapus, which is 10 furlongs from the city. There he halted, and sacrificed by the river, addressing his prayers to the rising sun. The diviners informed him that the gods gave a promise of victory, and as he had himself assumed a garland at the sacrifice, all that were present immediately did the same. He was now joined by about 5000, who were, indeed, ill furnished with arms, but their courage supplied that deficiency.[1] When he gave orders to march, *Liberty* was the word, and they rushed forward with the highest acclamations of joy. The most considerable citizens of Syracuse, dressed all in white, met him at the gates. The populace fell with great fury on Dionysius's party; but in particular they seized his *spies, a set of wretches hated by gods and men, who went about the city to collect the sentiments of the inhabitants, in order to communicate them to the tyrant.* These were the first that suffered, being knocked down wherever they were met. When Timocrates found that he could not join the garrison in the citadel, he fled on horseback out of the city, and spread general terror and dismay where he passed: magnifying all the while the forces of Dion, that it might not appear a slight effort, against which he was unable to defend the place.

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[1] Diodorus calls him Pyralus.

[2] To carry home part of the victim, and to give part of it to any person that the bearer met, were acts of religion.

Dion now made his public entry into the town: he was dressed in a magnificent suit of armour, his brother Megacles marching on the right hand, and Calippus the Athenian on the left, with garlands on their heads. He was followed by 100 foreign soldiers, who were his body-guard; and after these marched the rest of the army in proper order, under the conduct of their respective officers. The Syracusans looked upon this procession as sacred. They considered it as the triumphial entry of Liberty, which would once more establish the popular government, after a suppression of forty-eight years.

When Dion entered at the Menitidian gate, silence was commanded by sound of trumpet, and he ordered freedom to be proclaimed to the Syracusans and the rest of the Sicilians, in the name of Dion and Megacles, who came to abolish tyranny. Being desirous to address the people in a speech, he marched up to the Arcadina. As he passed through the streets, *the people prepared their victims on tables placed before the doors*, scattered flowers on his head, and offered up their prayers to him as to their tutelar deity. At the foot of the citadel, under the pentapylæ, there was a lofty sundial,[2] which had been placed there by Dionysius. From the eminence of this building he addressed the citizens, and exhorted them earnestly to assert their liberties. The people, in their turn, nominated Dion and his brother prætors of the city, and, at their request, appointed them twenty colleagues, half of whom were of those who returned with Dion from exile.

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[1] Diodorus says he was soon joined by 20,000, and that when he reached Syracuse, he had not fewer than 50,000.

[2] Pherecydes was the first who invented dials to mark the hour of the day, about 300 years after the time of Homer. But before his time the Phœnicians had contrived a dial in the isle of Scyros, which described the solstices.

At first it was considered by the soothsayers as a good omen, that Dion, when he addressed the people, had under his feet the stately edifice, which Dionysius had erected; but upon reflection that this edifice, on which he had been declared general, was a sundial, they were apprehensive that his present power and grandeur might be subjected to decline.

Dion, in the next place, took the castle of Epipolæ, released the prisoners who were confined there, and invested it with a strong wall. Seven days after this event, Dionysius arrived from Italy, and entered the citadel from the sea. Dion, at the same time, received from Synalus the arms and ammunition he had left with him. These he distributed amongst the citizens, as far as they would go; the rest armed themselves as well as they were able; and all expressed the utmost alacrity for the service. Dionysius at first sent agents in a private manner to Dion, to try what terms might be made with him. Dion refused to hear any overtures in private. The Syracusans, he told them, were now a free people; and what they had to offer must be addressed to them in public. Upon this they made specious proposals to the citizens, promised them an abatement of their taxes, and an exemption from serving in the wars, even though those wars should be undertaken by their own approbation. The Syracusans held these proposals in derision; and Dion answered, that it would be in vain for Dionysius to speak of terms without resigning, in the first place, the regal government; and that if he took this measure, he might depend on all the good offices so near a relation might be inclined to do him; at least in everything that was just and reasonable. Dionysius seemed to consent to these terms; and again sent his agents to desire that a deputation of the Syracusans would attend him in the citadel, in order to settle articles for the public tranquility. He assured them that he had such to offer them as they could not but accept; and that on the other hand, he was equally willing to come into such as they had to offer him. Dion, therefore, selected a number of the citizens for this deputation; and the general report from the citadel was, that Dionysius would resign his authority in a voluntary manner.

This, however, was no more than a stratagem to amuse the Syracusans. The deputies no sooner arrived than they were imprisoned; and early next morning, after he had plied the mercenaries with wine, he ordered them to sally out and attack the wall which had been built by Dion. This unexpected assault was carried on with great vigour by the barbarians. They broke through the works, and falling with great impetuosity, and loud shouts, on the Syracusans, soon put them to flight. Dion's foreign troops took the alarm, and hastened to their relief; but the precipitate flight of the citizens disordered their ranks, and rendered it difficult for them to give any effectual assistance. Dion, perceiving that in this tumult his orders could not be heard, instructed them by his example, and charged the thickest of the enemy. The battle, where he fought in person, was fierce and bloody. He was known to the enemy as well as to his own party; and they rushed with the utmost violence to the quarter where he fought. His age, indeed, rendered him unfit for such an engagement, but he maintained the fight with great vigour, and cut in pieces many of the enemy that attacked him. At length he was wounded in the head with a lance, the shield was pierced through in many places with the darts and spears that were levelled against him; and his armour no longer resisting the blows he received in this close engagement, he fell to the ground. He was immediately carried off by his soldiers, and leaving the command to Timonides, he rode about the city to rally the fugitives. Soon after he brought a detachment of foreign soldiers, which he had left to guard the Arcadina, as a fresh reserve against the enemy. This, however, was unnecessary. They had placed their whole hopes of retaking the city in their first sally, and finding so powerful a resistance, fatigued with the action, they retreated into the citadel. As soon as they began to fall back, the Greek soldiers bore hard upon them, and pursued them to the walls. Dion lost 74 men, and a very great number of the enemy fell in this action. The victory was so important that the Syracusans rewarded each of the foreign soldiers with 100 minæ, and Dion was presented by his army with a crown of gold.

Soon after this messengers came from Dionysius, with letters to Dion from the women of his family. Besides these, there was one inscribed, "Hipparinus to his father Dion," for this was the name of Dion's son. Timæus says, indeed, that he was called Aretæus from his mother Arete: but I think credit is rather to be given to Timonides, who was his friend and fellow-soldier. The rest of the letters, which were read openly before the Syracusans, contained various solicitations and entreaties from the women. The letter, which appeared to come from Hipparinus, the people, out of respect to the father, would not have suffered to be opened in public; but Dion insisted that it should be so. It proved to be a letter from Dionysius himself, directed indeed to Dion, but in reality addressed to the people of Syracuse: for though it carried the air of request and apology, it had an obvious tendency to render Dion obnoxious to the citizens. He reminded him of the zeal he had formerly shewn for his service; he threatened him through his dearest connections—his sister, his son, and his wife; and his menaces were followed by the most passionate entreaties and the most abject lamentations. But the most trying part of his address was that where he entreated Dion not to destroy the government, and give that freedom to his inveterate enemies by means of which they would prosecute him to death, but to retain the regal power himself, for the protection of his family and friends.

This letter did not produce those sentiments in the people which it should naturally have done. Instead of exciting admiration of that noble firmness and magnanimity, which could prefer the public utility to the tenderest private connections, it occasioned jealousies and fears. The people saw, or thought they saw, that Dion was under an absolute necessity of being favourable to Dionysius. They already began to wish for another general, and it was with peculiar satisfaction they heard of the arrival of Heraclides. This Heraclides, who had been banished by the tyrant, had once a distinguished command in the army, and was a man of considerable military abilities, but irresolute, inconstant, and particularly unsteady when he had a colleague in command. He had, some time before, had a difference with Dion in Peloponnesus, and therefore resolved on his own strength to make war on Dionysius. When he arrived at Syracuse he found the tyrant close besieged, and the Syracusans elated with their success. His first object, therefore, was to court the people, and for this purpose he had all the necessary talents—an insinuating address, and that kind of flattery which is so grateful to the multitude. This business was the more easy to him, as the forbidding gravity of Dion was thought too haughty for a popular state: besides, the Syracusans, already insolent with success, assumed the spirit of a free people, though they had not, in reality, their freedom. Thus they convened themselves without any summons, and appointed Heraclides their admiral: indeed, when Dion remonstrated against that proceeding, and shewed them that by thus constituting Heraclides admiral, they superseded the office of general, which they had before conferred on him, with some reluctance they deprived Heraclides of the commission they had given him. When this affair was settled, Dion invited Heraclides to his house, and gently expostulated with him on the impropriety of attending to a punctilio of honour, at a time when the least inattention to the common cause might be the ruin of the whole. He then called an assembly, appointed Heraclides admiral, and prevailed with the citizens to allow him such a guard as they had before granted to himself. Heraclides treated Dion with all the appearance of respect, acknowledged his obligations to him, and seemed attentive to his commands; but in private he corrupted the people, and encouraged a spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction, so that Dion was involved in continual disturbances and disquiet. If he advised that Dionysius should be permitted to make his retreat in safety, he was censured as designing to favour and protect him; if, to avoid these suspicions, he was for continuing the siege, he was accused of protracting the war, that he might the longer retain his command, and keep the citizens in subjection.

There was in the city one Sosis, infamous for his insolence and villainy, who thought the perfection of liberty was the licentiousness of speech. This fellow openly attacked Dion, and told the people in public assembly, that they had only changed the inattention of a drunken and dissolute tyrant for the crafty vigilance of a sober master. Immediately after this he left the assembly, and next day was running naked through the streets, as if from somebody that pursued him, with his head and face covered with blood. In this condition he ran into the market-place, and told the people that he had been assaulted by Dion's foreign soldiers, at the same time shewing them a wound in his head, which he said they had given him. Dion, upon this, was generally condemned, and accused of silencing the people by sanguinary methods. He came, however, before this irregular and tumultuous assembly in his own vindication, and made it appear that this Sosis was brother to one of Dionysius's guards, and he had been engaged by him to raise a tumult in the city; the only resource the tyrant had now left being that of exciting dissensions amongst the people. The surgeons also, who examined the wound, found that it was not occasioned by any violent blow. The wounds made by weapons are generally deepest in the middle; but this was both superficial and of an equal depth from one end to the other; besides, being discontinuous, it did not appear to be the effect of one incision, but to have been made at different times, probably as he was best able to endure the pain. At the same time, there were some who deposed, that having seen Sosis running naked and wounded, and being informed by him that he was flying from the pursuit of Dion's foreign soldiers, who had just then wounded him, they hasted to take the pursuers; that, however, they could meet with no such persons, but found a razor lying under a hollow stone near the place from whence they had observed him come. All these circumstances made strongly against him: but when his own servants gave evidence that he went out of his house alone before day-light, with a razor in his hand, Dion's accusers withdrew. The people by a general vote condemned Sosis to die, and were once more reconciled to Dion.

Nevertheless their jealousy of his soldiers remained. And as the war was now principally carried on by sea, Philistus being come to the support of Dionysius with a considerable fleet from Japygia, they did not see the necessity of retaining in their service those Greeks who were no seamen, and must depend for protection on the naval force. Their confidence in their own strength was likewise greatly increased by an advantage they had gained at sea against Philistus, whom they used in a very barbarous manner. Ephorus relates, that, after his ship was taken, he slew himself. But Timonides, who attended Dion from the beginning of the war, writing to Speusippus the philosopher, gives the story thus:—Philistus's galley having run aground, he was taken prisoner alive; and after being disarmed and stripped, was exposed naked, though an old man, to every kind of insult. They afterwards cut off his head, and ordered their children to drag his body through the Acradina, and throw it into the quarry. Timæus represents the indignity offered his remains to be still greater. The boys, he says, tied a rope about his lame leg, and so dragged him through the city; the Syracusans, in the meanwhile, exulting over his carcass, when they saw *him* tied by the leg who had said, *It would ill become Dionysius to fly from his throne by the swiftness of his horse,* *which he ought never to quit till he was dragged from it by the heels.* Philistus, however, tells us, that this was not said to Dionysius by himself, but by another. It is plain, at the same time, that Timæus takes every occasion, from Philistus's known adherence to arbitrary power, to load him with the keenest reproaches. Those whom he injured are in some degree excusable, if, in their resentment, they treated him with indignities after death. But wherefore should his biographers, whom he never injured, and who have had the benefit of his works; wherefore should they exhibit him with all the exaggerations of scurrility, in those scenes of distress to which fortune sometimes reduces the best of men? On the other hand, Ephorus is no less extravagant in his encomiums on Philistus. He knows well how to throw into shade the foibles of the human character, and to give an air of plausibility to the most indefensible conduct; but, with all his eloquence, with all his art, he cannot rescue Philistus from the imputation of being the most strenuous assertor of arbitrary power, of being the fondest follower and admirer of the luxury, the magnificence, the alliance of tyrants. Upon the whole, he who neither defends the principles of Philistus, nor exults over his misfortunes, will best discharge the duty of the historian.

After the death of Philistus, Dionysius offered to surrender the citadel to Dion, together with the arms, provisions, and soldiers and an advance of five months' pay, on condition that he might be permitted to retire into Italy, and there enjoy the revenue of Gyata, a fruitful tract of country in the territory of Syracuse, reaching from the sea to the middle of the country. Dion refusing to negociate on his own account, referred the ambassadors to the Syracusans; and as they expected that Dionysius would shortly come alive into their hands, they were dismissed without audience. Upon this the tyrant, leaving his eldest son, Apollocrates, to defend the citadel, embarked with his most valuable treasures and a few select friends, and sailing with a fair wind, escaped Heraclides the admiral.

The tyrant's escape greatly exasperated the people against Heraclides; and, in order to appease them, he proposed by Hippo, one of the orators, that *there should be an equal division of lands; alleging, that equality was the first foundation of civil liberty, and that poverty and slavery were synonymous terms.* At the same time that he supported Hippo in the promotion of this scheme, he encouraged the faction against Dion, who opposed it. At length he prevailed with the people not only to pass this law, but to make a decree, that the pay of the foreign soldiers should be stopped, and new commanders chosen, that they might no longer be subject to the severe discipline of Dion. Thus, like the patient, who, after a lingering sickness, makes too rash a use of the first returns of health, and rejects the sober and gradual regimen of his physician, the citizens, who had long laboured under the yoke of slavery, took too precipitate steps to freedom, and refused the salutary counsels and conduct of their deliverer.

It was about the midst of summer when the assembly was summoned for the election of new officers; and for the space of fifteen days, there were the most dreadful thunders, and the most alarming prodigies. The religious fears that these prodigies excited made these people decline the choosing of officers. When the weather grew more serene, the orators again exhorted them to proceed to the business; but no sooner had they begun, than a draught-ox, which had neither received any provocation from the driver, nor could be terrified by the crowds and noise to which he had been accustomed, suddenly broke from his yoke, and running furiously into the assembly, drove the people in great disorder before him: from thence, throwing down all that stood in his way, he ran over that part of the city which afterwards fell into the enemy's hands. The Syracusans, however, regardless of these things, elected 25 officers, among whom was Heraclides. At the same time they privately endeavoured to draw off Dion's men; promising, if they would desert him, to make them citizens of Syracuse. But the soldiers were faithful to their general, and placing him in the middle of a battalion, marched out of the city. They did not, on this occasion, offer any violence to the inhabitants, but they severely reproached them for their baseness and ingratitude. The smallness of their number, and their declining to act offensively, put the citizens on the view of cutting them off before they escaped out of the city; and with this design they fell upon their rear. Dion was here in a great dilemma: he was under the necessity either of fighting against his countrymen, or of suffering himself and his faithful soldiers to be cut in pieces. He therefore entreated the Syracusans to desist: he stretched forth his hands to them, and pointed to the citadel full of soldiers, who were happy in being spectators of these dissensions amongst their enemies. But the torrent of the populace, agitated and driven forward by the seditious breath of the orators, was not to be stopped by persuasion. He therefore commanded his men to advance with shouts and clashing of arms, but not to attack them. The Syracusans, upon this, fled immediately through the streets, though no one pursued them, for Dion retreated with his men into the territories of the Leontines.

The very women laughed at the new officers for this cowardly flight: and the latter, to recover their reputation, ordered the citizens to arms, pursued Dion, and came up with him as he was passing a river. A skirmish began between the cavalry; but when they found Dion no longer disposed to bear these indignities with his usual paternal patience; when they observed him drawing up his men for battle with all the eagerness of strong resentment, they once more turned their backs, and, with the loss of some few men, fled to the city in a more disgraceful and more cowardly manner than before.

The Leontines received Dion in a very honourable manner, gave money to his soldiers, and made them free of their city. They also sent messengers to Syracuse with requisitions, that his men might have justice done them, and receive their pay. The Syracusans, in return, sent other messengers, with impeachments against Dion:

ut when the matter was debated at Leontium, in full assembly of e allies, they evidently appeared to be in fault. They refused, evertheless, to stand to the award of this assembly; for *the recent ecovery of their liberties had made them insolent, and the popular ower was without control, their very commanders being no more han servile dependents on the multitude.*

About this time, Dionysius sent a fleet under Nypsius, the Neaolitan, with provision and pay for the garrison in the citadel. The yracusans overcame him, and took four of his ships; but they ade an ill use of their success. Destitute of all discipline, they elebrated the victory with the most riotous extravagance; and at time when they thought themselves secure of taking the citadel, ey lost the city. Nypsius observing their disorder, their night evels and debauches, in which their commanders, either from inination or through fear of offending them, were as deeply engaged s themselves, took advantage of this opportunity, broke through eir walls, and exposed the city to the violence and depredation of is soldiers.

The Syracusans at once perceived their folly and their misforune: but the latter, in their present confusion, was not easy to be dressed. The soldiers made dreadful havoc in the city: they emolished the fortifications, put the men to the sword, and dragged e women and children shrieking to the citadel. The Syracusan ficers being unable to separate the citizens from the enemy, or to aw them up in any order, gave up all for lost. In this situation, hile the Acradina itself was in danger of being taken, they naturally rned their thoughts on Dion: but none had the courage to menon a man whom all had injured. In this emergency a voice was eard from the midst of the allies, crying, "Send for Dion and his eloponnesians from Leontium." His name was no sooner menoned than the people shouted for joy. With tears they implored at he might once more be at their head: they remembered his trepidity in the most trying dangers: they remembered the urage that he shewed himself, and the confidence with which he spired them, when he led them against the enemy. Archonides d Telesides from the auxiliaries, and Hellanicus, with four more om the cavalry, were immediately despatched to Leontium, where, aking the best of their way, they arrived in the close of the eveng. They instantly threw themselves at the feet of Dion, and lated, with tears, the deplorable condition of the Syracusans. he Leontines and Peloponnesians soon gathered about them, concturing from their haste, and the manner of their address, that eir business had something extraordinary in it.

Dion immediately summoned an assembly, and the people being on collected, Archonides and Hellanicus briefly related the distress the Syracusans, entreated the foreign soldiers to forget the injuries ey had done them, and once more to assist that unfortunate ople, who had already suffered more for their ingratitude than en they whom they had injured would have inflicted upon them. hen they had thus spoken, a profound silence ensued; upon which

Dion arose, and attempted to speak, but was prevented by his tears. His soldiers, who were greatly affected with their general's sorrow, entreated him to moderate his grief, and proceed. After he had recovered himself a little, he spoke to the following purpose:—"Peloponnesians and confederates, I have called you together, that you may consult on your respective affairs. My measures are taken: *I cannot hesitate what to do when Syracuse is perishing. If I cannot save it, I will at least, hasten thither, and fall beneath the ruins of my country.* For you, if you can yet persuade yourselves to assist the most unfortunate and inconsiderate of men, it may be in your power to save from destruction a city which was the work of your own hands.[1] But if your pity for the Syracusans be sacrificed to your resentment, may the gods reward your fidelity, your kindness to Dion! and remember, that as he would not desert you, when you were injured, so neither could he abandon his falling country!"

He had hardly ended, when the soldiers signified their readiness for the service by loud acclamations, and called upon him to march directly to the relief of Syracuse. The messengers embraced them, and entreated the gods to shower their blessings on Dion and the Peloponnesians. When the noise subsided, Dion gave orders that the men should repair to their quarters, and, after the necessary refreshments, assemble in the same place completely armed; for he intended to march that very night.

The soldiers of Dionysius, after ravaging the city during the whole day, retired at night, with the loss of a few men, into the citadel. This small respite once more encouraged the demagogues of the city, who presuming that the enemy would not repeat their hostilities, dissuaded the people from admitting Dion and his foreign soldiers. They advised him not to give up the honour of saving the city to strangers, but to defend their liberty themselves. Upon this the generals sent other messengers to Dion to countermand his march; while, on the other hand, the cavalry and many of the principal citizens sent their requests that he would hasten it. Thus invited by one party, and rejected by another, he came forward but slowly; and, at night, the faction that opposed him set a guard upon the gates to prevent his entering.

Nypsius now made a fresh sally from the citadel, with still greater numbers and greater fury than before. After totally demolishing the remaining part of the fortification, he fell to ravaging the city. The slaughter was dreadful; men, women, and children, fell indiscriminately by the sword; for the object of the enemy was not so much plunder as destruction. Dionysius despaired of regaining his lost empire, and, in his mortal hatred of the Syracusans, he determined to bury it in the ruins of their city. It was resolved therefore, that, before Dion's succours could arrive, they should destroy it the quickest way by laying it in ashes. Accordingly they set fire to those parts that were at hand by brands and torches; and to the remoter parts by shooting flaming arrows. The citizens, in the utmost consternation, fled everywhere before them. Those who, to avoid the fire had fled from their houses, were put to the sword in the streets, and they who sought for refuge in their houses, were again driven out by the flames; many were burned to death, and many perished beneath the ruins of the houses.

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[1] Strabo says, that Syracuse was built in the second year of Olympiad 11, by Archias of the Heraclidæ, who came from Corinth to Syracuse.

This terrible distress, by universal consent, opened the gates for Dion. After being informed that the enemy had retreated into the citadel he made no great haste. But early in the morning some horsemen carried him the news of a fresh assault. These were followed by some, even of those who had recently opposed his coming, but who now implored him to fly to their relief. As the conflagration and destruction increased, Heraclides despatched his brother, and after him his uncle Theodotes, to entreat the assistance of Dion; for they were now no longer in a capacity of opposing the enemy; he was wounded himself, and great part of the city was laid in ashes.

When Dion received this news he was about 60 furlongs from the city. After he had acquainted his soldiers with the dreadful exigency, he exhorted them to behave with resolution, they no longer marched, but ran; and in their way they were met by numbers, who entreated them, if possible, to go still faster. By the eager and vigorous speed of the soldiers, Dion quickly arrived at the city; and, entering by the part called Hecatompedon, he ordered his light troops immediately to charge the enemy, that the Syracusans might take courage at the sight of them. In the meanwhile he drew up his heavy armed men, with such of the citizens as had joined him, and divided them into several small bodies, of greater depth than breadth, that he might intimidate the enemy by attacking them in several quarters at once. He advanced to the engagement at the head of his men, amidst a confused noise of shouts, plaudits, prayers, and vows, which the Syracusans offered up for their deliverer, their tutelary deity, for so they termed him now, and his foreign soldiers they called their brethren and fellow-citizens. At this time, perhaps, there was not one wretch so selfishly fond of life that he did not hold Dion's safety dearer than his own, or that of his fellow-citizens, while they saw him advancing first in the front of danger, through blood and fire, and over heaps of the slain.

There was, indeed, something terrible in the appearance of the enemy, who, animated by rage and despair, had posted themselves in the ruins of the ramparts, so that it was extremely dangerous and difficult to approach them. But the apprehensions of fire discouraged Dion's men the most, and distressed them in their march. They were surrounded by flames that raged on every side, and while they walked over burning ruins, through clouds of ashes and smoke, they were every moment in danger of being burned beneath the fall of half-consumed buildings. In all these difficulties they took infinite pains to keep close together, and maintain their ranks. When they came up to the enemy, a few only could engage at a time, on account of the narrowness and inequality of the ground.

They fought, however, with great bravery, and, encouraged by the acclamations of the citizens, at length they routed Nypsius, and most of his men escaped into the citadel, which was near at hand. Such of them as were dispersed and could not get in, were pursued and put to the sword. The present deplorable state of the city afforded neither time nor propriety for that joy and those congratulations which usually follow victory. All were busy in saving the remains of the conflagrations; and though they laboured hard during the whole night, it was with great difficulty the fire was extinguished.

Not one orator of the popular faction durst any longer remain in the city. By their flight they at once confessed their guilt and avoided punishment. Heraclides, however, and Theodotes, surrendered themselves to Dion. They acknowledged their error, and entreated that he would not imitate them in the cruel treatment they had shown him. They forgot not to add how much it would be for his honour, who was unequalled in other virtues, to restrain his resentments; and by forgiving the ungrateful, to testify that superiority of spirit for which they had contended with him. His friends, however, advised him by no means to pardon these factious and invidious men, but to give them up to his soldiers, and to rid the commonwealth of the ambition of demagogues, no less destructive than that of tyrants. Dion, on the other hand, endeavoured to mitigate their resentments. "Other generals," said he, "employ themselves chiefly in military studies; but by being long conversant in the academy, I have learned to subdue my passions, and to restrain the impulses of enmity and anger. To prove that I have really gained such a victory over myself, it is not sufficient merely to be kind to men of virtue, but to be indulgent and reconcilable to the injurious. If I have excelled Heraclides in military and political abilities, I am resolved not to be inferior to him in justice and clemency, since to have the advantage in those is the first degree of excellence. The honours of conquest are never wholly our own; for though the conqueror may stand unrivalled, fortune will claim her share in the success. Heraclides may be treacherous, invidious, and malicious, but must Dion therefore sully his glories by the indulgence of resentment. The laws, indeed, allow the revenge of an injury to be more justifiable than the commission of it; but both proceed originally from the infirmity of human nature. Besides, there is hardly any malignity so inveterate, that it may not be overcome by kindness, and softened by repeated favours." Agreeably to these sentiments, Dion pardoned Heraclides and dismissed him.

His first object was to repair the wall which he had formerly erected around the citadel; and for this purpose, he ordered each of the citizens to furnish a palisade, and bring it to the works. When they had done this, he sent them to their repose, and employed his own men the whole night in drawing a line of circumvallation around the citadel, which both the enemy and the citizens were astonished to find completed in the morning.

After the dead were buried, and the prisoners to the amount of 2000 ransomed, he summoned an assembly. Heraclides moved that Dion should be declared commander-in-chief both at sea and land. This motion was approved by the nobility, and the commons were desired to confirm it; but the sailors and artificers opposed it in a tumultuous manner. They were unwilling that Heraclides should lose his command at sea; for though they had no good opinion of his principles, they knew that he would be more indulgent than Dion, and more ready to gratify their inclinations. Dion therefore gave up his point, and agreed that Heraclides should continue admiral. But when the equal distribution of lands was moved for, he opposed it, and repealed all the decrees which had formerly passed on the measure, by which means he once more incurred the displeasure of the people. Heraclides again made his advantage of this, and harangued the soldiers and sailors at Massana, accusing Dion of a design to make himself absolute. At the same time he privately corresponded with Dionysius, by means of Pharax, a Spartan. When the nobility got intelligence of this, there was a sedition in the army, and the city was greatly distressed by want of provisions. Dion was now at a loss what measures to pursue; and all his friends condemned him for strengthening the hands of so perverse and invidious a wretch as Heraclides.

Pharax was encamped at Neopolis, in the territory of Agrigentum; and Dion drew out the Syracusans, but not with an intent to engage him till he found a convenient opportunity. This gave Heraclides and his seamen an occasion of exclaiming, that he delayed fighting only that he might the longer continue in command. He was forced to action, therefore, contrary to his inclination, and was beaten. His loss, indeed, was small, and his defeat was owing more to a misunderstanding in his own army, than to the superior courage of the enemy; he therefore resolved to renew the engagement, and, after animating and encouraging his men to redeem their lost credit, he drew them up in form of battle. In the evening, however, he received intelligence that Heraclides was sailing for Syracuse, with intent to possess himself of the city, and to shut him out. Upon this he made a draught of the bravest and most active of the cavalry. and rode with such expedition that he reached the city by nine in the morning, after a march of 700 furlongs. Heraclides, though he made all the sail he could, was too late, and he therefore tacked about and stood out to sea. While he was undetermined what course to steer, he met Gæsilus the Spartan, who informed him that he was sent to command in chief in Sicily, as Gylippus had done before. Heraclides immediately accepted him, and boasted to his allies that he had found in this Spartan an antidote to the power of Dion. At the same time he sent a herald to Syracuse, ordering the citizens to receive Gæsilus for their general. Dion answered, that the Syracusans had already a sufficient number of generals; and that, if it were necessary for them to have a Spartan, he was himself a citizen of Sparta.

Gæsilus having now no hopes of the command, waited upon Dion, and by his mediation, reconciled him to Heraclides. This reconciliation was confirmed by the most solemn oaths, and Gæsilus himself was guarantee of the treaty, and undertook to punish Heraclides in case of any further breach of faith. The Syracusans upon this discharged their navy, as they found no advantage from it equal to the expense of keeping it on foot, and to those inconveniences it brought upon them, by being a continual source of seditions. At the same time they continued the siege, and invested the city with another wall. As the besieged were cut off from further supplies, when provisions failed, the soldiers began to mutiny, so that Appollocrates found himself under a necessity of coming to terms with Dion, and offered to deliver up the citadel to him, with all the arms and stores, on condition that he might have five galleys, and be permitted to retire in safety with his mother and sisters. Dion granted his request, and with these he sailed to Dionysius. He was no sooner under sail than the whole city of Syracuse assembled to behold the joyful sight. Their hearts were so full of this interesting event, that they even expressed their anger against those who were absent, and could not be witnesses with what glory the sun that day rose upon Syracuse delivered at last from the chains of slavery. As this flight of Dionysius was one of the most memorable vicissitudes of fortune that is recorded in history, and as no tyranny was ever more effectually established than his, how great must their joy and their self-complacency have been, after they had destroyed it by such inconsiderable means!

When Appollocrates was gone, and Dion went to take possession of the citadel, the women could not wait till he entered, but ran to meet him at the gate. Aristomache came first, leading Dion's son, and Arete followed her in tears, fearful and apprehensive of meeting her husband, after she had been so long in the possession of another. Dion first embraced his sister, then his son, after which Aristomache presented Arete to him, with this address: "Your banishment, Dion, made us all equally miserable. Your return and your success have made us all happy, except her whom I had the misfortune to see, by cruel compulsion, given to another, while you were yet alive. We are now entirely in your disposal; but how will you determine concerning this unhappy woman? And how must she salute you? As her uncle, or as her husband?" Dion was affected by this tender intercession, and wept. He embraced Arete with great affection, put his son into her hands, and desired her to retire to his own house, where he purposed to reside; for the city he immediately delivered to the Syracusans.

All things had now succeeded to his wish; but he by no means sought to reap the first advantages of his good fortune. His first object was to gratify his friends, to reward his allies, and to give his fellow-citizens and foreign soldiers proper marks of his favour, in which his munificence even exceeded his abilities. As to himself, he lived in a plain and frugal manner, which, on this occasion, in particular, was universally admired. For while the fame of his actions and the reputation of his valour were spread through Sicily and Greece, he seemed rather to live like Plato on the sparing simplicity of the academic life, than among soldiers, who look upon every species of luxury as a compensation for the toils and dangers of war. Though Plato himself wrote to him, that the eyes of the whole world were upon him, he seems not to have carried his attentions beyond one particular part of one city, the academy. His judges in that society, he knew, would not so much regard the greatness of his performances, his courage, or his victories, as that temper of mind with which he bore prosperity, and that moderation with which he sustained his happier fortunes. He did not in the least relax the severity of his manners; he kept the same reserve to the people, though condescension was at this time politically necessary and though Plato had expostulated with him on this account, and told him that *austerity was the companion of solitude*. He had certainly a natural antipathy to complaisance; and he had moreover a design, by his own example, to reform the manners of the Syracusans, which were become vain, dissolute, and immodest. Heraclides once more began to oppose him. Dion sent for him to attend at the council, and he made answer, that he would not attend in any other capacity than as a private citizen at a public assembly. Soon after this he impeached Dion of declining to demolish the citadel, and of preventing the people from opening the tomb of Dionysius, and dragging out the body. He accused him likewise of sending for counsellors and ministers to Corinth, in contempt or his fellow-citizens. And it is true that he had engaged some Corinthians to assist him in settling his plan of government. His intention was to restrain the unlimited power of the popular administration (which cannot properly be called a government, but, as Plato terms it, *a warehouse of governments.—Repub.* l. viii.), and to establish the constitution on the Lacedæmonian and Cretan plan. This was a mixture of the regal and popular governments, or rather an aristocracy. Dion knew that the Corinthians were governed chiefly by the nobility, and that the influence of the people rather interfered. He foresaw that Heraclides would be no inconsiderable impediment to his scheme. He knew him to be factious, turbulent, and inconstant; and he therefore gave him up to those who advised to kill him, though he had before saved him out of their hands. Accordingly they broke into his house, and murdered him. His death was at first resented by the citizens; but when Dion gave him a magnificent funeral, attended the dead body with his soldiers, and pronounced an oration to the people, their resentment went off. Indeed, they were sensible that the city would never be at peace whilst the competitions of Dion and Heraclides subsisted.

Dion had a friend named Callippus, an Athenian, with whom he first became acquainted, not on account of his literary merit, but, according to Plato, because he happened to be introduced by him to some religious mysteries. He had always attended him in the army, and was in great esteem. He was the first of his friends who marched along with him into Syracuse with a garland on his head, and he had distinguished himself in every action. This man, finding that Dion's chief friends had fallen in the war; that, since the death of Heraclides the popular party was without a leader, and that he himself stood in great favour with the army, formed an execrable design against the life of his benefactor. His object was certainly the supreme command in Sicily, though some say he was bribed to it with twenty talents. For this purpose he drew several of the soldiers into a conspiracy against Dion, and his plot was conducted in a most artful manner. He constantly informed Dion of what he heard, or pretended to hear, said against him in the army. By this means he obtained such confidence, that he was allowed to converse privately with whom he thought proper, and to speak with the utmost freedom against Dion, that he might discover his secret enemies. Thus, in a short time, he drew about him all the seditious and discontented citizens; and if any one of different principles informed Dion that his integrity had been tried, he gave himself no concern about it, as that point had already been settled with Callippus.

While this conspiracy was on foot, Dion had a monstrous and dreadful apparition. As he was meditating one evening alone in the portico before his house, he heard a sudden noise, and, turning about, perceived (for it was not yet dark) a woman of gigantic size at the end of the portico, in the form of one of the furies, as they are represented at the theatre, sweeping the floor with a broom. In his terror and amazement he sent for some of his friends, and informing them of this prodigy, desired they would stay with him during the night. His mind was in the utmost disorder, and he was apprehensive, that, if they left him, the spectre would appear again; but he saw it no more. Soon after this, his only son, who was now almost grown up to manhood, upon some childish displeasure, or frivolous affront, threw himself from the top of the house, and was killed upon the spot.

While Dion was in this distress, Callippus was ripening the conspiracy; and, for this purpose, he propagated a report in Syracuse, that Dion, being now childless, had determined to adopt Apollocrates, the son of Dionysius, who was nephew to his wife, and grandson to his sister. The plot, however, was now suspected both by Dion, his wife, and sister. Dion, who had stained his honour, and tarnished his glories, by the murder of Heraclides, had, as we may suppose, his anxieties on that account; and he would frequently declare, that rather than live, not only in fear of his enemies, but in suspicion of his friends, he would die a thousand deaths, and freely open his bosom to the assassin.

When Callippus found the women inquisitive and suspicious, he was afraid of the consequence, and asserted, with tears, his own integrity, offering to give them any pledge of his fidelity they might desire. They required that he would take the *great oath;* the form of which is as follows: the person who takes it goes down into the temple of the Thesmophoria, where, after the performance of some religious ceremonies, he puts on the purple robe of Proserpine, and, holding a flaming torch in his hand, proceeds on the oath. All this Callippus did without hesitation; and to show in what contempt he held the goddess, he appointed the execution of his conspiracy on the day of her festival. Indeed, he could hardly think that even this would enhance his guilt, or render him more obnoxious to the goddess, when he was the very person who had before initiated Dion in her sacred mysteries.

The conspiracy was now supported by numbers; and as Dion was surrounded by his friends, in the apartment where he usually entertained them, the conspirators invested the house, some securing the doors, and others the windows. The assassins, who were Zacynthians, came in unarmed, in their ordinary dress. Those who remained without made fast the doors. The Zacynthians fell upon Dion, and endeavoured to strangle him; but not succeeding in this, they called for a sword. No one, however, durst open the door, for Dion had many friends about him: yet they had, in effect, nothing to fear from these; for each concluded, that, by giving up Dion, he should consult his own safety. When they had waited some time, Lycon, a Syracusan, put a short sword through the window into the hands of a Zacynthian, who fell upon Dion, already stunned and senseless, and cut his throat like a victim at the altar. His sister and his wife, who was pregnant, they imprisoned. In this unhappy situation she fell in labour, and was delivered of a son, whom they ventured to preserve: for Callippus was too much embroiled by his own affairs to attend to them, and the keepers of the prison were prevailed on to connive at it.

After Dion was cut off, and Callippus had the whole government of Syracuse in his hands, he had the presumption to write to the Athenians, whom, after the gods, he ought of all others to have dreaded, polluted as he was with the murder of his benefactor. But it has been observed, with great truth, of Athens, *that its good men are the best, and its bad men the worst in the world:* as the soil of Attica produces the finest honey and the most fatal poisons. The success of Callippus did not long reproach the indulgence of the gods. He soon received the punishment he deserved; for, in attempting to take Catana, he lost Syracuse; upon which occasion he said, that he had lost a city, and got a cheese-grater.[1] Afterwards, at the siege of Messana, most of his men were cut off, and, amongst the rest, the murderers of Dion. As he was refused admission by every city in Sicily, and universally hated and despised, he passed into Italy, and made himself master of Rhegium; but being no longer able to maintain his soldiers, he was slain by Leptines and Polyperchon with the very same sword with which Dion had been assassinated; for it was known by the size (being short, like the Spartan swords) and by the curious workmanship. Thus Callippus received the punishment due to his crimes.

When Aristomache and Arete were released out of prison, they were received by Icetes, a Syracusan, a friend of Dion's, who, for some time, entertained them with hospitality and good faith. Afterwards, however, being prevailed on by the enemies of Dion, he put them on board a vessel, under pretence of sending them to the Peloponnesus; but privately ordered the sailors to kill them in the passage, and throw the bodies overboard. Others say, that they and the infant were thrown alive into the sea. This wretch, too, paid the forfeit of his villany: for he was put to death by Timoleon, and the Syracusans, to revenge Dion, slew his two daughters.

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[1] But the word which signifies a cheese-grater in Greek is [illegible]

TIMOLEON.

THE affairs of the Syracusans, before Timoleon was sent into Sicily, were in this posture: Dion, having driven out Dionysius the tyrant, was soon assassinated; those that with him had been the means of delivering Syracuse, were divided among themselves; and the city, which only changed one tyrant for another, was oppressed with so many miseries, that it was almost desolate.[1] As for the rest of Sicily, the wars had made part of it quite a desert, and most of the towns that remained were held by a confused mixture of barbarians and soldiers, who, having no regular pay, were ready for every change of government.

Such being the state of things, Dionysius, in the tenth year after his expulsion, having got together a body of foreigners, drove out Nysæus, then master of Syracuse, restored his own affairs, and re-established himself in his dominions. Thus he who had been unaccountably stripped by a small body of men of the greatest power that any tyrant ever possessed, still more unaccountably, of a beggarly fugitive, became the master of those who had expelled him. All, therefore, who remained in Syracuse, became slaves to a tyrant who at the best was of an ungentle nature, and at that time exasperated by his misfortunes to a degree of savage ferocity. But the best and most considerable of the citizens having retired to Icetes, prince of the Leontines, put themselves under his protection, and chose him for their general. Not that he was better than the most avowed tyrants; but they had no other resource: and they were willing to repose some confidence in him, as being of a Syracusan family, and having an army able to encounter that of Dionysius.

In the meantime, the Carthaginians appeared before Sicily with a great fleet, and being likely to avail themselves of the disordered state of the island, the Sicilians, struck with terror, determined to send an embassy into Greece, to beg assistance of the Corinthians; not only on account of their kindred to that people,[1] and the many services they had received from them on former occasions, but because they knew that Corinth was always a patroness of liberty and an enemy to tyrants, and that she had engaged in many considerable wars, not from a motive of ambition or avarice, but to maintain the freedom and independence of Greece. Hereupon, Icetes, whose intention in accepting the command was not so much to deliver Syracuse from its tyrants, as to set up himself there in the same capacity, treated privately with the Carthaginians, while in public he commended the design of the Syracusans, and despatched ambassadors along with theirs into Peloponnesus. Not that he was desirous of succours from thence, but he hoped that if the Corinthians, on account of the troubles of Greece and their engagements at home, should, as it was likely enough, decline sending any, he might the more easily incline the balance to the side of the Carthaginians, and then make use of their alliance and their forces, either against the Syracusans or their present tyrant. That such were his views, a little time discovered.

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[1] Upon Dion's death, his murderer Callippus usurped the supreme power; but after ten months he was driven out, and slain with the same dagger which he had planted in the breast of his friend. Hipparinus, the brother of Dionysius, arriving with a numerous fleet, possessed himself of the city of Syracuse, and held it for the space of two years. Syracuse and all Sicily being thus divided into parties and factions, Dionysius the younger, who had been driven from the throne, taking advantage of these troubles, assembled some foreign troops, and having defeated Nysæus, who was then governor of Syracuse, reinstated himself in his dominions.

When the ambassadors arrived, and their business was known, the Corinthians, always accustomed to give particular attention to the concerns of the colonies, and especially those of Syracuse, since by good fortune they had nothing to molest them in their own country, readily passed a vote that the succours should be granted. The next thing to be considered was, who should be general; when the magistrates put in nomination such as had endeavoured to distinguish themselves in the state; but one of the plebeians stood up and proposed Timoleon, the son of Timodemus, who as yet had no share in the business of the commonwealth, and was so far from hoping or wishing for such an appointment, that it seemed some god inspired him with the thought; with such indulgence did fortune immediately promote his election, and so much did her favour afterwards signalize his actions, and add lustre to his valour!

His parentage was noble on both sides; for both his father Timodemus and his mother Demariste were of the best families in Corinth. His love of his country was remarkable, and so was the mildness of his disposition, saying that he bore an extreme hatred to tyrants and wicked men. His natural abilities for war were so happily tempered, that as an extraordinary prudence was seen in the enterprises of his younger years, so an undaunted courage distinguished his declining age. He had an elder brother, named Timophanes, who resembled him in nothing; being rash and indiscreet of himself, and utterly corrupted, besides, by the passion for sovereignty, infused into him by some of his profligate acquaintance, and certain foreign soldiers whom he had always about him.

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[1] The Syracusans were a colony from Corinth, founded by Archias the Corinthian, in the second year of Olympiad 11, B.C. 733. Sicily had been planted with Phœnicians and other barbarous people as the Grecians called them, above 300 years before.

He appeared to be impetuous in war and to court danger, which gave his countrymen such an opinion of his courage and activity, that they frequently entrusted him with the command of the army. And in these matters Timoleon much assisted him, by entirely concealing, or at least extenuating his faults, and magnifying the good qualities which nature had given him.

In a battle between the Corinthians and the troops of Argos and Cleone, Timoleon happened to serve among the infantry, when Timophanes, who was at the head of the cavalry, was brought into extreme danger, for his horse, being wounded, threw him amidst the enemy. Hereupon, part of his companions were frightened, and presently dispersed, and the few that remained, having to fight with numbers, with difficulty stood their ground. Timoleon, seeing his brother in these circumstances, ran to his assistance, and covered him as he lay with his shield; and after having received abundance of darts, and many strokes of the sword upon his body and his armour, by great efforts repulsed the enemy and saved him.

Some time after this, the Corinthians, apprehensive that their city might be surprised through some treachery of their allies, as it had been before resolved to keep on foot 400 mercenaries, gave the command of them to Timophanes; but he, having no regard to justice or honour, soon entered into measures to subject the city to himself, and having put to death a number of the principal inhabitants without form of trial, declared himself absolute prince of it. Timoleon, greatly concerned at this, and accounting the treacherous proceedings of his brother his own misfortune, went to expostulate with him, and endeavoured to persuade him to renounce this madness and unfortunate ambition, and to bethink himself how to make his fellow-citizens some amends for the crimes he had committed; but as he rejected his single admonition with disdain, he returned a few days after, taking with him a kinsman named Æschylus, brother to the wife of Timophanes, and a certain soothsayer, a friend of his, whom Theopompus calls Satyrus, but Ephorus and Timæus mention by the name of Orthogras. These three, standing round him, earnestly entreated him yet to listen to reason and change his mind. Timophanes at first laughed at them, and afterwards gave way to a violent passion; upon which Timoleon stepped aside and stood weeping, with his face covered, while the other two drew their swords and despatched him in a moment.[1]

The matter being soon generally known, the principal and most valuable part of the Corinthians extolled Timoleon's detestation of wickedness, and that greatness of soul, which, notwithstanding the gentleness of his heart and his affection to his relations, led him to prefer his country to his family, and justice and honour to interest and advantage. While his brother fought valiantly for his country, he had saved him: and slain him, when he had treacherously enslaved it. Those who knew not how to live in a democracy, and had been used to make their court to men in power, pretended indeed to rejoice at the tyrant's death; but at the same time reviling Timoleon as guilty of a horrible and impious deed, they created him great uneasiness. When he heard how heavily his mother bore it, and that she uttered the most dreadful wishes and imprecations against him, he went to excuse it and to console her: but she could not endure the thought of seeing him, and ordered the doors to be shut against him. He then became entirely a prey to sorrow, and attempted to put an end to his life by abstaining from all manner of food. In these unhappy circumstances his friends did not abandon him. They even added force to their entreaties, till they prevailed on him to live. He determined, however, to live in solitude, and accordingly he withdrew from all public affairs, and for some years did not so much as approach the city, but wandered about the most gloomy parts of his grounds, and gave himself up to melancholy. Thus the judgment, if it borrows not from reason and philosophy sufficient strength and steadiness for action, is easily unsettled and depraved by any casual commendation or dispraise, and departs from its own purposes; for an action should not only be just and laudable in itself, but the principle from which it proceeds firm and immovable, in order that our conduct may have the sanction of our own approbation. Otherwise, upon the completion of any undertaking, we shall, through our own weakness, be filled with sorrow and remorse, and the splendid ideas of honour and virtue that led us to perform it will vanish; just as the glutton is soon cloyed and disgusted with the luscious viands which he had devoured with too keen an appetite. Repentance tarnishes the best actions; whereas the purposes that are grounded upon knowledge and reason never change, though they may happen to be disappointed of success. Hence it was that Phocion of Athens, having vigorously opposed the proceedings of Leosthenes, which, notwithstanding, turned out much more happily than he expected; when he saw the Athenians offering sacrifice, and elated with their victory, told them *he was glad of their success, but if it was to do over again, he should give the same counsel.* Still stronger was the answer which Aristides the Locrian, one of Plato's intimate friends, gave to Dionysius the elder, when he demanded one of his daughters in marriage: *I had rather see the virgin in her grave than in the palace of a tyrant.* And when Dionysius soon after put his son to death, and then insolently asked him, *What he now thought as to the disposal of his daughter?—I am sorry*, said he, *for what you have done; but I am not sorry for what I have said.* However, it is only a superior and highly accomplished virtue that can attain such heights as these.

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[1] Diodorus, in the circumstances of this fact, differs from Plutarch. He tells us, that Timoleon having killed his brother in the market-place with his own hand, a great tumult arose among the citizens. To appease this tumult, an assembly was convened; and in the height of their debates, the Syracusan ambassadors arrived, demanding a general, whereupon they unanimously agreed to send Timoleon. DIODOR. SICUL. l. xvi. c. 10.

As for Timoleon's extreme dejection in consequence of the late fact, whether it proceeded from regret of his brother's fate, or the reverence he bore his mother, it so shattered and impaired his spirits, that for almost twenty years he was concerned in no important or public affair.

When, therefore, he was pitched upon for general, and accepted as such by the suffrages of the people, Teleclides, a man of the greatest power and reputation in Corinth, exhorted him to behave well, and to exert a generous valour in the execution of his commission: *For,* said he, *If your conduct be good, we shall consider you as the destroyer of a tyrant; if bad, as the murderer of your brother.*

While Timoleon was assembling his forces, and preparing to set sail, the Corinthians received letters from Icetes, which plainly discovered his revolt and treachery. For his ambassadors were no sooner set out for Corinth, than he openly joined the Carthaginians, and acted in concert with them, in order to expel Dionysius from Syracuse, and usurp the tyranny himself. Fearing, moreover, lest he should lose his opportunity by the speedy arrival of the army from Corinth, he wrote to the Corinthians to acquaint them, "That there was no occasion for them to put themselves to trouble and expense, or to expose themselves to the dangers of a voyage to Sicily, particularly as the Carthaginians would oppose them, and were watching for their ships with a numerous fleet; and that indeed, on account of the slowness of their motions, he had been forced to engage those very Carthaginians to assist him against the tyrant."

If any of the Corinthians before were cold and indifferent as to the expedition, upon the reading of these letters they were [illegible] all so incensed against Icetes, that they readily supplied Timoleon with whatever he wanted, and united their endeavours to expedite his sailing.

When the fleet was equipped, the priestesses of Proserpine had a dream, wherein that goddess and her mother Ceres appeared to them in a travelling garb, and told them, "That they intended to accompany Timoleon into Sicily." Hereupon the Corinthians equipped a sacred galley, which they called the *galley of the goddesses.* Timoleon himself went to Delphi, where he offered sacrifice to Apollo; and, upon his descending into the place where the oracles were delivered, was surprised with this wonderful occurrence: A wreath embroidered with crowns and images of victory slipped down from among the offerings that were hung up there, and fell upon Timoleon's head, so that Apollo seemed to send him out crowned upon that enterprise.

He had seven ships of Corinth, two of Corcyra, and a tenth fitted out by the Leucadians, with which he put to sea. It was in the night that he set sail, and with a prosperous gale he was making his way, when on a sudden the heavens seemed to be rent asunder, and to pour upon his ship a bright and spreading flame, which soon formed itself into a torch, such as is used in the sacred mysteries; and having conducted them through their whole course, brought them to that quarter of Italy for which they designed to steer. The soothsayers declared that this appearance perfectly agreed with the dream of the priestess, and that by this light from heaven the goddesses shewed themselves interested in the success of the expedition. Particularly as Sicily was sacred to Proserpine; it being fabled that her rape happened there, and that the island was bestowed on her as a nuptial gift.

The fleet thus encouraged with tokens of the divine favour, very soon crossed the sea, and made the coast of Italy. But the news brought thither from Sicily much perplexed Timoleon and disheartened his forces. For Icetes having beaten Dionysius in a set battle,[1] and taken great part of Syracuse, had by a line of circumvallation shut up the tyrant in the citadel and that part of the city which is called *The Island*, and besieged him there. At the same time he ordered the Carthaginians to take care that Timoleon should not land in Sicily, hoping, when the Corinthians were driven off without further opposition, to share the island with his new allies. The Carthaginians accordingly sent away 20 of their galleys to Rhegium, in which were ambassadors from Icetes to Timoleon, charged with proposals quite as captious as the proceedings themselves, for they were nothing but specious and artful words, invented to give a colour to his treacherous designs. They were to make an offer, "That Timoleon might, if he thought proper, go and assist Icetes with his counsel, and share in his successes; but that he must send back his ships and troops to Corinth, since the war was almost finished, and the Carthaginians were determined to prevent their passage, and ready to repel force with force."

The Corinthians, then, as soon as they arrived at Rhegium, meeting with this embassy, and seeing the Carthaginians riding at ancho near them, were vexed at the insult: a general indignation was expressed against Icetes, and fear for the Sicilians, whom they plainly saw left as a prize to reward Icetes for his treachery, and the Carthaginians for assisting in setting him up tyrant. And it seemed impossible for them to get the better either of the barbarians, who were watching them with double the number of ships, or of the forces of Icetes, which they had expected would have joined them, and put themselves under their command.

Timoleon coming to an interview with the ambassadors and the Carthaginian commanders, mildly said, "He would submit to their proposals"—for what could he gain by opposing them?—"but he was desirous that they would give them in publicly before the people of Rhegium ere he quitted that place, since it was a Grecian city, and common friend to both parties. For that this tended to his security, and they themselves would stand more firmly to their engagements if they took that people for witnesses to them."

This overture he made only to amuse them, intending all the while to steal a passage; and the magistrates of Rhegium entered heartily into his scheme, for they wished to see the affairs of Sicily in Corinthian hands, and dreaded the neighbourhood of the barbarians.

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[1] Icetes, finding himself in want of provisions, withdrew from the siege of Syracuse towards his own country: whereupon Dionysius marched out and attacked his rear. But Icetes facing about, defeated him, killed 3000 of his men, and pursuing him into the city, got possession of part of it. Syracuse being divided by strong walls, was as it were an assemblage of cities.

They summoned, therefore, an assembly, and shut the gates, lest the citizens should go about any other business. Being convened, they made long speeches, one of them taking up the argument where another laid it down, with no other view than to gain time for the Corinthian galleys to get under sail; and the Carthaginians were easily detained in the Assembly, as having no suspicion, because Timoleon was present, and it was expected every moment that he would stand up and make his speech. But upon secret notice that the other galleys had put to sea,[1] and his alone were left behind, by the help of the Rhegians, who pressed close to the *rostrum* and concealed him amongst them, he slipped through the crowd, got down to the shore, and hoisted sail with all speed.

He soon arrived with all his vessels at Tauromenium in Sicily, to which he had been invited some time before, and where he was now kindly received by Andromachus, lord of that city. This Andromachus was father to Timæus the historian; and being much the best of all the Sicilian princes of his time, he both governed his own people agreeably to the laws and principles of justice, and had ever avowed his aversion and enmity to tyrants. On this account he readily allowed Timoleon to make his city a place of arms, and persuaded his people to co-operate with the Corinthians with all their force, in restoring liberty to the whole island.

The Carthaginians at Rhegium, upon the breaking up of the assembly, seeing that Timoleon was gone, were vexed to find themselves outwitted; and it afforded no small diversion to the Rhegians *that* Phœnicians *should complain of anything effected by guile.*

They despatched, however, one of their galleys with an ambassador to Tauromenium, who represented the affair at large to Andromachus, insisting with much insolence and barbaric pride, that he should immediately turn the Corinthians out of his town; and at last, shewing him his hand with the palm upwards and then turning it down again, told him, if he did not comply with that condition, the Carthaginians *would overturn his city just as he had turned his hand.* Andromachus only smiled, and without making him any other answer, stretched out his hand, first with one side up and then the other, and bade him *begone directly, if he did not choose to have his ship turned upside down in the same manner.*

Icetes hearing that Timoleon had made good his passage, was much alarmed, and sent for a great number of the Carthaginian galleys. The Syracusans then began to despair of a deliverance; for they saw the Carthaginians masters of their harbour,[2] Icetes possessed of the city, and the citadel in the hands of Dionysius, while Timoleon held only by a small border of the skirts of Sicily, the little town of Tauromenium, with a feeble hope and an inconsiderable force, having no more than 1000 men, and provisions barely sufficient for them. Nor had the Sicilian states any confidence in him, plunged as they were in misfortunes, and exasperated against all that pretended to lead armies to their succour, particularly on account of the perfidy of Callippus and Pharax. The one was an Athenian and the other a Lacedæmonian, and both came with professions to do great things for the liberty of Sicily, and for demolishing the tyrants; yet the Sicilians soon found that the reign of former oppressors was comparatively a golden age, and reckoned those far more happy who died in servitude than such as lived to see so dismal a kind of freedom. Expecting, therefore, that this Corinthian deliverer would be no better than those before him, and that the deceitful hand of art would reach out to them the same bait of good hopes and fair promises to draw them into subjection to a new master, they all, except the people of Adranum, suspected the designs of the Corinthians, and declined their proposals. Adranum was a small city, consecrated to the god *Adranus*,[1] who was held in high veneration throughout all Sicily. Its inhabitants were at variance with each other; some calling in Icetes and the Carthaginians, and others applying to Timoleon. Both generals striving which should get there first, as fortune would have it, arrived about the same time. But Icetes had 5000 men with him, and Timoleon 1200 at the most, whom he drew out of Tauromenium, which was 42½ miles from Adranum. The first day he made but a short march, and pitched his tents in good time. The next day he marched forward at a great pace, though the road was very rugged; and towards the evening was informed that Icetes had just reached the town, and was encamping before it. At the same time, his officers made the foremost division halt to take some refreshment, that they might be more vigorous in the ensuing engagement. This, however, was against the opinion of Timoleon, who entreated them to march forward as fast as possible, and to attack the enemy before they were put in order; it being probable, now they were just come off their march, that they were employed in pitching their tents and preparing their supper. He had no sooner given this order, than he took his buckler and put himself at the head of them, as leading them on to undoubted victory.

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[1] The Carthaginians believed that the departure of those nine galleys for Corinth had been agreed on between the officers of both parties, and that the tenth was left behind to carry Timoleon to Icetes.

[2] The Carthaginians had 150 men of war, 50,000 foot, and 300 chariots.

His men, thus encouraged, followed him very cheerfully, being now not quite 30 furlongs from Adranum. As soon as they came up they fell upon the enemy, who were in great confusion, and ready to fly at their first approach. For this reason not many more than 300 were killed, but twice as many were made prisoners, and the camp was taken.

Upon this the people of Adranum opened their gates to Timoleon and joined his party, declaring, with terror and astonishment, that during the battle the sacred doors of the temple opened of their own accord, the spear of their god was seen to shake to the very point, and his face dropped with sweat. These things did not foreshow that victory only, but the future successes to which this dispute was a fortunate prelude; for several cities, by their ambassadors, immediately joined in alliance with Timoleon; and Mamercus, sovereign of Catana, a warlike and wealthy prince, entered into the confederacy. But what was still more material, Dionysius himself having bid adieu to hope, and unable to hold out much longer, despising Icetes, who was so shamefully beaten, and admiring the bravery of Timoleon, offered to deliver up to him and the Corinthians both himself and the citadel.

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[1] This deity, by his *insignia* afterwards mentioned, should seem to be Mars. His temple was guarded by a hundred dogs.

Timoleon accepted of this good fortune so superior to his hopes, and sent Euclides and Telemachus, two Corinthian officers, into the citadel, as he did 400 men besides, not altogether, nor openly, for that was impossible, because the enemy were upon their guard, but by stealth, and a few at a time. This corps then took possession of the citadel and the tyrant's moveables, with all that he had provided for carrying on the war, namely, a good number of horses, all manner of engines, and a vast quantity of darts. They found also arms for 70,000 men, which had been laid up of old, and 2000 soldiers with Dionysius, whom he delivered up along with the stores to Timoleon. But the tyrant reserved his money to himself, and having got on board a ship, he sailed with a few of his friends, without being perceived by Icetes, and reached the camp of Timoleon.

Then it was that he first appeared in the humble figure of a private man,[1] and, as such, he was sent with one ship and a very moderate sum of money to Corinth; he that was born in a splendid court, and educated as heir to the most absolute monarch that ever existed. He held it for ten years;[2] and for twelve more, from the time that Dion took up arms against him, he was exercised continually in wars and troubles, insomuch that the mischiefs caused by his tyranny were abundantly recompensed upon his own head in what he suffered. He saw his sons die in their youth, his daughters deflowered, and his sister, who was also his wife, exposed to the brutal lusts of his enemies, and then slaughtered with her children, and thrown into the sea.

When Dionysius arrived at Corinth, there was hardly a man in Greece who was not desirous to see him and converse with him. Some hating the man, and rejoicing at his misfortunes, came for the pleasure of insulting him in his present distress; others, whose sentiments with respect to him were somewhat changed, and who were touched with compassion for his fate, plainly saw the influence of an invisible and divine power displayed in the affairs of feeble mortals. For neither nature nor art produced in those times anything so remarkable as that work of fortune,[3] which shewed the man who was lately sovereign of Sicily, now holding conversation in a butcher's shop at Corinth, or sitting whole days in a perfumer's; or drinking the diluted wine of taverns; or squabbling in the streets with lewd women; or directing female musicians in their singing, and disputing with them seriously about the harmony of certain airs that were sung in the theatre.[1]

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[1] Dionysius was born to absolute power, whereas most other tyrants, Dionysius the elder for instance, had raised themselves to it, and some from a mean condition.

[2] For he began his reign in the first year of Olympiad 103, B.C. 360. Dion took arms against him in the fourth year of Olympiad 105, and he delivered up the citadel to Timoleon, and was sent to Corinth in the first year of Olympiad 109.

[3] Plutarch adds *nor art*, to give us to understand that the tragic poets had not represented so signal a catastrophe, even in fable.

Some were of opinion, that he fell into these unworthy amusements, as being naturally idle, effeminate, and dissolute; but others thought it was a stroke of policy, and that he rendered himself despicable to prevent his being feared by the Corinthians; contrary to his nature, affecting that meanness and stupidity, lest they should imagine the change of his circumstances sat heavy upon him, and that he aimed at establishing himself again.

Nevertheless, some sayings of his are on record, by which it should seem that he did not bear his present misfortunes in an abject manner. When he arrived at Leucas, which was a Corinthian colony as well as Syracuse, he said, "He found himself in a situation like that of young men who had been guilty of some misdemeanour; for as they converse cheerfully, notwithstanding, with their brothers, but are abashed at the thought of coming before their fathers, so he was ashamed of going to live in the mother city, and could pass his days much more to his satisfaction with them." Another time, when a certain stranger derided him at Corinth in a very rude and scornful manner, for having, in the meridian of his power, taken pleasure in the discourse of philosophers, and at last asked him, "What he had got by the wisdom of Plato?" "Do you think," said he, "that we have reaped no advantage from Plato, when we bear in this manner such a change of fortune?" Aristoxenus the musician, and some others, having inquired, "What was the ground of his displeasure against Plato?" he answered, "That absolute power abounded with evils, but had this great infelicity above all the rest, that among the number of those who call themselves the friends of an arbitrary prince, there is not one who will speak his mind to him freely; and that by such false friends he had been deprived of the friendship of Plato."

Some one who had a mind to be arch, and to make merry with Dionysius, shook his robe when he entered his apartment, as is usual when persons approach a tyrant; and he returned the jest very well, bidding him "Do the same when he went out, that he might not carry off some of the moveables."

One day, over their cups, Philip of Macedon, with a kind of sneer, introduced some discourse about the odes[2] and tragedies which

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[1] Some writers tell us, that *the extreme poverty to which he was reduced obliged him to open a school at Corinth*, where he exercised that tyranny over children which he could no longer practise over men.

[2] Dionysius the elder valued himself upon his poetry, but has been censured as the worst poet in the world. Philoxenus, who was himself an excellent poet, attempted to undeceive him in the favourable opinion he had of his own abilities, but was sent to the Quarries for the liberty he took. However, the next day he was restored to favour, and Dionysius repeated to him some verses he had taken extraordinary pains with, expecting his approbation. But the poet, instead of giving it, looked round to the guards, and said to them very humorously, "Take me back to the Quarries." Notwithstanding this, Dionysius disputed the prize of

Dionysius the elder left behind him, and pretended to doubt how he could find leisure for such works. Dionysius answered smartly enough, "They were written in the time which you and I, and other happy fellows, spend over the bowl."

Plato did not see Dionysius in Corinth, for he had now been dead some time. But Diogenes of Sinope, when he first met him, addressed him as follows: "How little dost thou deserve to live." Thus Donysius answered, "It is kind in you to sympathise with me in my misfortunes." "Dost thou think, then," said Diogenes, "that I have any pity for thee, and that I am not rather vexed that such a slave as thou art, and so fit to grow old and die, like thy father, on a tyrant's uneasy throne, should instead of that live with us here in mirth and pleasure." So that when I compare with these words of the philosopher, the doleful expressions of Philistus, in which he bewails the fate of the daughters of Leptines, "That from the great and splendid enjoyments of absolute power, they were reduced to a private and humble station," they appear to one the lamentations of a woman who regrets her perfumes, her purple robes, and golden trinkets. This account of the sayings of Dionysius, seems to me neither foreign from biography nor without its utility to such readers as are not in a hurry, or taken up with other concerns.

If the ill fortune of Dionysius appeared surprising, the success of Timoleon was no less wonderful. For within fifty days after his landing in Sicily, he was master of the citadel of Syracuse, and sent off Dionysius into Peloponnesus. The Corinthians, encouraged with these advantages, sent him a reinforcement of 2000 foot and 200 horse. These got on their way as far as Thurium; but finding it impracticable to gain a passage from thence, because the sea was beset with a numerous fleet of Carthaginians, they were forced to stop there, and watch their opportunity. However, they employed their time in a very noble undertaking. For the Thurians, marching out of their city to war against the Brutians, left it in charge of these Corinthian strangers, who defended it with as much honour and integrity as if it had been their own.

Meantime, Icetes carried on the siege of the citadel with great vigour, and blocked it up so close that no provisions could be got in for the Corinthian garrison. He provided also two strangers to assassinate Timoleon, and sent them privately to Adranum. That general, who never kept any regular guards about him, lived then with the Adranites without any sort of precaution or suspicion, by reason of his confidence in their tutelary god. The assassins being informed that he was going to offer sacrifice, went into the temple with their poignards under their clothes, and mixing with those that stood

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poetry at the Olympic games; but there he was hissed, and the rich pavilion he had sent torn in pieces. He had better success, however, at Athens; for he gained the prize of poetry at the celebrated feast of Bacchus. On this occasion he was in such raptures, that he drank to excess, and the debauch threw him into violent pains; to allay which, he asked for a soporative, and his physicians gave him one that laid him asleep, out of which he never awaked.

round the altar, got nearer to him by little and little. They were just going to give each other the signal to begin, when somebody struck one of them on the head with his sword, and laid him at his feet. Neither he that struck the blow kept his station, nor the companion of the dead man; the former, with his sword in his hand, fled to the top of a high rock, and the latter laid hold on the altar, entreating Timoleon to spare his life, on condition that he discovered the whole matter. Accordingly pardon was promised him, and he confessed that he and the person who lay dead were sent on purpose to kill him.

Whilst he was making this confession, the other man was brought down from the rock, and loudly protested that he was guilty of no injustice, for he only took righteous vengeance on the wretch who had murdered his father in the city of Leontium.[1] And for the truth of this he appealed to several that were there present, who all attested the same, and could not but admire the wonderful management of fortune, which, moving one thing by another, bringing together the most distant incidents, and combining those that have no manner of relation, but rather the greatest dissimilarity, makes such use of them that the close of one process is always the beginning of another. The Corinthians rewarded the man with a present of ten *minæ*, because his hand had co-operated with the guardian genius of Timoleon, and he had reserved the satisfaction for his private wrongs to the time when fortune availed herself of it to save the general. This happy escape had effects beyond the present, for it inspired the Corinthians with high expectations of Timoleon, when they saw the Sicilians now reverence and guard him as a man whose person was sacred, and who was come as minister of the gods to avenge and deliver them.

When Icetes had failed in this attempt, and saw many of the Sicilians going over to Timoleon, he blamed himself for making use of the Carthaginians in small numbers only, and availing himself of their assistance, as it were by stealth, and as if he were ashamed of it, when they had such immense forces at hand. He sent, therefore, for Mago, their commander-in-chief, and his whole fleet; who, with terrible pomp, took possession of the harbour with 150 ships, and landed an army of 60,000 men, which encamped in the city of Syracuse; insomuch that every one imagined the inundation of barbarians, which had been announced and expected of old, was now come upon Sicily. For in the many wars which they had waged in that island, the Carthaginians had never before been able to take Syracuse; but Icetes then receiving them, and delivering up the city to them, the whole became a camp of barbarians.

The Corinthians, who still held the citadel, found themselves in very dangerous and difficult circumstances; for besides that they were in want of provisions, because the port was guarded and blocked up, they were employed in sharp and continual disputes about the walls, which were attacked with all manner of machines and batteries, and for the defence of which they were obliged to divide themselves. Timoleon, however, found means to relieve them, by sending a supply of corn from Catana in small fishing-boats and little skiffs, which watched the opportunity to make their way through the enemy's fleet, when it happened to be separated by a storm. Mago and Icetes no sooner saw this, than they resolved to make themselves masters of Catana, from which provisions were sent to the besieged; and taking with them the best of their troops, they sailed from Syracuse. Leo, the Corinthian, who commanded in the citadel, having observed from the top of it that those of the enemy who stayed behind abated their vigilance and kept up an indifferent guard, suddenly fell upon them as they were dispersed; and killing some, and putting the rest to flight, gained the quarter called *Achradina*, which was much the strongest, and had suffered the least from the enemy; for Syracuse is an assemblage, as it were, of towns.[1] Finding plenty of provisions and money there, he did not give up the acquisition, nor return into the citadel, but stood upon his defence in the *Achradina*, having fortified it quite round, and joined it by new works to the citadel. Mago and Icetes were now near Catana, when a horseman, despatched from Syracuse, brought them tidings that the *Achradina* was taken; which struck them with such surprise that they returned in great hurry, having neither taken the place which they went against, nor kept that which they had before.

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[1] History can hardly afford a stronger instance of an interfering PROVIDENCE.

Perhaps prudence and valour have as much right as fortune to lay claim to these successes; but the event that next ensued is wholly to be ascribed to the favour of fortune. The corps of Corinthians that were at Thurium, dreading the Carthaginian fleet, which, under the command of Hanno, observed their motions, and finding at the same time that the sea for many days was stormy and tempestuous, determined to march through the country of the Brutians: and partly by persuasion, partly by force, they made good their passage through the territories of the barbarians, and came down to Rhegium, the sea still continuing rough as before.

The Carthaginian admiral, not expecting the Corinthians would venture out, thought it was in vain to sit still; and having persuaded himself that he had invented one of the finest stratagems in the world, ordered the mariners to crown themselves with garlands, and to dress up the galleys with Grecian and Phœnician bucklers, and thus equipped, he sailed to Syracuse. When he came near the citadel, he hailed it with loud huzzas and expressions of triumph, declaring that he was just come from beating the Corinthian succours, whom he had met with at sea, as they were endeavouring at a passage. By this means he hoped to strike terror into the besieged. While he was acting this part, the Corinthians had got down to Rhegium, and as the coast was clear, and the wind, falling as it were miraculously, promised smooth water and a safe voyage, they immediately went aboard such barks and fishing-boats as they could find, and passed over into Sicily with so much safety and in such a dead calm, that they even drew the horses by the reins, swimming by the side of the vessels.

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[1] There were *four*: the *Isle*, or the citadel, which was between the two ports; *Achradina*, at a little distance from the citadel; *Tyche*, so called from the temple of Fortune; and *Neapolis*, or the new city. To these some eminent authors (and Plutarch is of the number) add a fifth, which they call *Epipolæ*.

When they were all landed and had joined Timoleon, he soon took Messana;[1] and from thence he marched in good order to Syracuse, depending more upon his good fortune than his forces, for he had not above 4000 men with him. On the first news of his approach, Mago was greatly perplexed and alarmed, and his suspicions were increased on the following occasions. The marshes about Syracuse,[2] which receive a great deal of fresh water from the springs, and from the lakes and rivers that discharge themselves there into the sea, have such abundance of eels, that there is always plenty for those that choose to fish for them. The common soldiers of both sides amused themselves promiscuously with that sport at their vacant hours, and upon any cessation of arms. *As they were all Greeks, and had no pretence for any private animosity against each other, they fought boldly when they met in battle, and in time of truce they mixed together and conversed familiarly.* Busied at one of these times in their common diversion of fishing, they fell into discourse, and expressed their admiration of the convenience of the sea and the situation of the adjacent places. Whereupon, one of the Corinthian soldiers thus addressed those that served under Icetes: "And can you who are Greeks readily consent to reduce this city, so spacious in itself, and blessed with so many advantages, into the power of the barbarians, and to bring the Carthaginians, the most deceitful and bloody of them all, into our neighbourhood; when you ought to wish that between them and Greece there were many Sicilies? or can you think that they have brought an armed force from the Pillars of Hercules and the Atlantic Ocean, and braved the hazards of war, purely to erect a principality for Icetes, who, if he had the prudence which becomes a general, would never have driven out his founders, to call into his country the worst of his enemies, when he might have obtained of the Corinthians and Timoleon any proper degree of honour and power?"

The soldiers that were in pay with Icetes, repeating their discourses often in their camp, gave Mago, who had long wanted a pretence to be gone, room to suspect that he was betrayed. And though Icetes entreated him to stay, and remonstrated upon their great superiority to the enemy, yet he weighed anchor and sailed back to Africa, shamefully and unaccountably suffering Sicily to slip out of his hands.

Next day, Timoleon drew up his army in order of battle before the place; but when he and his Corinthians were told that Mago was fled, and saw the harbour empty, they could not forbear laughing at his cowardice; and by way of mockery they caused proclamation to be made about the city, promising a reward to any one that could give information where the Carthaginian fleet was gone to hide itself. Icetes, however, had still the spirit to stand a farther shock, and would not let go his hold, but vigorously defended those quarters of city which he occupied, and which appeared almost impregnable. Timoleon, therefore, divided his forces into three parts; and himself with one of them made his attack by the river of Anapus, where he was likely to meet with the warmest reception; commanding the second, which was under Isias the Corinthian, to begin their operations from the *Achradina*, while Dinarchus and Demaretus, who brought the last reinforcement from Corinth, should attempt the *Epipolæ:* so that several impressions being made at the same time, and on every side, the soldiers of Icetes were overpowered and put to flight. Now, that the city was taken by assault and suddenly reduced upon the flight of the enemy, we may justly impute to the bravery of the troops and the ability of their general; but that not one Corinthian was either killed or wounded, the fortune of Timoleon claims entirely to herself, willing as she seems to maintain a dispute with his valour; and those who read his story may rather admire his happy success than the merit of his action. The fame of this great achievement soon overspread not only Sicily and Italy, but in a few days it resounded through Greece: so that the city of Corinth, which was in some doubt whether its fleet was arrived in Sicily, was informed by the same messengers, that its forces had made good their passage and were victorious. So well did their affairs prosper, and so much lustre did fortune add to the gallantry of their exploits by the speediness of their action.

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[1] *Messana*, in the ancient Sicilian pronunciation; now *Messina*.

[2] There is one morass that is called *Lysimelea*, and another called *Syraco*. From this last the city took its name. These morasses make the air very unwholesome.

Timoleon, thus master of the citadel, did not proceed like Dion, or spare the place for its beauty or magnificence; but guarding against the suspicions which first slandered and then destroyed that great man, he ordered the public crier to give notice, "That all the Syracusans who were willing to have a hand in the work, should come with proper instruments to destroy the bulwarks of tyranny." Hereupon they came one and all, considering that proclamation and that day as the surest commencement of their liberty; and they not only demolished the citadel, but levelled with the ground both the palaces and the monuments of the tyrants. Having soon cleared the place, he built a common hall there for the seat of judicature, at once to gratify the citizens, and to shew that a popular government should be erected on the ruins of tyranny.

The city thus taken was found comparatively destitute of inhabitants. Many had been slain in the wars and intestine broils, and many more had fled from the rage of the tyrants. Nay, *so little frequented was the market-place of Syracuse, that it produced grass enough for the horses to pasture upon, and for the grooms to repose themselves by them.* The other cities, except a very few, were entire deserts full of deer and wild boars, and such as had leisure for it often hunted them in the suburbs and about the walls; while none of those that had possessed themselves of castles and strongholds could be persuaded to quit them, or come down into the city, for they looked with hatred and horror upon the tribunals and other seats of government, as so many nurseries of tyrants. Timoleon and the Syracusans, therefore, thought proper to write to the Corinthians, to send them a good number from Greece to people Syracuse, because the land must otherwise lie uncultivated, and because they expected a more formidable war from Africa, being informed that Mago had killed himself, and that the Carthaginians, provoked at his bad conduct in the expedition, had crucified his body, and were collecting great forces for the invasion of Sicily the ensuing summer.

These letters of Timoleon being delivered, the Syracusan ambassadors attended at the same time, and begged of the Corinthians to *take their city into their protection, and to become founders of it anew. They did not, however, hastily seize that advantage, or* appropriate the city to themselves, but first sent to the sacred games and the other great assemblies of Greece, and caused proclamation to be made by their heralds, "That the Corinthians having abolished arbitrary power in Syracuse, and expelled the tyrant, invited all Syracusans and other Sicilians to people that city, where they should enjoy their liberties and privileges, and have the lands divided by equal lots among them." Then they sent envoys into Asia and the islands, where they were told the greatest part of the fugitives were dispersed, to exhort them all to come to Corinth, where they should be provided with vessels, commanders, and a convoy, at the expense of the Corinthians, to conduct them safe to Syracuse. Their intentions thus published, the Corinthians enjoyed the justest praise and the most distinguished glory, having delivered a Grecian city from the tyrants, saved it from the barbarians, and restored the citizens to their country. But the persons who met on this occasion at Corinth, not being a sufficient number, desired that they might take others along with them from Corinth and the rest of Greece as new colonists; by which means, having made up their number full 10,000, they sailed to Syracuse. By this time great multitudes from Italy and Sicily had flocked in to Timoleon, who, finding their number, as Athanis reports, amount to 60,000, freely divided the lands among them, but sold the houses for 1000 talents. By this contrivance he both left it in the power of the ancient inhabitants to redeem their own, and took occasion also to raise a stock for the community, who had been so poor in all respects, and so little able to furnish the supplies for the war, that *they had sold the very statues, after having formed a judicial process against each, and passed sentence upon them as if they had been so many criminals.* On this occasion, we are told, they spared one statue when all the rest were condemned, namely, that of Gelon, one of their ancient kings, in honour of the man, and for the sake of the victory[1] which he gained over the Carthaginians at Himera.

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[1] He defeated Hamilcar, who landed in Sicily, with three hundred thousand men, in the second year of Olympiad 75.

Syracuse being thus revived, and replenished with such a number of inhabitants, who flocked to it from all quarters, Timoleon was desirous to bestow the blessing of liberty on the other cities also, and once for all to extirpate arbitrary government out of Sicily; for this purpose, marching into the territories of the petty tyrants, he compelled Icetes to quit the interests of Carthage, to agree to demolish his castles, and to live among the Leontines as a private person. Leptines also, prince of Apollonia and several other little towns, finding himself in danger of being taken, surrendered, and had his life granted him, but was sent to Corinth, for Timoleon looked upon it as a glorious thing, that the tyrants of Sicily should be forced to live as exiles in the city which had colonised that island, and should be seen by the Greeks in such an abject condition.

After this he returned to Syracuse to settle the civil government, and to establish the most important and necessary laws,[1] along with Cephalus and Dinarchus, lawgivers, sent from Corinth. In the meanwhile, willing that the mercenaries should reap some advantage from the enemy's country, and be kept from inaction, he sent Dinarchus and Demaretus into the Carthaginian province. These drew several cities from the Punic interest, and not only lived in abundance themselves, but also raised money from the plunder for carrying on the war. While these matters were transacting, the Carthaginians arrived at Lilybæum with 70,000 land forces, 200 galleys, and 1000 other vessels, which carried machines of war, chariots, vast quantities of provisions, and all other stores; as if they were now determined not to carry on the war by piecemeal, but to drive the Greeks entirely out of Sicily; for their force was sufficient to effect this, even if the Sicilians had been united, and much more so, harassed as they were with mutual animosities. When the Carthaginians, therefore, found that the Sicilian territories were laid waste, they marched, under the command of Asdrubal and Hamilcar, in great fury against the Corinthians.

Information of this being brought directly to Syracuse, the inhabitants were struck with such terror by that prodigious armament that scarce 3000, out of ten times that number, took up arms and ventured to follow Timoleon. The mercenaries were in number 4000, and of them about 1000 gave way to their fears when upon their march, and turned back, crying out, "That Timoleon must be mad or in his dotage to go against an army of 70,000 men, with only 5000 foot and 1000 horse, and to draw his handful of men, too, eight days' march from Syracuse, by which means there could be no refuge for those that fled, nor burial for those that fell in battle."

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[1] Among other wise institutions, he appointed a chief magistrate to be chosen yearly, whom the Syracusans called the *Amphipolus* of Jupiter Olympius; thus giving him a kind of sacred character. The first *Amphipolus* was Commenes. Hence arose the custom among the Syracusans to complete their years by the respective governments of those magistrates; which custom continued in the time of Diodorus Siculus, that is, in the reign of Augustus, above 300 years after the office of *Amphipolus* was first introduced. DIODOR. SICUL. l. xvi. c. 12.

Timoleon considered it as an advantage that these cowards discovered themselves before the engagement, and having encouraged the rest, he led them hastily to the banks of the Crimesus, where he was told the Carthaginians were drawn together; but as he was ascending a hill, at the top of which the enemy's camp and all their vast forces would be in sight, he met some mules loaded with parsley, and his men took it into their heads that it was a bad omen, because we usually crown the sepulchres with parsley, and thence the proverb with respect to one that is dangerously ill, *Such a one has need of nothing but parsley*. To deliver them from this superstition, and to remove the *panic*, Timoleon ordered the troops to halt, and making a speech suitable to the occasion, observed, among other things, "That crowns were brought them before the victory, and offered themselves of their own accord;" for the Corinthians, from all antiquity, having looked upon a wreath of parsley as sacred, crowned the victors with it at the Isthmean games; in Timoleon's time it was still in use at those games, as it is now at the Nemean, and it is but lately that the pine-branch has taken its place. The general having thus addressed his army, took a chaplet of parsley, and crowned himself with it first, and then his officers and the common soldiers did the same. At that instant the soothsayers, observing two eagles flying towards them, one of which bore a serpent which he had pierced through with his talons, while the other advanced with a loud and animating noise, pointed them out to the army, who all betook themselves to prayer and invocation of the gods.

The summer was now begun, and the end of the month *Thargelion* brought on the solstice; the river then sending up a thick mist, the field was covered with it at first, so that nothing in the enemy's camp was discernible, only an inarticulate and confused noise, which reached the summit of the hill, shewed that a great army lay at some distance. But when the Corinthians had reached the top, and laid down their shields to take breath, the sun had raised the vapours higher, so that the fog being collected upon the summits, covered *them* only, while the places below were all visible. The river Crimesus appeared clearly, and the enemy were seen crossing it, first with chariots drawn by four horses, and formidably provided for the combat; behind which were marched 10,000 men with white bucklers. These they conjectured to be Carthaginians, by the brightness of their armour and the slowness and good order in which they moved. They were followed by the troops of other nations, who advanced in a confused and tumultuous manner.

Timoleon observing that the river put it in his power to engage with what number of the enemy he pleased, bade his men take notice how the main body was divided by the stream, part having already got over and part preparing to pass it; and ordered Demaretus with the cavalry to attack the Carthaginians and put them in confusion, before they had time to range themselves in order for battle. Then he himself descending into the plain with the infantry, formed the wings out of other Sicilians, intermingling a few strangers with them; but the natives of Syracuse and the most warlike of the mercenaries he placed about himself in the centre, and stopped a while to see the success of the horse. When he saw that they could not come up to grapple with the Carthaginians, by reason of the chariots that ran to and fro before their army, and that they were obliged often to wheel about to avoid the danger of having their ranks broken, and then to rally again and return to the charge, sometimes here, sometimes there, he took his buckler and called to the foot to follow him, and be of good courage, with an accent that seemed more than human, so much was it above his usual pitch; whether it was exalted by his ardour and enthusiasm, or whether (as many were of opinion) the voice of some god was joined to his. His troops answering him with a loud shout, and pressing him to lead them on without delay, he sent orders to the cavalry to get beyond the line of chariots, and take the enemy in flank, while himself thickening his first ranks, so as to join buckler to buckler, and causing the trumpet to sound, bore down upon the Carthaginians. They sustained the first shock with great spirit, for *being fortified with breast-plates of iron and helmets of brass, and covering themselves with large shields*, they could easily repel the spears and javelins. But when the business came to a decision by the sword, where art is no less requisite than strength, all on a sudden there broke out dreadful thunders from the mountains, mingled with long trails of lightning; after which the black clouds, descending from the tops of the hills, fell upon the two armies in a storm of wind, rain, and hail. The tempest was on the backs of the Greeks, but beat upon the faces of the barbarians, and almost blinded them with the stormy showers and the fire continually streaming from the clouds.

These things very much distressed the barbarians, particularly such of them as were not veterans. The greatest inconvenience seems to have been the roaring of the thunder, and the clattering of the rain and hail upon their arms, which hindered them from hearing the orders of their officers. Besides, the Carthaginians not being light but heavy armed, the dirt was troublesome to them; and as the bosoms of their tunics were filled with water, they were very unwieldy in the combat, so that the Greeks could overturn them with ease; and when they were down, it was impossible for them, encumbered as they were with arms, to get out of the mire. For the river Crimesus, swollen partly with the rains, and partly having its course stopped by the vast numbers that crossed it, had overflowed its banks. The adjacent field, having many cavities and low places in it, was filled with water which settled there, and the Carthaginians falling into them, could not disengage themselves without extreme difficulty. In short, the storm continuing to beat upon them with great violence, and the Greeks having cut to pieces 400 men who composed their first ranks, their whole body was put to flight. Great numbers were overtaken in the field and put to the sword; many took the river, and jostling with those that were yet passing it, were carried down and drowned. The major part, who endeavoured to gain the hills, were stopped by the light-armed soldiers and slain. Among the 10,000 that were killed, it is said there were 3000 natives of Carthage—a heavy loss to that city; for none of its citizens were superior to these, either in birth, fortune, or character, nor have we any account that so many Carthaginians ever fell before in one battle; but as they mostly made use of Libyans, Spaniards, and Numidians in their wars, if they lost a victory, it was at the expense of the blood of strangers.

The Greeks discovered by the spoils the quality of the killed. Those that stripped the dead set no value upon brass or iron, such was the abundance of silver and gold; for they passed the river and made themselves masters of the camp and baggage. Many of the prisoners were clandestinely sold by the soldiers, but 5000 were delivered in upon the public account, and 200 chariots also were taken. The tent of Timoleon afforded the most beautiful and magnificent spectacle. In it were piled all manner of spoils, among which 1000 breast-plates of exquisite workmanship, and 10,000 bucklers were exposed to view. As there was but a small number to collect the spoils of such a multitude, and they found such immense riches, it was the third day after the battle before they could erect the trophy. With the first news of the victory, Timoleon sent to Corinth the handsomest of the arms he had taken, desirous that the world might admire and emulate his native city, when they saw the fairest temples adorned, not with Grecian spoils, nor with the unpleasing monuments of kindred blood and domestic ruin, but with the spoils of barbarians, which bore this honourable inscription, declaring the justice as well as valour of the conquerors, "That the people of Corinth, and Timoleon their general, having delivered the Greeks who dwelt in Sicily from the Carthaginian yoke, made this offering as a grateful acknowledgment to the gods."

After this, Timoleon left the mercenaries to lay waste the Carthaginian province, and returned to Syracuse. By an edict published there, he banished from Sicily 1000 hired soldiers who deserted him before the battle, and obliged them to quit Syracuse before the sun set. These wretches passed over into Italy, where they were treacherously slain by the Brutians. Such was the vengeance which heaven took of their perfidiousness.

Nevertheless, Mamercus, prince of Catana, and Icetes, either moved with envy at the success of Timoleon, or dreading him as an implacable enemy who thought no faith was to be kept with tyrants, entered into league with the Carthaginians, and desired them to send a new army and general, if they were not willing to lose Sicily entirely. Hereupon, Gisco came with a fleet of 70 ships, and a body of Greeks whom he had taken into pay. The Carthaginians had not employed any Greeks before, but now they considered them as the bravest and most invincible of men.

On this occasion the inhabitants of Messena, rising with one consent, slew 400 of the foreign soldiers, whom Timoleon had sent to their assistance; and within the dependencies of Carthage, the mercenaries, commanded by Euthymus the Leucadian, were cut off by an ambush at a place called Hieræ.[1] Hence the good fortune of Timoleon became still more famous, for these were some of the men who, with Philodemus of Phocis and Onomarchus, had broken into the temple of Apollo at Delphi, and were partakers with them in the sacrilege.[2] Shunned as execrable on this account, they wandered about Peloponnesus, where Timoleon, being in great want of men, took them into pay. When they came into Sicily, they were victorious in all the battles where he commanded in person; but after the great struggles of the war were over, being sent upon service where succours were required, they perished by little and little. Herein avenging justice seems to have been willing to make use of the prosperity of Timoleon as an apology for its delay, taking care, as it did, that no harm might happen to the good from the punishment of the wicked; insomuch that the favour of the gods to that great man, was no less discerned and admired in his very losses than in his greatest success.

Upon any of these little advantages, the tyrants took occasion to ridicule the Syracusans, at which they were highly incensed. Mamercus, for instance, who valued himself on his poems and tragedies, talked in a pompous manner of the victory he had gained over the mercenaries, and ordered this insolent inscription to be put upon the shields which he dedicated to the gods:

These shields[3] with gold and ivory gay To our plain bucklers lost the day.

Afterwards, when Timoleon was laying siege to Calauria, Icetes took the opportunity to make an inroad into the territories of Syracuse, where he met with considerable booty: and having made great havoc, he marched back by Calauria itself, in contempt of Timoleon and the slender force he had with him. Timoleon suffered him to pass, and then followed him with his cavalry and light-armed foot. When Icetes saw he was pursued, he crossed the Damyrias, and stood in a posture to receive the enemy on the other side. What emboldened him to do this was the difficulty of the passage and the steepness of the banks on both sides. But a strange dispute of jealousy and honour which arose among the officers of Timoleon awhile delayed the combat, for there was not one that was willing to go after another, but every man wanted to be foremost in the attack; so that their fording was likely to be very tumultuous and disorderly by their jostling each other, and pressing to get before. To remedy this, Timoleon ordered them to decide the matter by lot, and that each for this purpose should give him his ring. *He took the rings and shook them in the skirt of his robe*, and the first that came up happening to have a trophy for the seal, the young officers received it with joy, and crying out that they would not wait for any other lot, made their way as fast as possible through the river, and fell upon the enemy, who, unable to sustain the shock, soon took to flight, throwing away their arms, and leaving 1000 of their men dead upon the spot.

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[1] We do not find there was any place in Sicily called *Hieræ*; in all probability, therefore, it should be read *Hietæ*; for Stephanus *de Urbib.* mentions a castle in Sicily of that name.

[2] The *sacred war* commenced on this occasion. The *Amphictyons* having condemned the people of Phocis in a heavy fine, for plundering the country of Cyrrha, which was dedicated to Apollo, and that people being unable to pay it, their whole country was judged forfeited to that god. Hereupon Philomelus, not Philodemus, called the people together, and advised them to seize the treasures in the temple of Delphi, to enable them to hire forces to defend themselves. This brought on a war that lasted six years, in the course of which most of the sacrilegious persons perished miserably.

[3] They were shields that had been taken out of the temple at Delphi

A few days after this, Timoleon marched into the territory of the Leontines, where he took Icetes alive; and his son Eupolemus, and Euthymus, his general of horse, were brought to him bound by the soldiers. Icetes and his son were capitally punished, as tyrants and traitors to their country. Nor did Euthymus find mercy, though remarkably brave and bold in action, because he was accused of a severe sarcasm against the Corinthians. He had said, it seems, in a speech he made to the Leontines, upon the Corinthians taking the field, "That it was no formidable matter, if the Corinthian dames were gone out to take the air." Thus the generality of men are more apt to resent a contemptuous word than an unjust action, and can bear any other injury better than disgrace. Every hostile deed is imputed to the necessity of war, but satirical and censorious expressions are considered as the effects of hatred or malignity.

When Timoleon was returned, the Syracusans brought the wife and daughters of Icetes to a public trial, who, being there condemned to die, were executed accordingly. This seems to be the most exceptionable part of Timoleon's conduct: for, if he had interposed, the women would not have suffered. But he appears to have connived at it, and given them up to the resentment of the people, who were willing to make some satisfaction to the *manes* of Dion, who expelled Dionysius. For Icetes was the man who threw Arete the wife of Dion, his sister Aristomache, and his son, who was yet a child, alive into the sea.

Timoleon then marched to Catana against Mamercus, who waited for him in order of battle upon the banks of the Abolus.[1] Mamercus was defeated and put to flight, with the loss of above 2000 men, no small part of which consisted of the Punic succours sent by Gisco. Hereupon the Carthaginians desired him to grant them peace, which he did on the following conditions: "That they should hold only the lands within the Lycus;[2] that they should permit all who desired it to remove out of their province, with their families and goods, and to settle at Syracuse; and that they should renounce all friendship and alliance with the tyrants." Mamercus, reduced by this treaty to despair, set sail for Italy, with an intent to bring the Lucanians against Timoleon and the Syracusans. But, instead of that, the crews, tacking about with the galleys and returning to

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[1] Ptolemy and others call this river *Alabus*, *Alabis*, or *Alabon*. It is near Hybla, between Catana and Syracuse.

[2] Plutarch probably took the name of this river as he found it in Diodorus; but other historians call it the Halycus. Indeed, the Carthaginians might possibly give it the Oriental aspirate *ha*, which signifies no more than the particle *the*.

Sicily, delivered up Catana to Timoleon; which obliged Mamercus to take refuge at Messena, with Hippo, prince of that city. Timoleon coming upon them, and investing the place both by sea and land, Hippo got on board a ship, and attempted to make his escape, but was taken by the Messenians themselves, who exposed him in the theatre, and calling their children out of the schools, as to the finest spectacle in the world, the punishment of a tyrant, they first scourged him, and then put him to death.

Upon this, Mamercus surrendered himself to Timoleon, agreeing to take his trial at Syracuse, on condition that Timoleon himself would not be his accuser. Being conducted to Syracuse, and brought before the people, he attempted to pronounce an oration which he had composed long before for such an occasion; but being received with noise and clamour, he perceived that the assembly were determined to shew him no favour. He therefore threw off his upper garment, ran through the theatre, and dashed his head violently against one of the steps, with a design to kill himself; but did not succeed according to his wish, for he was taken up alive, and suffered the punishment of thieves and robbers.

In this manner did Timoleon extirpate tyranny, and put a period to their wars. He found the whole island turned almost wild and savage with its misfortunes, so that its very inhabitants could hardly endure it, and yet he so civilized it again, and rendered it so desirable, that strangers came to settle in the country, from which its own people had lately fled; the great cities of Agrigentum and Gela, which after the Athenian war had been sacked and left desolate by the Carthaginians, were now peopled again; the former by Megellus and Pheristus from Elea, and the latter by Gorgus from the isle of Ceos, who also collected and brought with him some of the old citizens. Timoleon not only assured them of his protection, and of peaceful days to settle in after the tempests of such a war, but cordially entered into their necessities, and supplied them with everything, so that he was even beloved by them as if he had been their founder. Nay, to that degree did he enjoy the affections of the Sicilians in general, that no war seemed concluded, no laws enacted, no lands divided, no political regulation made, in a proper manner, except it was revised and touched by him: he was the master-builder who put the last hand to the work, and bestowed upon it a happy elegance and perfection. Though at that time Greece boasted a number of great men, whose achievements were highly distinguished, Timotheus (for instance), Agesilaus, Pelopidas, and Epaminondas, the last of whom Timoleon principally vied with in the course of glory, yet we may discern in their actions a certain labour and straining which diminishes their lustre. and some of them have afforded room for censure, and been followed with repentance; whereas there is not one action of Timoleon (if we except the extremities he proceeded to in the case of his brother) to which we may not, with Timæus, apply that passage of Sophocles—

What VENUS, or what LOVE, Placed the fair parts in this harmonious whole.

For, as the poetry of Antimachus[1] and the portraits of Dionysius,[2] both of them Colophonians, with all the nerve and strength one finds in them, *appear to be too much laboured, and smell too much of the lamp;* whereas the paintings of Nicomachus[3] and the verses of Homer, besides their other excellencies and graces, seem to have been struck off with readiness and ease: so if we compare the exploits of Epaminondas and Agesilaus, performed with infinite pains and difficulty, with those of Timoleon, which, glorious as they were, had a great deal of freedom and ease in them—when we consider the case well, we shall conclude the latter not to have been the work of fortune, indeed, but the effects of fortunate virtue.

He himself, it is true, ascribed all his successes to fortune. For when he wrote to his friends at Corinth, or addressed the Syracusans, he often said, he was highly indebted to that goddess, when she was resolved to save Sicily, for doing it under his name. In his house he built a chapel, and offered sacrifices to *Chance*,[4] and dedicated the house itself to *Fortune;* for the Syracusans had given him one of the best houses in the city as a reward for his services, and provided him, besides, a very elegant and agreeable retreat in the country. In the country it was that he spent most of his time, with his wife and children, whom he had sent for from Corinth: for he never returned home; he took no part in the troubles of Greece, nor exposed himself to public envy, the rock which great generals commonly split upon in their insatiable pursuits of honour and power; but he remained in Sicily, enjoying the blessings he had established; and of which the greatest of all was, to see so many cities and so many thousands of people happy through his means.

But since, according to the comparison of Simonides, every republic must have some impudent slanderer, just as every lark must have a crest on its head, so it was at Syracuse; for Timoleon was attacked by two demagogues, Laphystius and Demænetus. The first of these having demanded of him sureties that he would answer to an indictment which was to be brought against him, the people began to rise, declaring they would not suffer him to proceed. But Timoleon stilled the tumult, by representing, "That he had voluntarily undergone so many labours and dangers, on purpose that the meanest Syracusan might have recourse, when he pleased, to the laws. And when Demænetus in full assembly alleged many articles against his behaviour in command, he did not vouchsafe him any answer; he only said, "He could not sufficiently *express his gratitude to the gods for granting his request, in permitting him to see all the Syracusans enjoy the liberty of saying what they thought fit.*"

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[1] Antimachus was an epic poet, who flourished in the days of Socrates and Plato. He wrote a poem called the *Thebaid*. Quintilian (x. 1.) says, he had a force and solidity, together with an elevation of style, and had the second place given him by the grammarians, after Homer; but as he failed in the passions, in the disposition of his fable, and in the ease and elegance of manner, though he was second, he was far from coming near the first.

[2] Dionysius was a portrait painter. PLIN. xxxv. 10.

[3] Pliny tells us, "Nicomachus painted with a swift as well as a masterly hand; and that his pieces sold for as much as a town was worth." Aristratus the tyrant of Sicyon, having agreed with him for a piece of work which seemed to require a considerable time, Nicomachus did not appear till within a few days of that on which he had agreed to finish it. Hereupon the tyrant talked of punishing him: but in those few days he completed the thing in an admirable manner, and entirely to his satisfaction.

[4] When the antients ascribed any event to *fortune*, they did not mean to deny the operations of the Deity in it, but only to exclude all human contrivance and power. And in events ascribed to *chance*, they might possibly mean to exclude the agency of all rational beings, whether human or divine.

Having then confessedly performed greater things than any Grecian of his time, and been the only man that realized those glorious achievements, to which the orators of Greece were constantly exhorting their countrymen in the general assemblies of the states, fortune happily placed him at a distance from the calamities in which the mother-country was involved, and kept his hands unstained with its blood. He made his courage and conduct appear in his dealings with the barbarians and with tyrants, as well as his justice and moderation wherever the Greeks or their friends were concerned. Very few of his trophies cost his fellow-citizens a tear, or put any of them in mourning; and yet, in less than eight years, he delivered Sicily from its intestine miseries and distempers, and restored it to the native inhabitants.

After so much prosperity, when he was well advanced in years his eyes began to fail him, and the defect increased so fast that he entirely lost his sight. Not that he had done anything to occasion it, nor was it to be imputed to the caprice of fortune,[1] but it seems to have been owing to a family weakness and disorder, which operated together with the course of time. For several of his relations are said to have lost their sight in the same manner, having it gradually impaired by years. But Athanis tells us, notwithstanding, that during the war with Hippo and Mamercus, and while he lay before Milæ, a white speck appeared on his eye, which was a plain indication that blindness was coming on. However, this did not hinder him from continuing the siege, and prosecuting the war until he got the tyrants in his power. But, when he was returned to Syracuse, he laid down the command immediately, and excused himself to the people from any farther service, as he had brought their affairs to a happy conclusion.

It is not to be wondered at that he bore his misfortune without repining; but it was really admirable to observe the honour and respect which the Syracusans paid him when blind. They not only visited him constantly themselves, but brought all strangers who spent some time amongst them to his house in the town, or to that in the country, that they too might have the pleasure of seeing the deliverer of Syracuse. And it was their joy and their pride that he chose to spend his days with them, and despised the splendid reception which Greece was prepared to give him on account of his great success. Among the many votes that were passed and things that were done in honour of him, one of the most striking was that decree of the people of Syracuse, "That whenever they should be at war with a foreign nation, they would employ a Corinthian general." Their method of proceeding, too, in their assemblies, did honour to Timoleon. For they decided smaller matters by themselves, but consulted him in the more difficult and important cases. On these occasions he was conveyed in a litter through the market-place to the theatre; and when he was carried in, the people saluted him with one voice as he sat. He returned the civility; and having paused awhile to give time for their acclamations, took cognizance of the affair, and delivered his opinion. The assembly gave their sanction to it, and then his servants carried the litter back through the theatre; and the people, having waited on him out, with loud applauses, despatched the rest of the public business without him.

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[1] Plutarch here hints at an opinion which was very prevalent among the Pagans, that if any person was signally favoured with success, there would some misfortune happen to counterbalance it. This they imputed to the envy of some malignant demon.

With so much respect and kindness was the old age of Timoleon cherished, as that of a common father! and at last he died of a slight illness co-operating with length of years.[1] Some time being given the Syracusans to prepare for his funeral, and for the neighbouring inhabitants and strangers to assemble, the whole was conducted with great magnificence. The bier, sumptuously adorned, was carried by young men, selected by the people, over the ground where the palace and castle of the tyrants stood before they were demolished. It was followed by many thousands of men and women, in the most pompous solemnity, crowned with garlands and clothed in white. The lamentations and tears, mingled with the praises of the deceased, shewed that the honour now paid him was not a matter of course, or compliance with a duty enjoined, but the testimony of real sorrow and sincere affection. At last the bier being placed upon the funeral pile, Demetrius, who had the loudest voice of all their heralds, was directed to make proclamation as follows: "The people of Syracuse inter Timoleon the Corinthian, the son of Timodemus, at the expense of 200 *minæ:* they honour him, moreover, through all time with annual games, to be celebrated with performances in music, horse-racing, and wrestling; as the man who destroyed tyrants, subdued barbarians, re-peopled great cities which lay desolate, and restored the Sicilians their laws and privileges."

The body was interred, and a monument erected for him in the market-place, which they afterwards surrounded with porticos and other buildings suitable to the purpose, and then made it a place of exercise for their youth, under the name of *Timoleonteum.* They continued to make use of the form of government and the laws that he established, and this insured their happiness for a long course of years.[2]

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[1] He died the last year of Olympiad 110, B.C. 338.

[2] This prosperity was interrupted about thirty years after by the cruelties of Agathocles.

DEMOSTHENES.

Whoever it was, my Sossius, that wrote the encomium upon Alcibiades for his victory in the chariot-race at the Olympic games,—whether Euripides (which is the common opinion), or some other,—he asserts, that "The first requisite to happiness is, that a man be born in a famous city." But as to real happiness, which consists principally in the disposition and habit of the mind, for my part I think it would make no difference though a man should be born in an inconsiderable town, or of a mother who had no advantages either of size or beauty; for it is ridiculous to suppose that Julis, a small town in the isle of Ceos, which is itself not great, and Ægina, which an Athenian "wanted to have taken away, as an eyesore to the Piræus," should give birth to good poets and players,[1] and not be able to produce a man who might attain the virtues of justice, of contentment, and of magnanimity. Indeed, those arts which are to gain the master of them considerable profit or honour may probably not flourish in mean and insignificant towns. But virtue, like a strong and hardy plant, will take root in any place where it can find an ingenuous nature, and a mind that has no aversion to labour and discipline. Therefore, if our sentiments or conduct fall short of the point they ought to reach, we must not impute it to the obscurity of the place where we were born, but to our little selves.

These reflections, however, extend not to an author who would write a history of events which happened in a foreign country, and cannot be come at in his own. As he has materials to collect from a variety of books dispersed in different libraries, his first care should be to take up his residence in some populous town which has an ambition for literature. There he will meet with many curious and valuable books; and the particulars that are wanting in writers, he may, upon inquiry, be supplied with by those who have laid them up in the faithful repository of memory. This will prevent his work from being defective in any material point. As to myself, I live in a little town, and I choose to live there lest it should become still less. When I was in Rome and other parts of Italy, I had not leisure to study the Latin tongue, on account of *the public commissions with which I was charged, and the number of people that came to be instructed by me in philosophy. It was not, therefore, till a late period in life that I began to read the Roman authors.* The process may seem strange, and yet it is very true. I did not so much gain the knowledge of things by the words, as words by the knowledge I had of things. I shall only add, that to attain such a skill in the language as to be master of the beauty and fluency of its expressions, with its figures, its harmony, and all the other graces of its structure, would indeed be an elegant and agreeable accomplishment. But the practice and pains it requires are more than I have time for, and I must leave the ambition to excel in that walk to younger men.

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[1] The poet Simonides was of Ceos, and Polus the actor was of Ægina.

In this book, which is the fifth of our parallels, we intend to give the lives of Demosthenes and Cicero, and from their actions and political conduct, we shall collect and compare their manners and dispositions; but for the reason already assigned, we shall not pretend to examine their orations, or to determine which of them was the more agreeable speaker, for as Ion says—

What's the gay dolphin when he quits the waves, And bounds upon the shore?

Cæcilieus,[1] a writer at all times much too presumptuous, paid little regard to that maxim of the poet's, when he so boldly attempted a comparison between Demosthenes and Cicero. But *perhaps the precept, Know thyself, would not be considered as divine, if every man could easily reduce it to practice.*

It seems to me that Demosthenes and Cicero were originally formed by nature in the same mould, so great is the resemblance in their dispositions. The same ambition, the same love of liberty, appears in their whole administration, and the same timidity amidst wars and dangers. Nor did they less resemble each other in their fortunes. For I think it is impossible to find two other orators who raised themselves from obscure beginnings to such authority and power; who both opposed kings and tyrants; who both lost their daughters; were banished their country, and returned with honour; were forced to fly again; were *taken by their enemies, and at last expired the same hour with the liberties of their country.* So that, if nature and fortune, like two artificers, were to descend upon the scene and dispute about their work, it would be difficult to decide whether the former had produced a greater resemblance in their dispositions, or the latter in the circumstances of their lives. We shall begin with the more ancient.

Demosthenes, the father of Demosthenes, was one of the principal citizens of Athens. Theopompus tells us, he was called the *sword-cutler*, because he employed a great number of slaves in that business. As to what Æschines the orator relates concerning his mother,[2] that she was the daughter of one Gylon,[3] who was forced to fly for treason against the commonwealth, and of a barbarian woman, we cannot take upon us to say whether it was dictated by truth, or by falsehood and malignity. He had a large fortune left him by his father—who died when he was only seven years of age—the whole being estimated at little less than 15 talents. But he was greatly wronged by his guardians, who converted part to their own use, and suffered part to lie neglected. Nay, they were vile enough to defraud his tutors of their salaries. This was the chief reason that he had not those advantages of education to which his quality entitled him. His mother did not choose that he should be put to hard and laborious exercises, *on account of the weakness and delicacy of his frame;* and his preceptors being ill paid, did not press him to attend them. Indeed, from the first, he was of a slender and sickly habit, insomuch that the boys are said to have given him the contemptuous name of *Batalus*,[1] for his natural defects. Some say Batalus was an effeminate musician, whom Antiphanes ridiculed in one of his farces; others, that he was a poet whose verses were of the most wanton and licentious kind. The Athenians, too, at that time, seemed to have called a part of the body *Batalus* which decency forbids us to name. We are told that Demosthenes had likewise the name of *Argas*, either on account of the savage and morose turn of his behaviour; for there is a sort of a serpent which some of the poets call *Argas*[2]—or else for the severity of his expressions, which often gave his hearers pain; for there was a poet named *Argas*, whose verses were very keen and satirical.

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[1] Cæcilieus was a celebrated rhetorician, who lived in the time of Augustus. He wrote a treatise on the sublime, which is mentioned by Longinus.

[2] In his oration against Ctesiphon.

[3] Gylon was accused of betraying to the enemy a town in Pontus called Nymphæum, upon which he fled into Scythia, where he married a native of the country and had two daughters by her, one of whom was married to Philocares, and the other, named Cleobule, to Demosthenes Her fortune was 50 *minæ*; and of this marriage came Demosthenes the orator.

His ambition to speak in public is said to have taken its rise on this occasion. The orator Callistratus was to plead in the cause which the city of Oropus[3] had depending; and the expectation of the public was greatly raised, both by the powers of the orator, which were then in the highest repute, and by the importance of the trial. Demosthenes hearing the governors and tutors agree among themselves to attend the trial, with much importunity prevailed on his master to take him to hear the pleadings. The master having some acquaintance with the officers who opened the court, got his young pupil a seat where he could hear the orators without being seen. Callistratus had great success, and his abilities were extremely admired. Demosthenes was fired with a spirit of emulation. When he saw with what distinction the orator was conducted home, and complimented by the people, he was struck still more with *the power of that commanding eloquence which could carry all before it.* From this time, therefore, he bade adieu to the other studies and exercises in which boys are engaged, and applied himself with great assiduity to declaiming, in hopes of being one day numbered among the orators. Isæus was the man he made use of as his preceptor in eloquence, though Isocrates then taught it; whether it was that the loss of his father incapacitated him to pay the sum of ten *minæ*,[4] which was that rhetorician's usual price, or whether he preferred the keen and subtle manner of Isæus as more fit for public use.

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[4] This could not be the reason, if what is recorded in the life of Isæus be true, that he was retained as tutor to Demosthenes at the price of 100 minæ.

Hermippus says he met with an account in certain anonymous memoirs that Demosthenes likewise studied under Plato,[1] and received great assistance from him in preparing to speak in public. He adds, that Ctesibius used to say, that Demosthenes was privately supplied by Callias the Syracusan and some others, with the systems of rhetoric taught by Isocrates and Alcidamus, and made his advantage of them.

When his minority was expired, he called his guardians to account at law, and wrote orations against them. As they found many methods of chicane and delay, he had great opportunity, as Thucydides says, to exercise his talent for the bar.[2] It was not without much pain and some risk that he gained his cause; and, at last, it was but a very small part of his patrimony that he could recover. By this means, however, he acquired a proper assurance and some experience; and having tasted the honour and power that go in the train of eloquence, he attempted to speak in the public debates, and take a share in the administration. As it is said of Laomedon the Orchomenian, that, by the advice of his physicians, in some disorder of the spleen, he applied himself to running, and continued it constantly a great length of way, till he had gained such excellent health and breath that he tried for the crown at the public games, and distinguished himself in the long course; so it happened to Demosthenes, that he first appeared at the bar for the recovery of his own fortune, which had been so much embezzled; and having acquired in that cause a persuasive and powerful manner of speaking, he contested the crown, as I may call it, with the other orators before the general assembly.

In his first address to the people he was laughed at and interrupted by their clamours, for the violence of his manner threw him into a confusion of periods and a distortion of his argument; besides *he had a weakness and a stammering in his voice, and a want of breath*, which caused such a distraction in his discourse, that it was difficult for the audience to understand him. At last, upon his quitting the assembly, Eunomus the Thriasian, a man now extremely old, found him wandering in a dejected condition in the Piræus, and took upon him to set him right. "You," said he, "have a manner of speaking very like that of Pericles, and yet you lose yourself out of mere timidity and cowardice. You neither bear up against the tumults of a popular assembly, nor prepare your body by exercise for the chief reason that he had not those advantages of education to which his quality entitled him. His mother did not choose that he should be put to hard and laborious exercises, *on account of the weakness and delicacy of his frame;* and his preceptors being ill paid, did not press him to attend them. Indeed, from the first, he was of a slender and sickly habit, insomuch that the boys are said to have given him the contemptuous name of *Batalus*,[1] for his natural defects. Some say Batalus was an effeminate musician, whom Antiphanes ridiculed in one of his farces; others, that he was a poet whose verses were of the most wanton and licentious kind. The Athenians, too, at that time, seemed to have called a part of the body *Batalus* which decency forbids us to name. We are told that Demosthenes had likewise the name of *Argas*, either on account of the savage and morose turn of his behaviour; for there is a sort of a serpent which some of the poets call *Argas*[2]—or else for the severity of his expressions, which often gave his hearers pain; for there was a poet named *Argas*, whose verses were very keen and satirical.

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[2] He lost his father at the age of seven, and he was ten years in the hands of guardians. He therefore began to plead in his eighteenth year, which, as it was only in his own private affairs, was not forbidden by the laws.

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Another time, we are told, when his speeches had been ill-received, and he was going home with his head covered, and in the greatest distress, Satyrus the player, who was an acquaintance of his, followed, and went in with him. Demosthenes lamented to him, "That though he was the most laborious of all the orators, and had almost sacrificed his health to that application, yet he could gain no favour with the people; but drunken seamen and other unlettered persons were heard, and kept the rostrum, while he was entirely disregarded.[1] "You say true," answered Satyrus, "but I will soon provide a remedy, if you will repeat to me some speech in Euripides or Sophocles." When Demosthenes had done, Satyrus pronounced the same speech; and he did it with such propriety of action, and so much in character, that it appeared to the orator quite a different passage. *He now understood so well how much grace and dignity action adds to the best oration, that he thought it a small matter to premeditate and compose, though with the utmost care, if the pronunciation and propriety of gesture were not attended to.* Upon this he built himself a subterraneous study, which remained to our times. Thither he repaired every day to form his action and exercise his voice; and he would often stay there for two or three months together, shaving one side of his head, that, if he should happen to be ever so desirous of going abroad, the shame of appearing in that condition might keep him in.

When he did go out on a visit, or received one, he would take something that passed in conversation, some business or fact that was reported to him, for a subject to exercise himself upon. As soon as he had parted from his friends, he went to his study, where he repeated the matter in order as it passed, together with the arguments for and against it. The substance of the speeches which he heard he committed to memory, and afterwards reduced them to regular sentences and periods,[2] meditating a variety of corrections and new forms of expression, both of what others had said to him, and he had addressed to them. Hence, *it was concluded that he was not a man of much genius: and that all his eloquence was the effect of labour.* A strong proof of this seemed to be, that *he was seldom heard to speak anything extempore,* and though the people often called upon him by name, as he sat in the assembly, to speak to the point debated, *he would not do it unless he came prepared.* For this many of the orators ridiculed him; and Pytheas, in particular, told him, "That all his arguments smelled of the lamp." Demosthenes retorted sharply upon him, "Yes, indeed, but your lamp and mine, my friend, are not conscious to the same labours." To others he did not pretend to deny his previous application, but told them, "*He either wrote the whole of his*

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[1] This was the privilege of all democratic states. Some think, that by seamen he means Demades, whose profession was that of a mariner.

Cicero did the same, as we find in his epistles to Atticus. These arguments he calls Θέσεις πολιτικαί.

orations, or spoke without first committing part to writing." He farther affirmed, "That this shewed him a good member of a democratic state; for *the coming prepared to the rostrum was a mark of respect for the people.* Whereas, to be regardless of what the people might think of a man's address, shewed his inclination for oligarchy, and that he had rather gain his point by force than by persuasion." Another proof they gave us of his want of confidence on any sudden occasion is, that when he happened to be put into disorder by the tumultuary behaviour of the people, Demades often rose up to support him in an extempore address, but he never did the same for Demades.

Wherefore, then, it may be said, did Æschines call him an orator of the most admirable assurance? How could he stand up alone and refute Python the Byzantian,[1] whose eloquence poured against the Athenians like a torrent? And when Lamachus the Myrrhenian[2] pronounced at the Olympic games an encomium which he had written upon Philip and Alexander, and in which he had asserted many severe and reproachful things against the Thebans and Olynthians, how could Demosthenes rise up and prove, by a ready deduction of facts, the many benefits for which Greece was indebted to the Thebans and Chalsidians, and the many evils that the flatterers of the Macedonians had brought upon their country? This, too, wrought such a change in the minds of the great audience, that the sophist, his antagonist, apprehending a tumult, stole out of the assembly.

Upon the whole, it appears that Demosthenes did not take Pericles entirely for his model. He only adopted his action and delivery, and his prudent resolution not to make a practice of speaking from a sudden impulse, or on any occasion that might present itself; being persuaded that it was to that conduct he owed his greatness. Yet, while he chose not often to trust the success of his powers to fortune, he did not absolutely neglect the reputation which may be acquired by speaking on a sudden occasion; and if we believe Eratosthenes, Demetrius the Phalerean, and the comic poets, there was a greater spirit and boldness in his unpremeditated orations than in those he had committed to writing. Eratosthenes says that *in his extemporaneous harangues he often spoke as from a supernatural impulse;* and Demetrius tells us that in an address to the people, like a man inspired, he once uttered this oath in verse—

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[1] This was one of the most glorious circumstances in the life of Demosthenes. The fate of his country, in a great measure, depended on his eloquence. After Platæa was lost, and Philip threatened to march against Athens, the Athenians applied for succours to the Bœotians When the league was established, and the troops assembled at Chæronea, Philip sent ambassadors to the council of Bœotia, the chief of whom was Python, one of the ablest orators of his time. When he had inveighed with all the powers of eloquence against the Athenians and their cause, Demosthenes answered him, and carried the point in their favour. He was so elevated with this victory, that he mentions it in one of his orations in almost the same terms that Plutarch has used here.

[2] If we suppose that Lamachus to have been of Attica, the text should be altered from *Myrrhenion* to *Myrrhinusian*; for *Myrrhinus* was a borough of Attica. But there was a town called Myrrhine in Æolia, and another in Lemnos, and probably Lamachus was one of these.

By earth, by all her fountains, streams and floods!

One of the comic writers calls him *Rhopoperperethras*,[1] and another, ridiculing his frequent use of the antithesis, says, "As he took, so he retook;" for Demosthenes affected to use that expression. Possibly Antiphanes played upon that passage in the oration concerning the isle of Halonesus, in which Demosthenes advised the Athenians "not to take but to retake it from Philip."[2]

It was agreed, however, on all hands, that Demades excelled all the orators when he trusted to nature only; and that his sudden effusions were superior to the laboured speeches of Demosthenes. Aristo of Chios gives us the following account of the opinion of Theoprastus concerning these orators. Being asked in what light he looked upon Demosthenes as an orator, he said, "I think him worthy of Athens;" what of Demades, "I think him above it." The same philosopher relates of Polyeuctus the Sphettian, who was one of the principal persons in the Athenian administration at that time, that he called "Demosthenes the greatest orator, and Phocion *the most powerful speaker;" because the latter comprised a great deal of sense in a few words.* To the same purpose, we are told, that Demosthenes himself, whenever Phocion got up to oppose him, used to say to his friends, "Here comes the pruning-hook of my periods." It is uncertain, indeed, whether Demosthenes referred to Phocion's manner of speaking, or to his life and character. The latter might be the case, because he knew that a word or a nod from a man of superior character is more regarded than the long discourses of another.

As for his personal defects, Demetrius the Phalerean, gives us an account of the remedies he applied to them; and he says he had it from Demosthenes in his old age. *The hesitation and stammering of his tongue he corrected by practising to speak with pebbles in his mouth; and he strengthened his voice by running or walking up hill, and pronouncing some passage in an oration or a poem, during the difficulty of breath which that caused. He had, moreover, a looking-glass in his house, before which he used to declaim and adjust all his motions.*

It is said that a man came to him one day, and desired him to be his advocate against a person from whom he had suffered by assault. "Not you, indeed," said Demosthenes, "you have suffered no such thing." "What!" said the man, raising his voice, "have I not received those blows?" "Ay, now," replied Demosthenes, "you do speak like a person that has been injured." So much in his opinion do the tone of voice and the action contribute to gain the speaker credit in what he affirms.

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[1] *A haberdasher of small wares*, or something like it.

[2] There is an expression something like what Plutarch has quoted, about the beginning of that oration. Libanius suspects the whole of that oration to be spurious; but this raillery of the poet on Demosthenes seems to prove that it was of his hand.

His action pleased the commonalty much; but people of taste (among whom was Demetrius the Phalerean), thought there was something in it low, inelegant, and unmanly. Hermippus acquaints us, that Æsion being asked his opinion of the ancient orators and those of that time, said, "Whoever has heard the orators of former times, must admire the decorum and dignity with which they spoke. Yet when we read the orations of Demosthenes, we must allow they have more art in the composition and greater force." It is needless to mention, that in his written orations, there was something extremely cutting and severe; but in his sudden repartees, there was also something of humour.[1] When Demades said, "Demosthenes to me! a sow to Minerva!" our orator made answer, "This Minerva was found the other day playing the whore in Colyttus." When a rascal surnamed *Chalcus*,[2] attempted to jest upon his late studies and long watchings, he said, "I know my lamp offends thee. But you need not wonder, my countryman, that we have so many robberies, when we have thieves of brass and walls only of clay." Though more of his sayings might be produced, we shall pass them over, and go on to seek the rest of his manners and character in his actions and political conduct.

He tells us himself, that he entered upon public business in the time of the Phocian war,[3] and the same may be collected from his Philippics. For some of the last of them were delivered after that war was finished; and the former relate to the immediate transactions of it. It appears also, that he was 32 years old when he was preparing his oration against Midias; and yet at that time he had attained no name or power in the administration. This, indeed, seems to be the reason of his dropping the prosecution for a sum of money. For,

——No prayer, no moving art E'er bent that fierce, inexorable heart.—POPE.

He was vindictive in his nature, and implacable in his resentments. He saw it was a difficult thing, and out of the reach of his interest, to pull down a man so well supported on all sides as Midias, by wealth and friends; and therefore he listened to the application in his behalf. Had he seen any hopes or possibility of crushing his enemy, I cannot think that 3000 *drachmas* could have disarmed his anger.

He had a glorious subject for his political ambition to defend the cause of Greece against Philip. He defended it like a champion worthy of such a charge, and soon gained great reputation both for eloquence and for the bold truths which he spoke. He was admired in Greece, and courted by the king of Persia. Nay, Philip himself had a much higher opinion of him than the other orators; and his enemies acknowledged that they had to contend with a great man. For Æschines and Hyperides, in their very accusations, give him such a character.

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[1] Longinus will not allow him the least excellence in matters of humour or pleasantry. Cap. xxviii.

[2] That is *Brass*

[3] In Olympiad 106, B.C. 353 Demosthenes was then aged 27.

I wonder, therefore, how Theopompus could say that he was a man of no steadiness, who was never long pleased either with the same persons or things. For, on the contrary, it appears that he abode by the party and the measures which he first adopted; and was so far from quitting them during his life, that he forfeited his life rather than he would forsake them. Demades, to excuse the inconsistency of his public character, used to say, "I may have asserted things contrary to my former sentiments, but not anything contrary to the true interest of the commonwealth." Melanopus, who was of the opposite party to Callistratus, often suffered himself to be bought off, and then said by way of apology to the people, "It is true the man is my enemy, but the public good is an overruling consideration." And Nicodemus the Messenian, who first appeared strong in the interest of Cassander, and afterwards in that of Demetrius, said, "He did not contradict himself, for it was always the best way to listen to the strongest." But we have nothing of that kind to allege against Demosthenes. *He was never a time-server, either in his word or actions. The key of politics which he first touched, he kept to without variation.*

Panætius, the philosopher, asserts that most of his orations are written upon this principle, that virtue is to be chosen for her own sake only; that, for instance, *of the crown*, that *against* Aristocrates, that *for the immunities* and the *Philippics*. In all these orations, he does not exhort his countrymen to that which is most agreeable, or easy, or advantageous; but points out honour or propriety as the first objects, and leaves the safety of the state as a matter of inferior consideration. So that, if besides that noble ambition which animated his measures, and the generous turn of his addresses to the people, he had been blessed with the courage that war demands, and had kept his hands clean of bribes, he could not have been numbered with such orators as Mirocles, Polyeuctus, and Hyperides, but have deserved to be placed in a higher sphere with Cimon, Thucydides, and Pericles.

Among those who took the reins of government after him, Phocion, though not of the party in most esteem (I mean that which seemed to favour the Macedonians), yet on account of his probity and valour, did not appear at all inferior to Ephialtes, Aristides, and Cimon. But Demosthenes had neither the courage that could be trusted in the field, nor was he (as Demetrius expresses it) sufficiently fortified against the impressions of money. Though he bore up against the assaults of corruption from Philip and the Macedonians, yet he was taken by the gold of Susa and Ecbatana. So that he was much better qualified to recommend than to imitate the virtues of our ancestors. It must be acknowledged, however, that *he excelled all the orators of his time, except Phocion, in his life and conversation.* And we find in his orations, that he told the people the boldest truths, that he opposed their inclinations and corrected their errors with the greatest spirit and freedom. Theopompus also acquaints us, that when the Athenians were for having him manager of a certain impeachment, and insisted upon it in a tumultuary manner, he would not comply, but rose up and said, "*My friends, I will be your counsellor whether you will or no; but a false accuser I will not be how much soever you may wish it.*" His behaviour in the case of Antipho was of the aristocratic cast.[1] The people had acquitted him in the general assembly, and yet he carried him before the *Areopagus*, where, without regarding the offence it might give the people, he proved that he had promised Philip to burn the arsenal, upon which he was condemned by the council, and put to death. He likewise accused the priestess Theoris of several misdemeanours, and among the rest, of her teaching the slaves many arts of imposition. Such crimes, he insisted, were capital: and she was delivered over to the executioner.

Demosthenes is said to have written the oration of Apollodorus, by which he carried his cause against the general Timotheus, in an action of debt to the public treasury; as also those others against Phormio and Stephanus; which was a just exception against his character. For he composed the oration which Phormio had pronounced against Apollodorus. This, therefore, was like furnishing two enemies with weapons out of the same shop to fight one another. He wrote some public orations for others before he had any concern in the administration himself, namely, those against Androtion, Timocrates, and Aristocrates. For it appears that he was only twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age when he published those orations. That against Aristogiton, and that for the *immunities*, he delivered himself at the request, as he says, of Ctesippus the son of Chabrias; though others tell us, it was because he paid his addresses to the young man's mother. He did not, however, marry her, for his wife was a woman of Samos, as Demetrius the Magnesian informs us, in his account of persons of the same name. It is uncertain whether that against Æschines, *for betraying his trust as ambassador*,[2] was ever spoken, though Idomeneus affirms that Æschines was acquitted only by thirty votes. This seems not to be true, at least so far as may be conjectured from both their orations *concerning the crown*. For neither of them expressly mentions it as a cause that ever came to trial.

Demosthenes, through the whole course of his political conduct, left none of the actions of the king of Macedon undisparaged. Even in time of peace he laid hold on every opportunity to raise suspicions against him among the Athenians, and to excite their resentment. Hence Philip looked upon him as a person of the greatest importance in Athens; and when he went with nine other deputies to the court of that prince, after having given them all audience, he answered the speech of Demosthenes with greater care than the rest. As to other marks of honour and respect, Demosthenes had not an equal share in them; they were bestowed principally upon Æschines and Philocrates. They, therefore, were large in the praise of Philip on all occasions, and they insisted, in particular, *on his eloquence, his beauty, and even his being able to drink a great quantity of liquor.* Demosthenes, who could not bear to hear him praised, turned these things off as trifles. "*The first,*" *he said,* "*was the property of a sophist, the second of a woman, and the third of a sponge; and not one of them could do any credit to a king.*

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[1] See his oration *de Corona*.

[2] In this oration Demosthenes accused Æschines of many capital crimes committed in the embassy on which he was sent to oblige Philip to swear to the articles of peace. Both that oration, and the answer of Æschines, are still extant.

Afterwards, it appeared that nothing was to be expected but war; for, on the one hand, Philip knew not how to sit down in tranquillity; and, on the other, Demosthenes inflamed the Athenians. In this case, the first step the orator took was to put the people upon sending an armament to Eubœa, which was brought under the yoke of Philip by its petty tyrants. Accordingly he drew up an edict, in pursuance of which they passed over to that peninsula, and drove out the Macedonians. His second operation was the sending succours to the Byzantians and Perinthians, with whom Philip was at war. He persuaded the people to drop their resentment, to forget the faults which both those nations had committed in the confederate war, and to send a body of troops to their assistance. They did so, and it saved them from ruin. After this, he went ambassador to the states of Greece; and, by his animating address, brought them almost all to join in the league against Philip. Besides the troops of the several cities, they took an army of mercenaries, to the number of 15,000 foot and 2000 horse, into pay, and readily contributed to the charge. Theophrastus tells us that, when the allies desired their contributions might be settled, Crobylus the orator answered, "That war could not be brought to any set diet."

The eyes of all Greece were now upon these movements; and all were solicitous for the event. The cities of Eubœa, the Achæans, the Corinthians, the Megarensians, the Leucadians, the Corcyræans, had each severally engaged for themselves against the Macedonians. Yet the greatest work remained for Demosthenes to do; which was to bring the Thebans over to the league. Their country bordered upon Attica; they had a great army on foot, and were then reckoned the best soldiers in Greece. But they had recent obligations to Philip in the Phocian war, and therefore it was not easy to draw them from him; especially when they considered the frequent quarrels and acts of hostility in which their vicinity to Athens engaged them.

Meantime Philip, elated with his success at Amphissa, surprised Elatea, and possessed himself of Phocis. The Athenians were struck with astonishment, and not one of them durst mount the *rostrum:* no one knew what advice to give; but a melancholy silence reigned in the city. In this distress Demosthenes alone stood forth, and proposed that application should be made to the Thebans. He likewise animated the people in his usual manner, and inspired them with fresh hopes; in consequence of which he was sent ambassador to Thebes, some others being joined in commisssion with him. Philip, too, on his part, as Maryas informs us, sent Amyntus and Clearchus, two Macedonians, Doachus the Thessalian, and Thrasidæus the Elean, to answer the Athenian deputies. The Thebans were not ignorant what way their true interest pointed, but each of them had the evils of war before his eyes; for their Phocian wounds were still fresh upon them. However, the powers of the orator, as Theopompus tells us, rekindled their courage and ambition so effectually that all other objects were disregarded. They lost sight of fear, of caution, of every prior attachment, and, through the force of his eloquence, fell with enthusiastic transports into the path of honour.

So powerful, indeed, were the efforts of the orator, that Philip immediately sent ambassadors to Athens to apply for peace. Greece recovered her spirits, whilst she stood waiting for the event; and not only the Athenian generals, but the governors of Bœotia, were ready to execute the commands of Demosthenes. All the assemblies, as well those of Thebes as those of Athens, were under his direction: he was equally beloved, equally powerful, in both places; and, as Theopompus shows, it was no more than his merit claimed. But the superior power of fortune, which seems to have been working a revolution, and drawing the liberties of Greece to a period at that time, opposed and baffled all the measures that could be taken. The deity discovered many tokens of the approaching event. Among the rest, the priestess of Apollo delivered dreadful oracles; and an old prophecy from the Sybiline books was then much repeated:—

Far from Thermodon's banks, when, stain'd with blood,
Bœotia trembles o'er the crimson flood,
On eagle pinions let me pierce the sky,
And see the vanquish'd weep, the victor die.

This Thermodon, they say, is a small river in our country near Chæronea, which falls into the Cephisus. At present we know no river of that name; but we conjecture that the Hæmon, which runs by the temple of Hercules, where the Greeks encamped, might then be called Thermodon; and the battle having filled it with blood and the bodies of the slain, it might, on that account, change its appellation. Durius, indeed, says, that Thermodon was not a river, but that some of the soldiers, as they were pitching their tents and opening the trenches, found a small statue, with an inscription which signified that the person represented was Thermodon, holding a wounded Amazon in her arms. He adds, that there was another oracle on the subject, much taken notice of at that time—

Fell bird of prey,
Wait thou the plenteous harvest which the sword
Will give thee on Thermodon.

But it is hard to say what truth there is in these accounts.

As to Demosthenes, he is said to have had such confidence in the Grecian arms, and to have been so much elated with the courage and spirit of so many great men calling for the enemy, that he would not suffer them to regard any oracles or prophecies. He told them that he suspected the prophetess herself of *Philippising*. He put the Thebans in mind of Epaminondas, and the Athenians of Pericles, how they reckoned such things as mere pretexts of cowardice, and pursued the plan which their reason had dictated. Thus far Demosthenes acquitted himself like a man of spirit and honour. *But in the battle, he performed nothing worthy of the glorious things he had spoken. He quitted his post; he threw away his arms; he fled in the most infamous manner;* and was not ashamed, as Pytheas says, to bely the inscription which he had put upon his shield in golden characters—TO GOOD FORTUNE.

Immediately after the victory, Philip, in the elation of his heart, committed a thousand excesses. He drank to intoxication, and danced over the dead, making a kind of song of the first part of the decree which Demosthenes had procured, and beating time to it—*Demosthenes the Pæanean, son of Demosthenes, has decreed.* But when he came to be sober again, and considered the dangers with which he had lately been surrounded, he trembled to think of the prodigious force and power of that orator, who had obliged him to put both empire and life on the cast of a day, on a few hours of that day.[1]

The fame of Demosthenes reached the Persian court; and the king wrote letters to his lieutenants, commanding them to supply him with money, and to attend to him more than to any other man in Greece; because he best knew how to make a diversion in his favour, by raising fresh troubles, and finding employment for the Macedonian arms nearer home. This Alexander afterwards discovered by the letters of Demosthenes which he found at Sardis; and the papers of the Persian governors expressing the sums which had been given him.

When the Greeks had lost this great battle, those of the contrary faction attacked Demosthenes, and brought a variety of public accusations against him. The people, however, not only acquitted him, but treated him with the same respect as before, and called him to the helm again, as a person whom they knew to be a well-wisher to his country. So that, when the bones of those who fell at Chæronea were brought home to be interred, they pitched upon Demosthenes to make the funeral oration. They were, therefore, so far from bearing their misfortune in a mean and ungenerous manner, as Theopompus in a tragical strain represents it, that by the great honour they did the counsellor, they shewed they did not repent of having followed his advice.

Demosthenes accordingly made the oration. But, after this, he did not prefix his own name to his edicts, because he considered fortune as inauspicious to him; but sometimes that of one friend, sometimes that of another, till he recovered his spirits upon the death of Philip: for that Prince did not long survive his victory at Chæronea, and his fate seemed to be presignified in the last of the verses above quoted—

> And see the vanquish'd weep, the victor die!

Demosthenes had secret intelligence of the death of Philip; and in order to prepossess the people with hopes of some good success to come, he entered the assembly with a gay countenance, pretending he had seen a vision which announced something great for Athens. Soon after, messengers came with an account of Philip's death. The Athenians immediately offered sacrifices of acknowledgment to the gods for so happy an event, and voted a crown for Pausanias, who killed him. Demosthenes on this occasion made his appearance in magnificent attire, and with a garland on his head, though it was only the seventh day after his daughter's death, as Æschines tells us, who, on that account, reproaches him as an unnatural father. But he must himself have been of an ungenerous and effeminate disposition, if he considered tears and lamentations as marks of a kind and affectionate parent, and condemned the man who bore such a loss with moderation.

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[1] Demades the orator contributed to bring him to the right use of his reason when he told him, with such distinguished magnanimity, "That fortune had placed him in the character of Agamemnon, but that he chose to play the part of Thersites."

At the same time, I do not pretend to say the Athenians were right in crowning themselves with flowers, or in sacrificing, upon the death of a prince who had behaved to them with so much gentleness and humanity in their misfortunes; for it was a meanness below contempt to honour him in his life, and admit him a citizen, and yet, after he was fallen by the hands of another, not to keep their joy within any bounds, but to insult the dead, and sing triumphal songs, as if they had performed some extraordinary act of valour.

I commend Demosthenes, indeed, for leaving the tears and other instances of mourning, which his domestic misfortunes might claim, to the women, and going about such actions as he thought conducive to the welfare of his country; for I think a man of such firmness and other abilities as a statesman ought to have—should always have—the common concern in view, and look upon his private accidents or business as considerations much inferior to the public. In consequence of which, he will be much more careful to maintain his dignity than actors who personate kings and tyrants; and yet these, we see, neither laugh nor weep according to the dictates of their own passions, but as they are directed by the subject of the drama. It is universally acknowledged that we are not to abandon the unhappy to their sorrows, but to endeavour to console them by rational discourse, or by turning their attention to more agreeable objects, in the same manner as we desire those who have weak eyes to turn them from bright and dazzling colours, to green, or others of a softer kind. And what better consolation can there be under domestic afflictions, than to attemper and alleviate them with the public success; so that, by such a mixture, the bad may be corrected by the good. These reflections we thought proper to make, because we have observed that this discourse of Æschines has weakened the minds of many persons, and put them upon indulging all the effeminacy of sorrow.

Demosthenes now solicited the states of Greece again, and they entered once more into the league. The Thebans being furnished with arms by Demosthenes, attacked the garrison in their citadel, and killed great numbers; and the Athenians prepared to join them in the war. Demosthenes mounted the *rostrum* almost every day; and he wrote to the king of Persia's lieutenants in Asia, to invite them to commence hostilities from that quarter against Alexander, whom he called a *boy*, a second *Margites*.[1]

But when Alexander had settled the affairs of his own country, and marched into Bœotia with all his forces, the pride of the Athenians was humbled, and the spirit of Demosthenes died away. They deserted the Thebans; and that unhappy people had to stand the whole fury of the war by themselves; in consequence of which they lost their city. The Athenians were in great trouble and confusion; and they could think of no better measure than the sending Demosthenes, and some others, ambassadors to Alexander. But Demosthenes, dreading the anger of that monarch, turned back at Mount Cithæron, and relinquished his commission. Alexander immediately sent deputies to Athens, who (according to Idomeneus and Duris) demanded that they would deliver up ten of their orators. But the greatest part, and those the most reputable of the historians, say, that he demanded only these eight, Demosthenes, Polyeuctus, Ephialtes, Lycurgus, Myrocles, Damon, Calisthenes, and Charidemus. On this occasion, Demosthenes addressed the people in the fable of the sheep, who were to give up their dogs to the wolves, before they would grant them peace: by which he insinuated, that he and the other orators were the guards of the people, as the dogs were of the flocks; and that Alexander was the great wolf they had to treat with. And again: "As we see merchants carrying about a small sample in a dish, by which they sell large quantities of wheat: so you, in us, without knowing it, deliver up the whole body of citizens." These particulars we have from Aristobulus of Cassandria.

The Athenians deliberated upon the point in full assembly; and Demades seeing them in great perplexity, offered to go alone to the king of Macedon and intercede for the orators, on condition that each of them would give him five talents: whether it was that he depended upon the friendship that prince had for him, or whether he hoped to find him, like a lion, satiated with blood, he succeeded, however, in his application for the orators, and reconciled Alexander to the city.

When Alexander returned to Macedon, the reputation of Demades and the other orators of his party greatly increased, and that of Demosthenes gradually declined. It is true, he raised his head a little when Agis, king of Sparta, took the field; but it soon fell again; for the Athenians refused to join him. Agis was killed in battle, and the Lacedæmonians entirely routed.

About this time,[2] the affair *concerning the crown*, came again upon the carpet. The information was first laid under the archonship of Chærondas; and the cause was not determined till ten years after,[1] under Aristophon. It was the most celebrated cause that ever was pleaded, as well on account of the reputation of the orators as the generous behaviour of the judges: for, though the prosecutors of Demosthenes were then in great power, as being entirely in the Macedonian interest, the judges would not give their voices against him, but, on the contrary, acquitted him so honourably that Æschines had not a fifth part of the suffrages.[2] Æschines immediately quitted Athens, and spent the rest of his days in teaching rhetoric at Rhodes and in Ionia.

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[1] Homer wrote a satire against this Margites, who appears to have been a very contemptible character.

[2] Demosthenes rebuilt the walls of Athens at his own expense; for which the people, at the motion of Ctesiphon, decreed him a crown of gold. This excited the envy and jealousy of Æschines, who thereupon brought that famous impeachment against Demosthenes, which occasioned his inimitable oration *de Corona*.

It was not long after this that Harpalus came from Asia to Athens.[3] He had fled from the service of Alexander, both because he was conscious to himself of having falsified his trust to minister to his pleasures, and because he dreaded his master, who now was become terrible to his best friends. As he applied to the people of Athens for shelter, and desired protection for his ships and treasures, most of the orators had an eye upon the gold, and supported his application with all their interest. Demosthenes at first advised them to order Harpalus off immediately, and to be particularly careful not to involve the city in war again without any just or necessary cause.

Yet a few days after, when they were taking an account of the treasure, Harpalus perceiving that Demosthenes was much pleased with one of the king's cups, and stood admiring the workmanship and fashion, desired him to take it in his hand, and feel the weight of the gold. Demosthenes being surprised at the weight, and asking Harpalus how much it might bring, he smiled, and said, "It will bring you 20 talents." And as soon as it was night, he sent him the cup with that sum. For Harpalus knew well enough how to distinguish a man's passion for gold, by his pleasure at the sight and the keen looks he cast upon it. Demosthenes could not resist the temptation: it made all the impression upon him that was expected; he received the money, like a garrison, into his house, and went over to the interest of Harpalus. Next day he came into the assembly with a quantity of wool and bandages about his neck; and when the people called upon him to get up and speak, he made signs that he had lost his voice. Upon which some that were by said, "it was no common hoarseness that he got in the night; it was a hoarseness occasioned by swallowing gold and silver." Afterwards, when all the people were apprized of his taking the bribe, and he wanted to speak in his own defence, they would not suffer him, but raised a clamour, and expressed their indignation. At the same time, somebody or other stood up and said sneeringly, "Will you not listen to the man with the cup?"[1] The Athenians then immediately sent Harpalus off; and fearing they might be called to account for the money with which the orators had been corrupted, they made a strict inquiry after it, and searched all the houses, except that of Callicles the son of Arenides, whom they spared, as Theopompus says, because he was newly married, and his bride was in his house.

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[1] Plutarch must be mistaken here. It does not appear, upon the exactest calculation, to have been more than eight years.

[2] This was a very ignominious circumstance; for if the accuser had not a fifth part of the suffrages, he was fined 1000 drachmas.

[3] Harpalus had the charge of Alexander's treasure in Babylon; and, flattering himself that he would never return from his Indian expedition, he gave into all manner of crimes and excesses. At last, when he found that Alexander was really returning, and that he took a severe account of such people as himself, he thought proper to march off with 5000 talents, and 6000 men, into Attica.

At the same time Demosthenes, seemingly with a design to prove his innocence, moved for an order that the affair should be brought before the court of Areopagus, and all persons punished who should be found guilty of taking bribes. In consequence of which he appeared before that court, and was one of the first that was convicted. Being sentenced to pay a fine of 50 talents and to be imprisoned till it was paid, the disgrace of his conviction and the weakness of his constitution, which could not bear close confinement, determined him to fly; and this he did, undiscovered by some, and assisted by others. It is said, that when he was not far from the city, he perceived some of his late adversaries following,[2] and endeavoured to hide himself. But they called to him by name, and, when they came nearer, desired him to take some necessary supplies of money, which they had brought with them for that purpose. They assured him, they had no other design in following, and exhorted him to take courage. But Demosthenes gave into more violent expressions of grief than ever, and said, "What comfort can I have, when I leave enemies in this city more generous than it seems possible to find friends in any other?" He bore his exile in a very weak and effeminate manner. For the most part he resided in Ægina or Trœzene; where, whenever he looked towards Attica, the tears fell from his eyes. In his expressions there was nothing of a rational firmness; nothing answerable to the bold things he had said and done in his administration. When he left Athens, we are told, he lifted up his hands towards the citadel, and said, "O Minerva! goddess of these towers, whence is it that thou delightest in three such monsters, as an owl, a dragon, and the people?" The young men who resorted to him for instruction he advised by no means to meddle with affairs of state. He told them, "That, if two roads had been shewn him at first, the one leading to the *rostrum* and the business of the assembly, and the other to certain destruction, and he could have foreseen the evils that awaited him in the political walk—the fears, the envy, the calumny, and contention—he would have chosen that road which led to immediate death."

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[1] This alludes to a custom of the ancients at their feasts; wherein it was usual for the cup to pass from hand to hand; and the person who held it sang a song, to which the rest gave attention

[2] It is recorded by Phocius, that Æschines, when he left Athens, was followed in like manner and assisted by Demosthenes; and that, when he offered him consolations, he made the same answer.

During the exile of Demosthenes, Alexander died.[1] The Greek cities once more combining upon that event, Leosthenes performed great things; and among the rest, drew a line of circumvallation around Antipater, whom he had shut up in Lamia. Pytheas the orator, with Callimodon and Carabus, left Athens, and going over to Antipater, accompanied his friends and ambassadors in their applications to the Greeks, and in persuading them not to desert the Macedonian cause, nor listen to the Athenians. On the other hand, Demosthenes joined the Athenian deputies, and exerted himself greatly with them in exhorting the states to fall with united efforts upon the Macedonians, and drive them out of Greece. Philarchus tells us that, in one of the cities of Arcadia, Pytheas and Demosthenes spoke with great acrimony; the one in pleading for the Macedonians, and the other for the Greeks. Pytheas is reported to have said, "As some sickness is always supposed to be in the house into which ass's milk is brought; so the city which an Athenian embassy ever enters must necessarily be in a sick and decaying condition." Demosthenes turned the comparison against him, by saying, "As ass's milk never enters but for curing the sick; so the Athenians never appear but for remedying some disorder."

The people of Athens were so much pleased with this repartee, that they immediately voted for the recall of Demosthenes. It was Damon the Pæanean, cousin-german to Demosthenes, who drew up the decree. A galley was sent to fetch him from Ægina; and when he came up from the Piræus to Athens, the whole body of the citizens went to meet and congratulate him on his return; insomuch that there was neither a magistrate nor priest left in the town. Demetrius of Magnesia acquaints us, that Demosthenes lifted up his hands towards heaven in thanks for that happy day. "Happier," said he, "is my return than that of Alcibiades. It was through compassion that the Athenians restored him, but me they may have recalled from a motive of kindness."

The fine, however, still remained due: for they could not extend their grace so far as to repeal his sentence. But they found out a method to evade the law, while they seemed to comply with it. It was the custom, in the sacrifices to Jupiter the preserver, to pay the persons who prepared and adorned the altars. They therefore appointed Demosthenes to this charge, and ordered that he should have 50 talents for his trouble, which was the sum his fine amounted to.

But he did not long enjoy his return to his country. The affairs of Greece soon went to ruin. They lost the battle of Crano in the month of August, a Macedonian garrison entered Munychia in September, and Demosthenes lost his life in October.

When news was brought that Antipater and Craterus were coming to Athens, Demosthenes and those of his party hastened to get out privately before their arrival. Hereupon, the people, at the motion of Demades, condemned them to death. As they fled different ways, Antipater sent a company of soldiers about the country to seize them. Archias, surnamed *Phugadotherasa the exile hunter,* was their captain. It is said that he was a native of Thurium, and had been some time a tragedian; they add, that Polus of Ægina, who excelled all the actors of his time, was his scholar. Hermippus reckons Archias among the disciples of Lacritus the rhetorician; and Demetrius says he spent some time at the school of Anaximenes. This Archias, however, drew Hyperides the orator, Aristonicus of Marathon, and Himeræus, the brother of Demetrius the Phalerean, out of the temple of Æacus in Ægina, where they had taken refuge, and sent them to Antipater at Cleonæ. There they were executed; and Hyperides is said to have first had his tongue cut out.

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[1] Olymp. cxiv. Demosthenes was then aged [illegible]

Archias being informed that Demosthenes had taken sanctuary in the temple of Neptune at Calauria, he and his Thracian soldiers passed over to it in row boats. As soon as he was landed, he went to the orator, and endeavoured to persuade him to quit the temple, and go with him to Antipater; assuring him that he had no hard measure to expect. But it happened that Demosthenes had seen a strange vision the night before. He thought that he was contending with Archias which could play the tragedian the best; that he succeeded in his action, had the audience on his side, and would certainly have obtained the prize, had not Archias outdone him in the dresses and decorations of the theatre. Therefore, when Archias had addressed him with great appearance of humanity, he fixed his eyes on him, and said, without rising from his seat, "Neither your action moved me formerly, nor do your promises move me now." Archias then began to threaten him, upon which he said, "Before, you acted a part; now you speak as from the Macedonian tripod. Only wait awhile, till I have sent my last orders to my family." So saying, he retired into the inner part of the temple; and taking some paper as if he meant to write, he put the pen in his mouth, and bit it a considerable time, as he used to do when thoughtful about his composition, after which he covered his head, and put it in a reclining posture. The soldiers, who stood at the door, apprehending that he took these methods to put off the fatal stroke, laughed at him, and called him a coward. Archias then approaching him, desired him to rise, and began to repeat the promises of making his peace with Antipater. Demosthenes, who by this time felt the operation of the poison he had taken strong upon him, uncovered his face, and looking upon Archias, "Now," said he, "you may act the part of Creon[1] in the play as soon as you please, and cast out this carcase of mine unburied. For my part, O gracious Neptune! I quit thy temple with my breath within me; but Antipater and the Macedonians would not have scrupled to profane it with murder." By this time he could scarcely stand, and therefore desired them to support him; but, in attempting to walk out, he fell by the altar, and expired with a groan.

Aristo says he sucked the poison from a pen, as we have related it. One Poppus, whose memoirs were recovered by Hermippus, reports that, when he fell by the altar, there was found on his paper the beginning of a letter, "Demosthenes to Antipater," and nothing more. He adds, that people being surprised that he died so quickly, the Thracians who stood at the door assured them that he took the poison in his hand out of a piece of cloth, and put it to his mouth. To them it had the appearance of gold. Upon inquiry made by Archia, a young maid who served Demosthenes said he had long worn that piece of cloth by way of amulet. Eratosthenes tells us that he kept the poison in the hollow of a bracelet button which he wore upon his arm. Many others have written upon the subject, but it is not necessary to give all their different accounts. We shall only add, that Democharis, a servant of Demosthenes, asserts that he did not think his death owing to poison, but to the favour of the gods, and a happy providence, which snatched him from the cruelty of the Macedonians by a speedy and easy death. He died on the 16th of October, which is the most mournful day in the ceremonies of the *Thesmophoria*.[1] The women keep it with fasting in the temple of Ceres.

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[1] Alluding to that passage in the Antigone of Sophocles, where Creon forbids the body of Polynices to be buried.

It was not long before the people of Athens paid him the honours that were due to him, by erecting his statue in brass, and decreeing that the eldest of his family should be maintained in the *Prytaneum*, at the public charge. This celebrated inscription was put upon the pedestal of his statue:

Divine in speech, in judgment, too, divine,
Had valour's wreath, Demosthenes, been thine,
Fair Greece had still her freedom's ensign borne,
And held the scourge of Macedon in scorn!

For no regard is to be paid to those who say that Demosthenes himself uttered these lines in Calauria, just before he took the poison.[2]

A little before I visited Athens, the following adventure is said to have happened. A soldier being summoned to appear before the commanding officer upon some misdemeanour, put the little gold he had in the hands of the statue of Demosthenes, which were in some measure clenched. A small plane-tree grew by it, and many leaves, either accidentally lodged there by the winds, or purposely so placed by the soldier, covered the gold a considerable time. When he returned and found his money entire, the fame of this accident was spread abroad, and many of the wits of Athens strove which could write the best copy of verses to vindicate Demosthenes from the charge of corruption.

As for Demades, he did not long enjoy the new honours he had acquired. The Being, who took it in charge to revenge Demosthenes, led him into Macedonia, where he justly perished by the hands of those whom he had basely flattered. They had hated him for some time; but at last they caught him in a fact which could neither be excused nor pardoned. Letters of his were intercepted, in which he exhorted Perdiccas to seize Macedonia, and deliver Greece, which, he said, "hung only by an old rotten stalk," meaning Antipater. Dinarchus, the Corinthian, accusing him of this treason, Cassander was so much provoked that he stabbed his son in his arms, and afterwards gave orders for his execution. Thus, by the most dreadful misfortunes, he learned that *traitors always first sell themselves*; a truth which Demosthenes had often told him before, but he would never believe it. Such, my Sossius, is the life of Demosthenes, which we have compiled in the best manner we could, from books and from tradition.

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[1] This was an annual festival in honour of Ceres. It began October 14th and ended the 18th. The third day of the festival was a day of fasting and mortification; and this is the day that Plutarch speaks of.

[2] This inscription, so far from doing Demosthenes honour, is the greatest disgrace that the Athenians could have fastened upon his memory. It reproaches him with a weakness, which, when the safety of his country was at stake, was such a deplorable want of virtue and manhood as no parts or talent could atone for.

ALEXANDER.

In this volume we shall give the lives of Alexander the Great and of Cæsar, who overthrew Pompey; and as the quantity of materials is so great, we shall only premise that we hope for indulgence though we do not give the actions in full detail and with a scrupulous exactness, but rather in a short summary, since we are not writing Histories but Lives. Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or most important battle. Therefore, as painters in their portraits labour the likeness in the face, and particularly about the eyes, in which the peculiar turn of mind most appears, and run over the rest with a more careless hand; so we must be permitted to strike off the features of the soul in order to give a real likeness of these great men, and leave to others the circumstantial detail of their labours and achievements.

It is allowed as certain, that Alexander was a descendant of Hercules by Caranus,[1] and of Æacus by Neoptolemus. His father Philip is said to have been initiated, when very young, along with Olympias, in the mysteries at Samothrace: and having conceived an affection for her, he obtained her in marriage of her brother Arymbas, to whom he applied, because she was left an orphan. The night before the consummation of the marriage, she dreamed that a thunder-bolt fell upon her belly, which kindled a great fire, and that the flame extended itself far and wide before it disappeared. And some time after the marriage, Philip dreamed that he sealed up the queen's womb with a seal, the impression of which he thought was a lion. Most of the interpreters believed the dream announced some reason to doubt the honour of Olympias, and that Philip ought to look more closely to her conduct. But Aristander of Themesus said, it only denoted that the queen was pregnant; for a seal is never put upon anything that is empty; and that the child would prove a boy of a bold and lion-like courage. A serpent was also seen lying by Olympias as she slept, which is said to have cooled Philip's affections for her more than anything, insomuch that he seldom repaired to her bed afterwards; possibly it was that he feared some enchantment from her, or abstained from her embraces because he thought them taken up by some superior being.

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[1] Caranus, the sixteenth in descent from Hercules, made himself master of Macedonia B.C. 794; and Alexander the Great was the 22nd in descent from Caranus; so that from Hercules to Alexander there were 38 generations. The descent by his mother's side is not so clear, there being many degrees wanting in it. It is sufficient to know, that Olympias was the daughter of Neoptolemus, and sister to Arymbas.

Some, indeed, relate the affair in another manner. They tell us, that the women of this country were of old extremely fond of the ceremonies of Orpheus and the orgies of Bacchus, and that they were called *Clodones* and *Mimallones*, because in many things they imitated the Edonian and Thracian women about Mount Hæmus, from whom the Greek word *threscuein* seems to be derived, which signifies the exercise of extravagant and superstitious observances. Olympias being remarkably ambitious of these inspirations, and desirous of giving the enthusiastic solemnities a more strange and horrid appearance, introduced a number of large tame serpents, which, often creeping out of the ivy and the mystic fans, and entwining about *thyrsuses* and garlands of the women, struck the spectators with terror.

Philip, however, upon his appearance, sent Chiron of Megalopolis to consult the oracle at Delphi; and we are told, Apollo commanded him to sacrifice to Jupiter Ammon, and to pay his homage principally to that god. It is also said he lost one of his eyes, which was that he applied to the chink of the door, when he saw the god in his wife's embraces in the form of a serpent. According to Eratosthenes, Olympias, when she conducted Alexander on his way to his first expedition, privately discovered to him the secret of his birth, and exhorted him to behave with a dignity suitable to his divine extraction. Others affirm that she absolutely rejected it as an impious fiction, and used to say, "Will Alexander never leave embroiling me with Juno?"

Alexander[1] was born on Hecatombœon[2] [July 6], which the Macedonians call *Lous, the same day that the temple of Diana at Ephesus was burned;* upon which Hegesias the Magnesian, has uttered a conceit frigid enough to have extinguished the flames. "It is no wonder," said he, "that the temple of Diana was burned, when she was at a distance, employed in bringing Alexander into the world." All the *Magi* who were then at Ephesus looked upon the fire as a sign which betokened a much greater misfortune. They ran about the town, beating their faces, and crying, "That the day had brought forth the great scourge and destroyer in Asia."

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[1] In the first year of the Olympiad 106, B.C. 354.

[2] Ælian (Var. Hist. l. ii. c. 25.) says expressly, that Alexander was born and died on the sixth day of the month Thargelion. But supposing Plutarch right in placing his birth in the month Hecatombæon, yet not that month, but Boedromion then answered to the Macedonian month Lous, as appears clearly from a letter of Philip's, still preserved in the Orations of Demosthenes (in Orat. de Corona). In after times, indeed, the month Lous answered to Hecatombæon, which, without doubt, was the cause of Plutarch's mistake.

Philip had just taken the city of Potidæa,[1] and three messengers arrived the same day with extraordinary tidings. The first informed him that Parmenio had gained a great battle against the Illyrians; the second, that his race-horse had won the prize at the Olympic games; and the third, that Olympias was brought to bed of Alexander. His joy on that occasion was great, as might naturally be expected; and the soothsayers increased it by assuring him that his son, who was born in the midst of three victories, must, of course, prove invincible.

The statues of Alexander that most resembled him were those of Lysippus, who alone had his permission to represent him in marble. *The turn of his head, which leaned a little to one side, and the quickness of his eye*, in which many of his friends and successors most affected to imitate him, *were best hit off by that artist.* Appelles painted him in the character of Jupiter armed with thunder, but did not succeed as to his complexion. He overcharged the colouring, and made his skin too brown; whereas he was fair, with a tinge of red in his face and upon his breast. We read in the memoirs of Aristoxenus, that a most agreeable scent proceeded from his skin, and that his breath and whole body were so fragrant, that they perfumed his under garments. The cause of this might possibly be his hot temperament. For, as Theophrastus conjectures, it is the concoction of moisture by heat which produces sweet odours; and hence it is that those countries which are driest and most parched with heat produce spices of the best kind and in the greatest quantity; the sun exhaling from the surface of bodies that moisture which is the instrument of corruption. It seems to have been *the same heat of constitution which made Alexander so much inclined to drink and so subject to passion.*

His continence showed itself at an early period; for, though he was vigorous, or rather violent in his other pursuits, he was not easily moved by the pleasures of the body; and if he tasted them, it was with great moderation. But there was something superlatively great and sublime in his ambition, far above his years. It was not all sorts of honour that he courted, nor did he seek it in every track, like his father Philip, who was as proud of his eloquence as any sophist could be, and who had the vanity to record his victories in the Olympic chariot-race in the impression of his coins.

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[1] This is another mistake. Potidæa was taken two years before, viz. in the third year of Olympiad 105; for which we have again the authority of Demosthenes, who was Philip's contemporary (in Orat. cont. Leptinem) as well as of Diodorus Siculus, l. xvi.

Alexander, on the other hand, when he was asked by some of the people about him, "*Whether he would not run in the Olympic race?*"—(*for he was swift of foot*)—*answered,* "*Yes, if I had kings for my antagonists.*" It appears that he had a perfect aversion to the whole exercise of wrestling.[1] For though he exhibited many other sorts of games and public diversions, in which he proposed prizes for tragic poets, for musicians who practised upon the flute and lyre, and for rhapsodists too, though he entertained the people with the hunting of all manner of wild beasts, and with fencing or fighting with the staff, yet he gave no encouragement to boxing or to the *Pancratium.*[2]

Ambassadors from Persia happening to arrive in the absence of his father Philip, and Alexander receiving them in his stead, gained upon them greatly by his politeness and solid sense. He asked them no childish or trifling question, but inquired the distances of places, and the roads through the upper provinces of Asia; he desired to be informed of the character of their king, in what manner he behaved to his enemies, and in what the strength and power of Persia consisted. The ambassadors were struck with admiration, and looked upon the celebrated shrewdness of Philip as nothing in comparison of the lofty and enterprising genius of his son. Accordingly, whenever news was brought that Philip had taken some strong town, or won some great battle, the young man, instead of appearing delighted with it, used to say to his companions, "*My father will go on conquering till there be nothing extraordinary left for you and me to do.*" As neither pleasure nor riches, but valour and glory were his great objects, he thought, that in proportion as the dominions he was to receive from his father grew greater, there would be less room for him to distinguish himself. Every new acquisition of territory he considered as a diminution of his scene of action; for he did not desire to inherit a kingdom that would bring him opulence, luxury, and pleasure; but one that would afford him wars, conflicts, and all the exercise of great ambition.

He had a number of tutors and preceptors. Leonidas, a relation of the queen's, and a man of great severity of manners, was at the head of them. He did not like the name of preceptor, though the employment was important and honourable; and, indeed, his dignity and alliance to the royal family gave him the title of the prince's governor. He who had both the name and business of preceptor was Lysimachus, the Acarnanian; a man who had neither merit nor politeness, nor anything to recommend him, but his calling himself Phœnix; Alexander, Achilles; and Philip, Peleus. This procured him some attention, and the second place about the prince's person.

When Philonicus, the Thessalian, offered the horse named Bucephalus in sale to Philip, at the price of 13 talents,[1] the king, with the prince and many others, went into the field to see some trial made of him. The horse appeared extremely vicious and unmanageable, and was so far from suffering himself to be mounted, that he would not bear to be spoken to, but turned fiercely upon all the grooms. Philip was displeased at their bringing him so wild and ungovernable a horse, and bade them take him away. But Alexander, who had observed him well, said "What a horse are they losing, for want of skill and spirit to manage him!" Philip at first took no notice of this; but, upon the prince's often repeating the same expression, and shewing great uneasiness, he said, "Young man, you find fault with your elders, as if you knew more than they, or could manage the horse better." "And I certainly could," answered the prince. "If you should not be able to ride him, what forfeiture will you submit to for your rashness?" "I will pay the price of the horse."

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[1] Philopœmen, like him, had an aversion for wrestling, because all the exercises which fit a man to excel in it make him unfit for war

[2] If it be asked how this shews that Alexander did not love wrestling, the answer is, the *Pancratium* was a mixture of boxing and wrestling.

Upon this all the company laughed, but the king and prince agreeing as to the forfeiture, Alexander ran to the horse, and laying hold on the bridle, turned him to the sun; for he had observed, it seems, that the shadow which fell before the horse, and continually moved as he moved, greatly disturbed him. While his fierceness and fury lasted, he kept speaking to him softly and stroking him; after which he gently let fall his mantle, leaped lightly upon his back, and got his seat very safe. Then, without pulling the reins too hard, or using either whip or spur, he set him a-going. As soon as he perceived his uneasiness abated, and that he wanted only to run, he put him in a full gallop, and pushed him on both with the voice and spur.

Philip and all his court were in great distress for him at first, and a profound silence took place; but when the prince had turned him and brought him straight back, they all received him with loud acclamations, except his father, who wept for joy, and kissing him, said, "*Seek another kingdom, my son, that may be worthy of thy abilities, for Macedonia is too small for thee.*" Perceiving that he did not easily submit to authority, because he would not be forced to anything, but that he might be led to his duty by the gentler hand of reason, he took the method of persuasion rather than of command. He saw that his education was a matter of too great importance to be trusted to the ordinary masters in music and the common circle of sciences, and that his genius (to use the expression of Sophocles) required

The rudder's guidance and the curb's restraint.

He therefore sent for Aristotle, the most celebrated and learned of all the philosophers, and the reward he gave him for forming his son was not only honourable, but remarkable for its propriety. He had formerly dismantled the city of Stagira, where that philosopher was born, and now he rebuilt it, and re-established the inhabitants, who had either fled or been reduced to slavery.[1] He also prepared a lawn, called Mieza, for their studies and literary conversations, where they still shew us Aristotle's stone, seats, and shady walks.

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[1] That is £2518 15s. sterling. This will appear a moderate price, compared with what we find in Varro. (de Re Rustic. l. iii. c. 2), viz., that Q. Axius, a senator, gave 400,000 sesterces for an ass: and still more moderate when compared with the account of Tavernier that some horses in Arabia were valued at a 100,000 crowns. Pliny, in his Natural History, says, the price of Bucephalus was sixteen talents.—*Sedecim talentis ferunt ex Philonici Pharsalii grege emptum.* Nat. Hist. lib. viii. cap. 42

Alexander gained from him not only moral and political knowledge, but was also instructed in those more secret and profound branches of science, which they call *acroamatic* and *epoptic*, and which they did not communicate to every common scholar;[2] for when Alexander was in Asia, and received information that Aristotle had published some books in which those points were discussed, he wrote him a letter in behalf of philosophy, in which he blamed the course he had taken. The following is a copy of it:—

"Alexander to Aristotle, prosperity. You did wrong in publishing the *acroamatic* parts of science.[3] In what shall we differ from others, if the sublimer knowledge which we gained from you be made common to all the world? For my part, I had rather excel the bulk of mankind in the superior parts of learning, than in the extent of power and dominion. Farewell."

Aristotle, in compliment to this ambition of his, and by way of excuse for himself, made answer, that those points were published and not published. In fact his book of metaphysics is written in such a manner that no one can learn that branch of science from it, much less teach it others; it serves only to refresh the memories of those who have been taught by a master.

It appears also to me, that it was by Aristotle rather than any other person that Alexander was assisted in the study of physic, for he not only loved the theory, but the practice too, as is clear from his epistles, where we find that he prescribed to his friends medicines and a proper *regimen*.

He loved polite learning too, and his natural thirst of knowledge made him a man of extensive reading. *The Iliad, he thought, as well as called, a portable treasure of military knowledge; and he had a copy corrected by Aristotle, which is called the casket copy.*[4] Onesicritus informs us that he used to lay it under his pillow with his sword. As he could not find many other books in the upper provinces of Asia, he wrote to Harpalus for a supply, who sent him the works of Philistus, most of the tragedies of Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, and the Dithyrambics of Telestus[5] and Philoxenus.

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[1] Pliny the elder and Valerius Maximus tell us, that Stagira was rebuilt by Alexander, and this was when Aristotle was very old.

[2] The scholars in general were instructed only in the *exoteric* doctrines. AUL. GELL. lib. xx. cap. 5.

[3] Doctrines taught by private communication, and delivered *viva voce*.

[4] He kept it in a rich casket found among the spoils of Darius. A correct copy of this edition, revised by Aristotle, Callisthenis, and Anaxarchus, was published after the death of Alexander. "Darius," said Alexander, "used to keep his ointments in this casket; but I, who have no time to anoint myself, will convert it to a nobler use."

[5] Telestus was a poet of some reputation, and a monument was erected to his memory by Aristatus the Sycionian tyrant. Protogenes was sent for to paint this

Aristotle was the man he admired in his younger years, and, as he said himself, "he had no less affection for him than for his own father. From the one he derived the blessing of life, from the other the blessing of a good life." But afterwards he looked upon him with an eye of suspicion. He never, indeed, did the philosopher any harm; but the testimonies of his regard being neither so extraordinary nor so endearing as before, he discovered something of a coldness. However, his love of philosophy, which he was either born with, or at least conceived at an early period, never quitted his soul; as appears from the honours he paid Anaxarchus, the 50 talents he sent Xenocrates,[1] and his attentions to Dandami and Calanus.

When Philip went upon his expedition against Byzantium, Alexander was only sixteen years of age, yet he was left regent of Macedonia and keeper of the seal. The Medari[2] rebelling during his regency, he attacked and overthrew them, took their city, expelled the barbarians, planted there a colony of people collected from various parts, and gave it the name of Alexandropolis. He fought in the battle of Chæronea against the Greeks, and is said to have been the first man that broke the *sacred band* of Thebans. In our times an old oak was shewn near the Cephisus, called *Alexander's oak*, because his tent had been pitched under it; and a piece of ground at no great distance, in which the Macedonians had buried their dead.

This early display of great talents made Philip very fond of his son, so that it was with pleasure he heard the Macedonians call Alexander *king* and him only *general*. But the troubles which his new marriage and his amours caused in his family, and the bickerings among the women dividing the whole kingdom into parties, involved him in many quarrels with his son, all which were heightened by Olympias, who, being a woman of a jealous and vindictive temper, inspired Alexander with unfavourable sentiments of his father. The misunderstanding broke out into a flame on the following occasion: Philip fell in love with a young lady named Cleopatra, at an unseasonable time of life, and married her. When they were celebrating the nuptials, her uncle Attalus, intoxicated with liquor, desired the Macedonians to entreat the gods that this marriage of Philip and Cleopatra might produce a lawful heir to the crown. Alexander, provoked at this, said, "What, then, dost thou take me for a bastard!" and at the same time he threw his cup at his head. Hereupon Philip rose up and drew his sword; but fortunately for them both, his passion and the wine he had drank made him stumble, and he fell. Alexander, taking an insolent advantage of this circumstance, said, "Men of Macedon, see there the man who was

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monument, and not arriving within the limited time, was in danger of the tyrant's displeasure; but the celerity and excellence of his execution saved him. Philoxenus was his scholar. Philistus was an historian often cited by Plutarch.

[1] The philosopher took but a small part of this money, and sent the rest back; telling the giver he had more occasion for it himself, because he had more people to maintain.

[2] We know of no such people as the Medari; but a people called Mædi there was in Thrace, who, as Livy tells us (l. xxvi.), used to make inroads into Macedonia.

preparing to pass from Europe into Asia! he is not able to pass from one table to another without falling." After this insult, he carried off Olympias, and placed her in Epirus. Illyricum was the country he pitched upon for his own retreat.

In the meantime, Demaratus, who had engagements of hospitality with the royal family of Macedon, and who, on that account, could speak his mind freely, came to pay Philip a visit. After the first civilities, Philip asked him, "What sort of agreement subsisted among the Greeks?" Demaratus answered, "There is, doubtless, much propriety in your inquiring after the harmony of Greece, who have filled your own house with so much discord and disorder." This reproof brought Philip to himself, and through the mediation of Demaratus, he prevailed with Alexander to return.

But another event soon disturbed their repose. Pexodorus, the Persian governor in Caria, being desirous to draw Philip into a league, offensive and defensive, by means of an alliance between their families, offered his eldest daughter in marriage to Aridæus, the son of Philip, and sent Aristocritus into Macedonia to treat about it. Alexander's friends and his mother infused notions into him again, though perfectly groundless, that by so noble a match, and the support consequent upon it, Philip designed the crown for Aridæus.

Alexander, in the uneasiness these suspicions gave him, sent one Thessalus, a player, into Caria, to desire the grandee to pass by Aridæus, who was of spurious birth and deficient in point of understanding, and to take the lawful heir to the crown into his alliance. Pexodorus was infinitely more pleased with this proposal. But Philip no sooner had intelligence of it, than he went to Alexander's apartment, taking along with him Philotas, the son of Parmenio, one of his most intimate friends and companions, and in his presence reproached him with his degeneracy and meanness of spirit, in thinking of being son-in-law to a man of Caria, one of the slaves of a barbarian king. At the same time he wrote to the Corinthians,[1] insisting that they should send Thessalus to him in chains. Harpalus and Niarchus, Phrygius and Ptolemy, some of the other companions of the prince, he banished. But Alexander afterwards recalled them, and treated them with great distinction.

Some time after the Carian negotiation, Pausanias being abused by order of Attalus and Cleopatra, and not having justice done him for the outrage, killed Philip, who refused that justice. Olympias was thought to have been principally concerned in inciting the young man to that act of revenge; but Alexander did not escape uncensured. It is said that when Pausanias applied to him, after having been so dishonoured, and lamented his misfortune, Alexander, by way of answer, repeated that line in the tragedy of Medea,[2]

The bridal father, bridegroom and the bride.

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[1] Tessalus, upon his return from Asia, must have retired to Corinth; for the Corinthians had nothing to do in Caria.

[2] The persons meant in the tragedy were Jason, Creusa, and Creon; and in Alexander's application of it, Philip is the bridegroom, Cleopatra the bride, and Attalus the father. Cleopatra, the niece of Attalus, is by Arrian called Eurydice, l. ii. c. 14.

It must be acknowledged, however, that he caused diligent search to be made after the persons concerned in the assassination, and took care to have them punished; and he expressed his indignation at Olympias's cruel treatment of Cleopatra in his absence.

He was only twenty years old when he succeeded to the crown, and he found the kingdom torn in pieces by dangerous parties and implacable animosities. The barbarous nations, even those that bordered upon Macedonia, could not brook subjection, and they longed for their natural kings. Philip had subdued Greece by his victorious arms, but not having had time to accustom her to the yoke, he had thrown matters into confusion rather than produced any firm settlement, and he left the whole in a tumultuous state. The young king's Macedonian counsellors, alarmed at the troubles which threatened him, advised him to give up Greece entirely, or at least to make no attempts upon it with the sword; and to recall the wavering barbarians in a mild manner to their duty, by applying healing measures to the beginning of the revolt. Alexander, on the contrary, was of opinion that the only way to security and a thorough establishment of his affairs, was to proceed with spirit and magnanimity. For he was persuaded, that if he appeared to abate of his dignity in the least article, he would be universally insulted. He therefore quieted the commotions, and put a stop to the rising war among the barbarians, by marching with the utmost expedition as far as the Danube, where he fought a great battle with Syrmus, king of the Triballi, and defeated him.

Some time after this, having intelligence that the Thebans had revolted, and that the Athenians had adopted the same sentiments, he resolved to shew them he was no longer a boy, and advanced immediately through the pass of Thermopylæ. "Demosthenes," said he, "called me a boy, while I was in Illyricum, and among the Triballi, and a stripling when in Thessaly; but I will shew him before the walls of Athens that I am a man."

When he made his appearance before Thebes, he was willing to give the inhabitants time to change their sentiments. He only demanded Phœnix and Prothytes, the first promoters of the revolt, and proclaimed an amnesty to all the rest. But the Thebans, in their turn, demanded that he should deliver up to them Philotas and Antipater, and invited, by sound of trumpet, all men to join them who chose to assist in recovering the liberty of Greece. Alexander then gave the reins to the Macedonians, and the war began with great fury. The Thebans, who had the combat to maintain against forces vastly superior in number, behaved with a courage and ardour far above their strength. But when the Macedonian garrison fell down from Cadmea, and charged them in the rear, they were surrounded on all sides, and most of them cut in pieces. The city was taken, plundered, and levelled with the ground.

Alexander expected that the rest of Greece, astonished and intimidated by so dreadful a punishment of the Thebans, would submit in silence. Yet he found a more plausible pretence for his severity; giving out that his late proceedings were intended to gratify his allies, being adopted in pursuance of complaints made against Thebes by the people of Phocis and Platæa. He exempted the priests, all that the Macedonians were bound to by the ties of hospitality, the posterity of Pindar, and such as had opposed the revolt: the rest he sold for slaves, to the number of 30,000. There were above 6000 killed in the battle.

The calamities which that wretched city suffered were various and horrible. A party of Thracians demolished the house of Timoclea, a woman of quality and honour. The soldiers carried off the booty; and the captain, after having violated the lady, asked her whether she had not some gold and silver concealed. She said she had; and taking him alone into the garden, shewed him a well, into which, she told him, she had thrown everything of value when the city was taken. The officer stooped down to examine the well, upon which she pushed him in, and then despatched him with stones. The Thracians, coming up, seized and bound her hands, and carried her before Alexander, who immediately perceived by her look and gait, and the fearless manner in which she followed that savage crew, that she was a woman of quality and superior sentiments. The king demanded who she was? She answered, "I am the sister of Theagenes, who in capacity of general, fought Philip for the liberty of Greece, and fell in the battle of Chæronea." Alexander, admiring her answer and the bold action she had performed, commanded her to be set at liberty, and her children with her.

As for the Athenians, he forgave them; though they expressed great concern at the misfortune of Thebes. For, though they were upon the point of celebrating the feast of the great mysteries, they omitted it on account of the mourning that took place, and received such of the Thebans as escaped the general wreck with all imaginable kindness into their city. But whether his fury, like that of a lion, was satiated with blood, or whether he had a mind to efface a most cruel and barbarous action by an act of clemency, he not only overlooked the complaints he had against them, but desired them to look well to their affairs, because if anything happened to him, Athens would give law to Greece.

It is said the calamities he brought upon the Thebans gave him uneasiness long after, and on that account he treated many others with less rigour. It is certain he imputed the murder of Clitus, which he committed in his wine, and the Macedonians' dastardly refusal to proceed in the Indian expedition, through which his wars and his glory were imperfect, to the anger of Bacchus, the avenger of Thebes. And there was not a Theban who survived the fatal overthrow that was denied any favour he requested of him.

A general assembly of the Greeks being held at the Isthmus of Corinth, they came to a resolution to send their quotas with Alexander against the Persians, and he was unanimously elected captain-general. Many statesmen and philosophers came to congratulate him on the occasion; and he hoped that Diogenes of Sinope, who then lived at Corinth, would be of the number. Finding, however, that he made but little account of Alexander, and that he preferred the enjoyment of his leisure in a part of the suburbs called Cranium, he went to see him. Diogenes happened to be lying in the sun; and at the approach of so many people, he raised himself up a little, and fixed his eyes upon Alexander. The king addressed him in an obliging manner, and asked him, "*If there was anything he could serve him in?*" "*Only stand a little out of my sunshine,*" said Diogenes. Alexander, we are told, was struck with such surprise at finding himself so little regarded, and saw something so great in that carelessness, that, while his courtiers were ridiculing the philosopher as a monster, he said, "*If I were not Alexander, I should wish to be Diogenes.*"

He chose to consult the oracle about the event of the war, and for that purpose went to Delphi. He happened to arrive there on one of the days called inauspicious, upon which the law permitted no man to put his question. At first he sent to the prophetess, to entreat her to do her office; but finding she refused to comply, and alleged the law in her excuse, he went himself, and drew her by force into the temple. Then, as if conquered by his violence, she said, "My son, thou art invincible." Alexander hearing this, said, "He wanted no other answer, for he had the very oracle he desired."

When he was on the point of setting out upon his expedition, he had many signs from the divine powers. Among the rest, the statue of Orpheus in Libethra,[1] which was of cypress wood, was in a profuse sweat for several days. The generality apprehended this to be an ill presage; but Aristander bade them dismiss their fears. "It signified," he said, "that Alexander would perform actions so worthy to be celebrated, that they would cost the poets and musicians much labo[illegible]d sweat."

As to the number of his troops, those that put it at the least, say he carried over 30,000 foot and 5000 horse; and they who put it at the most, tell us his army consisted of 34,000 foot and 4000 horse. The money provided for their subsistence and pay, according to Aristobulus, was only 70 talents; Durius says, he had no more than would maintain them one month; but Onesicritus affirms, that he borrowed 200 talents for that purpose.

However, though his provision was so small, he chose at his embarkation to inquire into the circumstances of his friends; and to one he gave a farm, to another a village; to this the revenue of a borough, and to that of a post. When in this manner he had disposed of almost all the estates of the crown, Perdiccas asked him, "What he had reserved for himself?" The king answered, "Hope." "Well," replied Perdiccas, "we who share in your labours will also take part in your hopes." In consequence of which, he refused the estate allotted him, and some others of the king's friends did the same. As for those who accepted his offers, or applied to him for favours, he served them with equal pleasure; and by these means most of his Macedonian revenues were distributed and gone. Such was the spirit and disposition with which he passed the Hellespont.

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[1] This Libethra was in the country of the Odrysæ in Thrace. But besides this city or mountain in Thrace, there was the *Caves of the Nymphs* of Libethra on Mount Helicon, probably so denominated by Orpheus.

As soon as he landed, he went up to Ilium, where he sacrificed to Minerva, and offered libations to the heroes. He also anointed the pillar upon Achilles's tomb with oil, and ran round it with his friends, naked, according to the custom that obtains; after which he put a crown upon it, declaring, "He thought that hero extremely happy, in having found a faithful friend while he lived, and after his death an excellent herald to set forth his praise." As he went about the city to look upon the curiosities, he was asked, whether he chose to see Paris's lyre? "I set but little value," said he, "upon the lyre of Paris; but it would give me pleasure to see that of Achilles, to which he sung the glorious actions of the brave."[1]

In the mean time, Darius's generals had assembled a great army, and taken post upon the banks of the Granicus; so that Alexander was under the necessity of fighting there, to open the gates of Asia. Many of his officers were apprehensive of the depth of the river, and the rough and uneven banks on the other side; and some thought a proper regard should be paid to a traditionary usage with respect to the time. For the kings of Macedon used never to march out to war in the month *Daisius:* Alexander cured them of this piece of superstition, by ordering that month to be called *the second Artemisius.* And when Parmenio objected to his attempting a passage so late in the day, he said, "The Hellespont would blush, if, after having passed it, he should be afraid of the Granicus." At the same time he threw himself into the stream with thirteen troops of horse; and as he advanced in the face of the enemy's arrows, in spite of the steep banks, which were lined with cavalry well armed, and of the rapidity of the river, which often bore him down or covered him with its waves, his motions seemed rather the effects of madness than sound sense. He held on, however, till, by great and surprising efforts, he gained the opposite banks, which the mud made extremely slippery and dangerous. When he was there, he was forced to stand an engagement with the enemy, hand to hand, and with great confusion on his part, because they attacked his men as fast as they came over, before he had time to form them. For the Persian troops charging with loud shouts, and with horse against horse, made good use of their spears, and, when those were broken, of their swords.

Numbers pressed hard on Alexander, because he was easy to be distinguished, both by his buckler and *by his crest, on each side of which was a large and beautiful plume of white feathers.* His cuirass was pierced by a javelin at the joint; but he escaped unhurt. After this, Rhœsaces and Spithridates, two officers of great distinction, attacked him at once. He avoided Spithridates with great address, and received Rhœsaces with such a stroke of his spear upon his breastplate that it broke it in pieces. Then he drew his sword to dispatch him, but his adversary still maintained the combat. Meantime, Spithridates came up on one side of him, and raising himself up on his horse, gave him a blow with his battle axe, which cut off his crest with one side of the plume. Nay, the force of it was such that the helmet could hardly resist it; it even penetrated to his hair. Spithridates was going to repeat his stroke, when the celebrated Clitus prevented him, by running him through the body with a spear. At the same time Alexander brought Rhœsaces to the ground with his sword.

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[1] This alludes to that passage in the ninth book of the Iliad:

"Amused at ease the godlike man they found,
Pleased with the solemn harp's harmonious sound:
With these he soothes the angry soul, and sings
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings."
Pope.

While the cavalry were fighting with so much fury, the Macedonian phalanx passed the river, and then the infantry likewise engaged. The enemy made no great or long resistance, but soon turned their backs and fled, all but the Grecian mercenaries, who, making a stand upon an eminence, desired Alexander to give his word of honour that they should be spared. But that prince, influenced rather by his passion than his reason, instead of giving them quarter advanced to attack them, and was so warmly received that he had his horse killed under him. It was not, however, the famous Bucephalus. In this dispute he had more of his men killed and wounded than in all the rest of the battle; for here they had to do with experienced soldiers, who fought with a courage heightened with despair.

The barbarians, we are told, lost in this battle 20,000 foot and 2,500 horse,[1] whereas Alexander had no more than 34 men killed,[2] nine of which were the infantry. To do honour to their memory, he erected a statue to each of them in brass, the workmanship of Lysippus; and that the Greeks might have their share in the glory of the day, he sent them presents out of the spoil—to the Athenians in particular he sent 300 bucklers. Upon the rest of the spoils he put this pompous inscription: WON BY ALEXANDER THE SON OF PHILIP, AND THE GREEKS (EXCEPTING THE LACEDÆMONIANS), OF THE BARBARIANS IN ASIA. The greatest part of the plate, the purple furniture, and other things of that kind which he took from the Persians, he sent to his mother.

This battle made a great and immediate change in the face of Alexander's affairs, insomuch that Sardis, the principal ornament of the Persian empire on the maritime side, made its submission. All the other cities followed its example, except Halicarnassus and Miletus; these he took by storm, and subdued all the adjacent country. After this he remained some time in suspense as to the course he should take. One while he was for going with great expedition to risk all upon the fate of one battle with Darius; another while he was for first reducing all the maritime provinces; that when he had exercised and strengthened himself by those intermediate actions and acquisitions, he might then march against that prince.

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[1] Some MSS. mention only 10,000 foot killed, which is the number we have in Diodorus (505). Arrian (p. 45) makes the number of horses killed only 1000.

[2] Arrian (47) says, there were about 25 of the king's *friends* killed; and of persons of less note, 60 horses and 30 foot. Q. Curtius informs us, it was only 25 *friends*, who had statues. They were erected at Dia, a city of Macedonia, from whence Q. Metellus removed them long after, and carried them to Rome.

There is a spring in Lycia, near the city of the Xanthians, which, they tell us, at that time turned its course of its own accord, and, overflowing its banks, threw up a plate of brass, upon which were engraved certain ancient characters, signifying "That the Persian empire would one day come to a period, and be destroyed by the Greeks." Encouraged by this prophecy, he hastened to reduce all the coast, as far as Phœnice[1] and Cilicia. His march through Pamphylia has afforded matter to many historians for pompous description, as *if it was by the interposition of Heaven that the sea retired before Alexander*, which at other times ran there with so strong a current that the breaker rocks at the foot of the mountain were very seldom left bare. Menander, in his pleasant way, refers to this pretended miracle in one of his comedies:—

How like great ALEXANDER! Do I seek
A friend? Spontaneous he presents himself.
Have I to march where seas indignant roll?
The sea retires, and there I march.

But Alexander himself, in his Epistles, makes no miracle of it;[2] he only says, "He marched from Phaselis, by the way called *Climax*."

He had stayed some time at Phaselis, and having found in the market-place a statue of Theodectes, who was of that place, but then dead, he went out one evening when he had drank freely at supper, in masquerade, and covered the statue with garlands. Thus, in an hour of festivity, he paid an agreeable compliment to the memory of a man with whom he had formerly had a connection, by means of Aristotle and philosophy.

After this he subdued such of the Pisidians as had revolted, and conquered Phrygia. Upon taking Gordium, which is said to have been the seat of the ancient Midas, he found the famous chariot, fastened with cords, made of the bark of the cornel-tree, and was informed of a tradition, firmly believed among the barbarians, "*That the Fates had decreed the empire of the world to the man who should untie the knot.*" Most historians say that it was twisted so many private ways, and the ends so artfully concealed within, that *Alexander, finding he could not untie it, cut it asunder with his sword*, and so made many ends instead of two. But Aristobulus affirms that he easily untied it, by taking out the pin which fastened the yoke to the beam, and then drawing out the yoke itself.

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[1] This Phœnice, as Palermius has observed, was a district of Lycia or Pamphylia.

[2] There is likewise a passage in Strabo which fully proves that there was no miracle in it:—"Near the city of Phaselis,' says he, "between Lycia and Pamphylia, there is a passage by the sea-side, through which Alexander marched his army. This passage is very narrow, and lies between the shore and the mountain Climax, which overlooks the Pamphylian sea. It is dry at low water so that travellers pass through it with safety; but when the sea is high it is overflowed. It was then the winter season, and Alexander, who depended much upon his good fortune, was resolved to set out without staying till the floods were abated; so that his men were forced to march up to the middle in water." STRAB. lib. xiv. Josephus refers to this passage of Alexander, to gain the more credit among the Greeks and Romans to the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea.

His next acquisitions were Paphlagonia and Cappadocia, and there news was brought him of the death of Memnon,[1] who was the most respectable officer Darius had in the maritime parts of his kingdom, and likely to have given the invader most trouble. This confirmed him in his resolution of marching into the upper provinces of Asia.

By this time Darius had taken his departure from Susa, full of confidence in his numbers, for his army consisted of no less than 600,000 combatants; and greatly encouraged, besides, by a dream, which the *Magi* had interpreted rather in the manner they thought would please him than with a regard to probability. He dreamed "That he saw the Macedonian phalanx all on fire, and that Alexander, in the dress which he, Darius, had formerly worn when one of the king's couriers, acted as his servant, after which Alexander went into the temple of Belus, and there suddenly disappeared." By this Heaven seems to have signified that prosperity and honour would attend the Macedonians, and that Alexander would become master of Asia, like Darius before him, who, of a simple courier, became a king, but that he would nevertheless soon die, and leave his glory behind him.

Darius was still more encouraged by Alexander's long stay in Cilicia, which he looked upon as the effect of his fear. But the real cause of his stay was sickness, which some attribute to his great fatigues, and others to his bathing in the river Cydnus, whose water is extremely cold. His physicians durst not give him any medicines, because they thought themselves not so certain of the cure as of the danger they must incur in the application; for they feared the Macedonians, if they did not succeed, would suspect them of some bad practice. Philip, the Acarnanian, saw how desperate the king's case was, as well as the rest; but, besides the confidence he had in his friendship, he thought it the highest ingratitude, when his master was in so much danger, not to risk something with him, in exhausting all his art for his relief. He therefore attempted the cure, and found no difficulty in persuading the king to wait with patience till his medicine was prepared, or to take it when ready, so desirous was he of a speedy recovery, in order to prosecute the war.

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[1] Upon the death of Memnon, who had begun with great success to reduce the Greek islands, and was on the point of invading Eubœa, Darius was at a loss whom to employ. While he was in this suspense, Charidemus, an Athenian, who had served with great reputation under Philip of Macedon, but was now very jealous for the Persian interest, attempted to set the king and his ministers right. "While you, Sir," said he to Darius "are safe, the empire can never be in great danger. Let me, therefore, exhort you never to expose your person, but to make choice of some able general to march against your enemy. 100,000 men will be more than sufficient, provided a third of them be mercenaries, to compel him to abandon this enterprise, and if you will honour me with the command, I will be accountable for the success of what I advise." Darius was ready to accede to the proposal; but the Persian grandees, through envy, accused Charidemus of a treasonable design, and effected his ruin. Darius repented in a few days, but it was then too late. That able counsellor and general was condemned and executed. DIOD. SIC. l. xvii. Q. CURT. l. iii.

In the meantime Parmenio sent him a letter from the camp, advising him "To beware of Philip, whom," he said, "Darius had prevailed upon, by presents of infinite value, and the promise of his daughter in marriage, to take him off by poison." As soon as Alexander had read the letter, he put it under his pillow, without shewing it to any of his friends. The time appointed being come, Philip, with the king's friends, entered the chamber, having the cup which contained the medicine in his hand. The king received it freely, without the least marks of suspicion, and at the same time put the letter in his hands. It was a striking situation, and more interesting than any scene in a tragedy, the one reading while the other was drinking. They looked upon each other, but with a very different air. The king, with an open and unembarrassed countenance, expressed his regard for Philip, and the confidence he had in his honour; Philip's looks shewed his indignation at the calumny. One while he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, protesting his fidelity; another while he threw himself down by the bedside, entreating his master to be of good courage and trust to his care.

The medicine, indeed, was so strong, and overpowered his spirits in such a manner, that at first he was speechless, and discovered scarce any sign of sense or life; but afterwards he was soon relieved by this faithful physician—in three days—and recovered so well that he was able to shew himself to the Macedonians, whose distress did not abate till he came personally before them.

There was in the army of Darius a Macedonian fugitive, named Amyntas, who knew perfectly well the disposition of Alexander. This man, perceiving that Darius prepared to march through the straits in quest of Alexander, begged of him to remain where he was, and take the advantage of receiving an enemy, so much inferior to him in number, upon large and spacious plains. Darius answered, "He was afraid in that case the enemy would fly without coming to an action, and Alexander escape him." "If that is all your fear," replied the Macedonian, "let it give you no farther uneasiness, for he will come to seek you, and is already on his march." However, his representations had no effect. Darius set out for Cilicia, and Alexander was making for Syria in quest of him; but happening to miss each other in the night, they both turned back; Alexander rejoicing in his good fortune, and hastening to meet Darius in the straits, while Darius endeavoured to disengage himself, and recover his former camp; for by this time he was sensible of his error in throwing himself into ground hemmed in by the sea on one side and the mountains on the other, and intersected by the river

Pinarus, so that it was impracticable for cavalry, and his infantry could only act in small and broken parties; while, at the same time, this situation was extremely convenient for the enemy's inferior numbers.

Thus fortune befriended Alexander as to the scene of action; but the skilful disposition of his forces contributed still more to his gaining the victory. As his army was very small in comparison to that of Darius, he took care to draw it up so as to prevent its being surrounded, by stretching out his right wing farther than the enemy's left. In that wing he acted in person, and, fighting in the foremost ranks, put the barbarians to flight. He was wounded, however, in the thigh, and according to Chares, by Darius, who engaged him hand to hand. But Alexander, in the account he gave Antipater of the battle, does not mention who it was that wounded him. He only says he received a wound in his thigh by a sword, and that no dangerous consequences followed it.

The victory was a very signal one, for he killed above 110,000 of the enemy. Nothing was wanting to complete it but the taking of Darius, and that prince escaped narrowly, having got the start of his pursuer only by four or five furlongs. Alexander took his chariot and his bow, and returned with them to his Macedonians. He found them loading themselves with the plunder of the enemy's camp, which was rich and various; though Darius, to make his troops fitter for action, had left most of the baggage in Damascus. The Macedonians had reserved for their master the tent of Darius, in which he found officers of the household magnificently clothed, rich furniture, and great quantities of gold and silver.

As soon as he had put off his armour he went to the bath, saying to those about him, "Let us go and refresh ourselves after the fatigues of the field, in the bath of Darius." "Nay, rather," said one of his friends, "in the bath of Alexander; for the goods of the conquered are, and shall be called the conqueror's." When he had taken a view of the basons, vials, boxes, and other vases curiously wrought in gold, smelled the fragrant odours of essences, and seen the splendid furniture of spacious apartments, he turned to his friends, and said, "This, then, it seems, it was to be a king!"[1]

As he was sitting down to table an account was brought him that among the prisoners were the mother and wife of Darius, and two unmarried daughters; and that upon seeing his chariot and bow, they broke out into great lamentations, concluding that he was dead. Alexander, after some pause, during which he was rather commiserating their misfortunes than rejoicing in his own success, sent Leonatus to assure them, "That Darius was not dead; that they had nothing to fear from Alexander, for his dispute with Darius was only for empire, and that they should find themselves provided for in the same manner as when Darius was in his greatest prosperity." If this message to the captive princesses was gracious and humane, his actions were still more so. He allowed them to do the funeral honours to what Persians they pleased, and for that purpose furnished them out of the spoils with robes and all the other decorations that were customary. They had as many domestics, and were served in all respects in as honourable a manner as before; indeed, their appointments were greater. But there was another part of his behaviour to them still more noble and princely. Though they were now captives, he considered that they were ladies, not only of high rank, but of great modesty and virtue, and took care that they should not hear an indecent word, nor have the least cause to suspect any danger to their honour. Nay, as if they had been in a holy temple, or asylum of virgins, rather than in an enemy's camp, they lived unseen and unapproached in the most sacred privacy.

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[1] As if he had said, "Could a king place his happiness in such enjoyments as these?" For Alexander was not, till long after this, corrupted by the Persian luxury.

It is said the wife of Darius was one of the most beautiful women, as Darius was one of the tallest and handsomest men in the world, and that their daughters much resembled them. But Alexander, no doubt, thought it more glorious and worthy of a king to conquer himself than to subdue his enemies, and therefore never approached one of them. Indeed, his continence was such that he knew not any woman before his marriage except Barsine, who became a widow by the death of her husband, Memnon, and was taken prisoner near Damascus. She was well versed in the Greek literature, a woman of the most agreeable temper, and of royal extraction; for her father, Artabazus, was grandson to a king of Persia.[1] According to Aristobulus, it was Parmenio that put Alexander upon this connection with so accomplished a woman, whose beauty was her least perfection. As for the other female captives, though they were tall and beautiful, Alexander took no further notice of them than to say by way of jest, "What eye-sores these Persian women are!" He found a counter-charm in the beauty of self-government and sobriety; and in the strength of that passed them by as so many statues.

Philoxenus, who commanded his forces on the coast, acquainted him by letter that there was one Theodorus, a Tarentine, with him, who had two beautiful boys to sell, and desired to know whether he chose to buy them. Alexander was so much incensed at this application, that he asked his friends several times, "What base inclinations Philoxenus had ever seen in him that he durst make him so infamous a proposal?" In his answer to the letter, which was extremely severe upon Philoxenus, he *ordered him to dismiss Theodorus and his vile merchandise together.* He likewise reprimanded young Agnon for offering to purchase Crobylus for him, whose beauty was famous in Corinth. Being informed that two Macedonians, named Damon and Timotheus, had corrupted the wives of some of his mercenaries, who served under Parmenio, he ordered that officer to enquire into the affair, and if they were found guilty, to put them to death, as no better than savages bent on the destruction of human kind. In the same letter, speaking of his own conduct, he expresses himself in these terms: "For my part I have neither seen nor desired to see the wife of Darius; so far from that, I have not suffered any man to speak of her beauty before me." He used to say, "That sleep and the commerce with the sex were the things that made him most sensible of his mortality." For he considered both weariness and pleasure as the natural effects of our weakness.

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[1] Son to a king of Persia's daughter.

He was also very temperate in eating. Of this there are many proofs; and we have a remarkable one in what he said to Ada, whom he called his mother, and had made queen of Caria.[1] Ada, to express her affectionate regards, sent him every day a number of excellent dishes and a handsome dessert, and at last she sent him some of her best cooks and bakers. But he said, "He had no need of them, *for he had been supplied with better cooks by his tutor Leonidas; a march before day to dress his dinner, and a light dinner to prepare his supper.*" He added, that "the same Leonidas used to examine the chests and wardrobes in which his bedding and clothes were put, lest something of luxury and superfluity should be introduced there by his mother."

Nor was he so much addicted to wine as he was thought to be. It was supposed so, because *he passed a great deal of his time at table; but that was spent rather in talking than in drinking; every cup introducing some long discourse.* Besides, he never made these long meals but when he had abundance of leisure upon his hands. *When business called, he was not to be detained by wine, or sleep, or pleasure*, or honourable love, or the most entertaining spectacle, though the motions of other generals have been retarded by some of these things. His life sufficiently confirms this assertion; for though very short, he performed in it innumerable great actions.

On his days of leisure, *as soon as he was risen, he sacrificed to the gods; after which he took his dinner sitting. The rest of the day he spent in hunting, or deciding the differences among his troops, or in reading and writing.* If he was upon a march which did not require haste, he would exercise himself in shooting and darting the javelin, or in mounting and alighting from a chariot at full speed. Sometimes also he *diverted himself with fowling and fox-hunting.*

On his return to his quarters, when he went to be refreshed with the bath and with oil, he inquired of the stewards of his kitchen, whether they had prepared everything in a handsome manner for supper. *It was not till late* in the evening, and when night was come on, *that he took his supper, and then he eat in a recumbent posture. He was very attentive to his guests at table, that they might be served equally, and none neglected.* His conversation in many respects was more agreeable than that of most princes, for he was not deficient in the graces of society. His only fault was his retaining so much of the soldier[1] as to indulge a troublesome vanity. He would not only boast of his own actions, but suffered himself to be cajoled by flatterers to an amazing degree. These wretches were an intolerable burden to the rest of the company, who did not choose to contend with them in adulation, nor yet to appear behind them in their opinion of their king's achievements.

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[1] This princess, after the death of her eldest brother Mausolus, and his consort Artemisia, who died without children, succeeded to the throne with her brother Hidreus, to whom she had been married. Hidreus dying before her, Pexodorus, her third brother, dethroned her, and after his death his son-in-law Orontes seized the crown. But Alexander restored her to the possession of her dominions.

As to delicacies, he had so little regard for them, that when the choicest fruit and fish were brought him from distant countries and seas, he would send some to each of his friends, and he very often left none for himself. *Yet there was always a magnificence at his table, and the expense rose with his fortune, till it came to 10,000 drachmas for one entertainment.* There it stood; and he did not suffer those that invited him to exceed that sum.

After the battle of Issus he sent to Damascus, and seized the money and equipages of the Persians, together with their wives and children. On that occasion the Thessalian cavalry enriched themselves most. They had, indeed, greatly distinguished themselves in the action, and they were favoured with this commission, that they might have the best share in the spoil. Not but the rest of the army found sufficient booty; and the Macedonians having once tasted the treasures and the luxury of the barbarians, hunted for the Persian wealth with all the ardour of hounds upon scent.

It appeared to Alexander a matter of great importance, before he went farther, to gain the maritime powers. Upon application, the kings of Cyprus and Phœnicia made their submission: only Tyre held out. He besieged that city seven months, during which time he erected vast mounts of earth, plied it with his engines, and invested it on the side next the sea with 200 galleys. He had a dream in which he saw Hercules offering him his hand from the wall, and inviting him to enter. And many of the Tyrians dreamed,[2] "That Apollo declared he would go over to Alexander, because he was displeased with their behaviour in the town." Hereupon, the Tyrians, as if the god had been a deserter taken in the fact, loaded his statue with chains, and nailed the feet to the pedestal; not scrupling to call him an *Alexandrist*. In another dream Alexander thought he saw a satyr playing before him at some distance; and when he advanced to take him the savage eluded his grasp. However, at last, after much coaxing and taking many circuits round him, he prevailed with him to surrender himself. The interpreters, plausibly enough, divided the Greek term for *satyr* into two, *Sa Tyros*, which signifies *Tyre is thine*. They still shew us a fountain, near which Alexander is said to have seen that vision.

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[1] The ancients, in their comic pieces, used always to put the rhodomontades in the character of a soldier. At present the army have as little vanity as any set of people whatever.

[2] One of the Tyrians dreamed he saw Apollo flying from the city. Upon his reporting this to the people, they would have stoned him, supposing that he did it to intimidate them. He was obliged, therefore, to take refuge in the temple of Hercules. But the magistrates, upon mature deliberation, resolved to fix one end of a gold chain to the statue of Apollo, and the other to the altar of Hercules. Diodor. Sic. lib. xvii.

About the middle of the siege he made an excursion against the Arabians, who dwelt about Antilibanus. There he ran a great risk of his life, on account of his preceptor Lysimachus, who insisted on attending him; being, as he alleged, neither older nor less valiant than Phœnix. But when they came to the hills, and quitted their horses, to march up on foot, the rest of the party got far before Alexander and Lysimachus. Night came on, and as the enemy was at no great distance, the king would not leave his preceptor borne down with fatigue and the weight of years. Therefore, while he was encouraging and helping him forward, he was insensibly separated from his troops, and had a dark and very cold night to pass in an exposed and dismal situation. In this perplexity, he observed at a distance a number of scattered fires which the enemy had lighted; and depending upon his swiftness and activity, as well as accustomed to extricate the Macedonians out of every difficulty, by taking a share in the labour and danger, he ran to the next fire. After having killed two of the barbarians that sat watching it, he seized a lighted brand, and hastened with it to his party, who soon kindled a great fire. The sight of this so intimidated the enemy that many of them fled, and those who ventured to attack him were repulsed with considerable loss. By this means he passed the night in safety, according to the account we have from Chares.

As for the siege, it was brought to a termination in this manner. Alexander had permitted his main body to repose themselves after the long and severe fatigues they had undergone, and ordered only some small parties to keep the Tyrians in play. In the meantime, Aristander, his principal soothsayer, offered sacrifices, and one day, upon inspecting the entrails of the victim, he boldly asserted among those about him that the city would certainly be taken that month. As it happened then to be the last day of the month, his assertion was received with ridicule and scorn. The king perceiving he was disconcerted, and making it a point to bring the prophecies of his ministers to completion, gave orders that the day should not be called the 30th, but the 28th of the month. At the same time he called out his forces by sound of trumpet, and made a much more vigorous assault than he at first intended. The attack was violent, and those who were left behind in the camp quitted it to have a share in it, and to support their fellow-soldiers; insomuch that the Tyrians were forced to give out, and the city was taken that very day.

From thence he marched into Syria, and laid seige to Gaza, the capital of that country. While he was employed there, a bird, as it flew by, let fall a clod of earth upon his shoulder, and then going to perch on the cross cords with which they turned the engines, was entangled and taken. The event answered Aristander's interpretation of this sign: Alexander was wounded in the shoulder, but he took the city. He sent most of its spoils to Olympias and Cleopatra, and others of his friends. His tutor Leonidas was not forgotten; and the present he made him had something particular in it. It consisted of 500 talents weight of frankincense,[1] and 100 of myrrh, and was sent upon recollection of the hopes he had conceived when a boy. It seems Leonidas one day had observed Alexander at a sacrifice throwing incense into the fire by handfuls; upon which he said, "Alexander, when you have conquered the country where spices grow, you may be thus liberal of your incense; but, in the meantime, use what you have more sparingly." He therefore wrote thus: "I have sent you frankincense and myrrh in abundance, that you may be no longer a churl to the gods."

A casket being one day brought him, which appeared one of the most curious and valuable things among the treasures and the whole equipage of Darius, he asked his friends what they thought most worthy to be put in it? Different things were to be proposed, but he said, "The Iliad most deserved such a case." This particular is mentioned by several writers of credit. And if what the Alexandrians say, upon the faith of Heraclides, be true, Homer was no bad auxiliary, or useless counsellor, in the course of the war. They tell us, that when Alexander had conquered Egypt, and determined to build there a great city, which was to be peopled with Greeks and called after his own name, by the advice of his architects he had marked out a piece of ground, and was preparing to lay the foundation; but a wonderful dream made him fix upon another situation. He thought a person with grey hair, and a very venerable aspect, approached him, and repeated the following lines:

> High o'er a gulfy sea the Pharian isle
> Fronts the deep roar of disemboguing Nile.—POPE.

Alexander, upon this, immediately left his bed, and went to Pharos, which at that time was an island lying a little above the *Canobic* mouth of the Nile, but now is joined to the continent by a causeway. He no sooner cast his eyes upon the place, than he perceived the commodiousness of the situation. It is a tongue of land, not unlike an *isthmus*, whose breadth is proportionable to its length. On one side it has a great lake, and on the other the sea, which there forms a capacious harbour. This led him to declare, that "Homer, among his other admirable qualifications, was an excellent architect," and he ordered a city to be planned suitable to the ground, and its appendant conveniences. For want of chalk, they made use of flour, which answered well enough upon a black soil, and they drew a line with it about the semicircular bay. The arms of this semicircle were terminated by straight lines, so that the *whole was in the form of a Macedonian cloak.*

While the king was enjoying the design, on a sudden an infinite number of large birds of various kinds, rose, like a black cloud, out of the river and the lake, and, lighting upon the place, ate up all the flour that was used in marking out the lines. Alexander was disturbed at the omen; but the diviners encouraged him to proceed, by assuring him, it was a sign that the city he was going to build would be blessed with such plenty as to furnish a supply to those that should repair to it from other nations.

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[1] The common Attic talent in Troy weight was 56*lb.* 11*oz.* 17*gr.* This talent consisted of 60 *minæ*; but there was another Attic talent, by some said to consist of 80, by others of 100 *minæ*. The *mina* was 11*oz.* 7*dwt.* 16*gr.* The talent of Alexandria was 104*lb.* 19*dwt.* 14*gr.*

The execution of the plan he left to his architects, and went to visit the temple of Jupiter Ammon. It was a long and laborious journey;[1] and besides the fatigue, there were two great dangers attending it. The one was, that their water might fail, in a desert of many days' journey which afforded no supply; and the other, that they might be surprised by a violent south wind amidst the wastes of sand, as it happened long before to the army of Cambyses. The wind raised the sand, and rolled it in such waves, that it devoured full 50,000 men. These difficulties were considered and represented to Alexander; but it was not easy to divert him from any of his purposes. Fortune had supported him in such a manner, that his resolutions were become invincibly strong; and his courage inspired him with such a spirit of adventure, that he thought it not enough to be victorious in the field, but he must conquer both time and place.

The divine assistances which Alexander experienced in his march, met with more credit than the oracles delivered at the end of it; though those extraordinary assistances in some measure confirmed the oracles. In the first place, Jupiter sent such a copious and constant rain as not only delivered them from all fear of suffering by thirst, but, by moistening the sand, and making it firm to the foot, made the air clear and fit for respiration. In the next place, when they found the marks which were to serve for guides to travellers removed or defaced, and in consequence wandered up and down without any certain route, a flock of crows made their appearance, and directed them in the way. When they marched briskly on, the crows flew with equal alacrity; when they lagged behind, or halted, the crows also stopped. What is still stranger, Callisthenes avers, that at night, when they happened to be gone wrong, these birds called them by their croaking, and put them right again.

When he had passed the desert, and was arrived at the place, the minister of Ammon received him with salutations from the god, as from a father. And when he inquired, "Whether any of the assassins of his father had escaped him?" the priest desired he would not express himself in that manner, "for his father was not a mortal." Then he asked, "Whether all the murderers of Philip were punished; and whether it was given the proponent to be the conqueror of the world?" Jupiter answered, "That he granted him that high distinction; and that the death of Philip was sufficiently avenged." Upon this Alexander made his acknowledgments to the god by rich offerings, and loaded the priests with presents of great value. This is the account most historians give us of the affair of the oracle; but Alexander himself, in the letter he wrote to his mother on that occasion, only says, "He received certain private answers from the oracle, which he would communicate to her, and her only, at his return."

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[1] As to his motives in this journey, historians disagree. Arrian (l. iii. c. 3) tells us, he took it in imitation of Perseus and Hercules, the former of which had consulted that oracle, when he was despatched against the Gorgons; and the latter twice, viz., when he went into Libya against Antæus, and when he marched into Egypt against Busiris. Now, as Perseus and Hercules gave themselves out to be the sons of the Grecian Jupiter, so Alexander had a mind to take Jupiter Ammon for his father. Maximus Tyrius (*Serm.* xxv.) informs us, that he went to discover the fountains of the Nile; and Justin (l. xi. c. 11) says, the intention of this visit was to clear up his mother's character, and to get himself the reputation of a divine origin.

Some say, Ammon's prophet being desirous to address him in an obliging manner in Greek, intended to say, *O Paidion*, which signifies *My Son;* but in his barbarous pronunciation, made the word end with an *s* instead of an *n*, and so said, *O pai dios*, which signifies *O Son of Jupiter*. Alexander (they add) was delighted with the mistake in the pronunciation, and from that mistake was propagated a report that Jupiter himself had called him his son.

He went to hear Psammo, an Egyptian philosopher, and the saying of his that pleased him most was, "That all men are governed by God, for in everything that which rules and governs is divine." But Alexander's own maxim was more agreeable to sound philosophy: he said, "God is the common father of men, but more particularly of the good and the virtuous."

When among the barbarians, indeed, he affected a lofty port, such as might suit a man perfectly convinced of his divine original; but it was in a small degree, and with great caution, that he assumed any thing of divinity among the Greeks. We must except, however, what he wrote to the Athenians concerning Samos. "It was not I who gave you that free and famous city, but your then Lord, who was called my father," meaning Philip.[1]

Yet long after this, when he was wounded with an arrow, and experienced great torture from it, he said, "My friends, this is blood, and not the ichor which blest immortals shed."

One day it happened to thunder in such a dreadful manner, that it astonished all that heard it; upon which, Anaxarchus the sophist, being in company with him, said, "Son of Jupiter, could you do so?" Alexander answered, with a smile, "I do not choose to be so terrible to my friends as you would have me, who despise my entertainments, because you see fish served up, and not the heads of Persian grandees." It seems the king had made Hephæstion a present of some small fish, and Anaxarchus observing it, said, "Why did he not rather send you the heads of princes?"[2] intimating, how truly despicable those glittering things are which conquerors pursue with so much danger and fatigue; since, after all, their enjoyments are little or nothing superior to those of other men. It appears, then, from what has been said, that Alexander neither believed, nor was elated with, the notion of his divinity, but that he only made use of it as a means to bring others into subjection.

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[1] He knew the Athenians were sunk into such meanness, that they would readily admit his pretensions to divinity. So afterwards they deified Demetrius.

[2] Diogenes imputes this saying of Anaxarchus to the aversion he had for Nicocreon, tyrant of Salamis. According to him, Alexander having one day invited Anaxarchus to dinner, asked him how he liked his entertainment? "It is excellent," replied the guest; "it wants but one dish, and that a delicious one—the head of a tyrant." Not the heads of the *Satrapæ*, or governors of provinces, as it is in Plutarch. If the philosopher really meant the head of Nicocreon, he paid dear for his saying afterwards; for after the death of Alexander he was forced, by

At his return from Egypt to Phœnicia, he honoured the gods with sacrifices and solemn processions; on which occasion the people were entertained with music and dancing, and tragedies were presented in the greatest perfection, not only in respect of the magnificence of the scenery, but the spirit of emulation in those who exhibited them. In Athens persons are chosen by lot out of the tribes to conduct those exhibitions; but in this case the princes of Cyprus vied with each other with incredible ardour; particularly Nicocreon king of Salamis, and Pasicrates, king of Soli. They chose the most celebrated actors that could be found; Pasicrates risked the victory upon Athenodorus, and Nicocreon upon Thessalus. Alexander interested himself particularly in behalf of the latter; but did not discover his attachment till Athenodorus was declared victor by all the suffrages. Then, as he left the theatre, he said, "I commend the judges for what they have done; but I would have given half my kingdom rather than have seen Thessalus conquered."

However, when Athenodorus was fined by the Athenians for not making his appearance on their stage at the feasts of Bacchus, and entreated Alexander to write to them in his favour, though he refused to comply with that request, he paid his fine for him. Another actor named Lycon, a native of Scarphia, performing with great applause before Alexander, dexterously inserted in one of the speeches of the comedy a verse in which he asked him for ten talents. Alexander laughed, and gave him them.

It was about this time that he received a letter from Darius, in which that prince proposed, on condition of a pacification and future friendship, to pay him 10,000 talents in ransom of the prisoners, to cede to him all the countries on his side the Euphrates, and to give him his daughter in marriage. Upon his communicating these proposals to his friends, Parmenio said, "*If I were Alexander, I would accept them.*" "*So would I,*" said Alexander,[1] "*if I were Parmenio.*" The answer he gave Darius was, "That if he would come to him, he should find the best of treatment; if not, he must go and seek him."

In consequence of this declaration he began his march, but he repented that he had set out so soon when he received information that the wife of Darius was dead. That princess died in childbed; and the concern of Alexander was great, because he lost an opportunity of exercising his clemency. All he could do was to return

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contrary winds, upon the coast of Cyprus, where the tyrant seized him, and put him to death.

[1] Longinus takes notice of this as an instance, that it is natural for men of genius, even in their common discourse to let fall something great and sublime.

and bury her with the utmost magnificence. One of the eunuchs of the bed-chamber, named Tireus, who was taken prisoner along with the princesses, at this time made his escape out of the camp, and rode off to Darius with news of the queen's death.

Darius smote upon his head, and shed a torrent of tears. After which he cried out, "Ah, cruel destiny of the Persians! Was the wife and sister of the king not only to be taken captive, but after her death to be deprived of the obsequies due to her high rank!" The eunuch answered, "As to her obsequies, O King, and all the honours the queen had a right to claim, there is no reason to blame the evil genius of the Persians. For neither my mistress, Statira, during her life, or your royal mother or children, missed any of the advantages of their former fortune, except the beholding the light of your countenance, which the great Oromasdes[1] will again cause to shine with as much lustre as before. So far from being deprived of any of the solemnities of a funeral, the queen was honoured with the tears of her very enemies. *For Alexander is as mild in the use of his victories as he is terrible in battle.*"

On hearing this, Darius was greatly moved, and strange suspicions took possession of his soul. He took the eunuch into the most private apartment of his pavilion, and said, "If thou dost not revolt to the Macedonians, as the fortune of Persia has done, but still acknowledgest in me thy lord, tell me, as thou honourest the light of Mithra and the right hand of the king, is not the death of Statira the least of her misfortunes I have to lament? Did not she suffer more dreadful things while she lived? And, amidst all our calamities, would not our disgrace have been less had we met with a more rigorous and savage enemy? For what engagement in the compass of virtue could bring a young man to do such honour to the wife of his enemy?"

While the king was yet speaking, Tireus humbled his face to the earth, and entreated him not to make use of expressions so unworthy of himself, so injurious to Alexander, and so dishonourable to the memory of his deceased wife and sister; nor to deprive himself of the greatest of consolations in his misfortune, the reflecting that he was not defeated but by a person superior to human nature. He assured him that Alexander was more to be admired for the decency of his behaviour to the Persian women, than for the valour he exerted against the men. At the same time, he confirmed all that he had said with the most awful oaths, and expatiated still more on the regularity of Alexander's conduct, and on his dignity of mind.

Then Darius returned to his friends; and lifting up his hands to heaven, he said, "Ye gods who are the guardians of our birth, and the protectors of kingdoms, grant that I may re-establish the fortunes of Persia, and leave them in the glory I found them; that victory may put in my power to return Alexander the favours which my dearest pledges experienced from him in my fall! but if the time determined by fate and the divine wrath, or brought by the vicissitude of things, is now come, and the glory of the Persians must fall, may none but Alexander sit on the throne of Cyrus!" In this manner were things conducted, and such were the speeches uttered on this occasion, according to the tenor of history.

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[1] *Oromasdes* was worshipped by the Persians as the Author of all Good, and *Arimanius* deemed the Author of Evil, agreeably to the principles from which were believed to spring Light and Darkness. The Persian writers call them *Yerdan* and *Ahriman*.

Alexander having subdued all on this side of the Euphrates, began his march against Darius, who had taken the field with a million of men. During this march, one of his friends mentioned to him, as a matter that might divert him, that the servants of the army had divided themselves into two bands, and that each had chosen a chief, one of which they called Alexander, and the other Darius. They began to skirmish with clods, and afterwards fought with their fists; and at last, heated with a desire of victory, many of them came to stones and sticks, insomuch that they could hardly be parted. The king upon this report ordered the two chiefs to fight in single combat, and armed Alexander with his own hands, while Philotas did the same for Darius. The whole army stood and looked on, considering the event of this combat as a presage of the issue of the war. The two champions fought with great fury; but he who bore the name of Alexander proved victorious. He was rewarded with a present of twelve villages, and allowed to wear a Persian robe, as Eratosthenes tells the story.

The great battle with Darius was not fought at Arbela,[1] as most historians will have it; but at Gaugamela, which, in the Persian tongue, is said to signify *the house of the camel;*[2] so called because one of the ancient kings having escaped his enemies by the swiftness of his camel, placed her there, and appointed the revenue of certain villages for her maintenance.

In the month of *September* there happened an eclipse of the moon,[3] about the beginning of the festival of the great mysteries at Athens. The eleventh night after that eclipse, the two armies being in view of each other, Darius kept his men under arms, and took a general review of his troops by torch-light. Meantime Alexander suffered his Macedonians to repose themselves, and with his soothsayer Aristander performed some private ceremonies before his tent, and offered sacrifices to FEAR.[4] The oldest of his friends, and Parmenio in particular, when they beheld the plain between Niphates and the Gordæan Mountains all illuminated with the torches of the barbarians, and heard the tumultuary and appalling noise from their camp, like the bellowing of an immense sea, were astonished at their numbers, and observed among themselves how arduous an enterprise it would be to meet such a torrent of war in open day. They waited upon the king, therefore, when he had finished the sacrifice, and advised him to attack the enemy in the night, when darkness would hide what was most dreadful in the combat. Upon which he gave them that celebrated answer—*I will not steal a victory.*

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[1] But as Gaugamela was only a village, and Arbela, a considerable town, stood near it, the Macedonians chose to distinguish the battle by the name of the latter.

[2] Darius, the son of Hystaspes, crossed the deserts of Scythia upon that camel.

[3] Astronomers assure us, this eclipse of the moon happened Sept. 20, according to the Julian calendar; and therefore the battle of Arbela was fought Oct. 1.

[4] FEAR was not without her altars; Theseus sacrificed to her; and Plutarch tells us, in the life of Agis and Cleomenes, that the Lacedæmonians built a temple to FEAR, whom they honoured, not as a pernicious dæmon, but as the bond of all good government.

It is true, this answer has been thought by some to savour of the vanity of a young man, who derided the most obvious danger; yet others have thought it not only well calculated to encourage his troops at that time, but politic enough in respect to the future; because, if Darius had happened to be beaten, it left him no handle to proceed to another trial, under pretence that night and darkness had been his adversaries, as he had before laid the blame upon the mountains, the narrow passes, and the sea. For in such a vast empire, it could never be the want of arms or men that would bring Darius to give up the dispute; but the ruin of his hopes and spirits, in consequence of the loss of a battle, where he had the advantage of numbers and of daylight.

When his friends were gone, Alexander retired to rest in his tent, and he is said to have slept that night much sounder than usual; insomuch, that when his officers came to attend him the next day, they could not but express their surprise at it, while they were obliged themselves to give out orders to the troops to take their morning refreshment. After this, as the occasion was urgent, Parmenio entered his apartment, and standing by the bed, called him two or three times by name. When he awaked, that officer asked him "Why he slept like a man that had already conquered, and not rather like one who had the greatest battle the world ever heard of to fight?" Alexander smiled at the question and said, "In what light can you look upon us but as conquerors, when we have not now to traverse desolate countries in pursuit of Darius, and he no longer declines the combat?" It was not, however, only before the battle, but in the face of danger, that Alexander shewed his intrepidity and excellent judgment; for the battle was some time doubtful. The left wing, commanded by Parmenio, was almost broken by the impetuosity with which the Bactrian cavalry charged; and Mazæus had, moreover, detached a party of horse, with orders to wheel round and attack the corps that was left to guard the Macedonian baggage. Parmenio, greatly disturbed at these circumstances, sent messengers to acquaint Alexander that his camp and baggage would be taken if he did not immediately despatch a strong reinforcement from the front to the rear. The moment that account was brought him he was giving his right wing, which he commanded in person, the signal to charge. He stopped, however, to tell the messenger, "Parmenio must have lost his senses, and in his disorder must have forgot that the conquerors are always masters of all that belonged to the enemy; and the conquered need not give themselves any concern about their treasures or prisoners, nor have anything to think of but how to sell their lives dear, and die in the bed of honour."

As soon as he had returned Parmenio this answer, he put on his helmet, for in other points he came ready-armed out of his tent. He had a short coat of the Sicilian fashion girt close about him, and over that a breast-plate of linen, strongly quilted, which was found among the spoils at the battle of Issus. His helmet, the workmanship of Theophilus, was of iron, but so well polished that it shone like the brightest silver. To this was fitted a gorget of the same metal, set with precious stones. His sword, the weapon he generally used in battle, was a present from the king of the Citieans, and could not be excelled for lightness or for temper. But the belt, which he wore in all engagements, was more superb than the rest of his armour. It was given him by the Rhodians as a mark of their respect, and old Helicon had exerted all his art on it. In drawing up his army and giving orders, as well as exercising and reviewing it, he spared Bucephalus on account of his age, and rode another horse; but he constantly charged upon him; and he had no sooner mounted him than the signal was always given.

The speech he made to the Thessalians and the other Greeks was of some length on this occasion. When he found that they, in their turn, strove to add to his confidence, and called out to him to lead them against the barbarians, he shifted his javelin to his left hand, and stretching his right hand towards heaven, according to Callisthenes, he entreated the gods "to defend and invigorate the Greeks, if he was really the son of Jupiter."

Aristander the soothsayer, who rode by his side in a white robe, and with a crown of gold upon his head, then pointed out an eagle flying over him, and directing his course against the enemy. The sight of this so animated the troops, that, after mutual exhortations to bravery, the cavalry charged at full speed, and the *phalanx* rushed on like a torrent.[1] Before the first ranks were well engaged, the barbarians gave way, and Alexander pressed hard upon the fugitives in order to penetrate into the midst of the host, where Darius acted in person. For he beheld him at a distance, over the foremost ranks, amidst his royal squadron. Besides that he was mounted upon a lofty chariot, Darius was easily distinguished by his size and beauty. A numerous body of select cavalry stood in close order about the chariot, and seemed well prepared to receive the enemy. But Alexander's approach appeared so terrible, as he drove the fugitives upon those who still maintained their ground, that they were seized with consternation, and the greatest part of them dispersed. A few of the best and bravest of them, indeed, met their death before the king's chariot, and falling in heaps one upon another, strove to stop the pursuit; for in the very pangs of death they clung to the Macedonians, and caught hold of their horses' legs as they lay upon the ground.

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[1] Plutarch, as a writer of lives, not of histories, does not pretend to give an exact description of battles. But as many of our readers, we believe, will be glad to see some of the more remarkable in detail, we shall give Arrian's account of this:—Alexander's right wing charged first upon the Scythian horse, who, as they were well armed and very robust, behaved at the beginning very well, and made a vigorous resistance. That this might answer more effectually, the chariots placed in the left wing bore down at the same time upon the Macedonians. Their appearance was very terrible, and threatened entire destruction; but Alexander's light-armed troops, by their darts, arrows, and stones, killed many of the drivers, and more of the horses, so that few reached the Macedonian line; which opening, as Alexander had directed, they only passed through, and were then either taken or disabled by his bodies of reserve. The horse continued still engaged; and, before anything decisive happened there, the Persian foot, near their left wing, began to move, in hopes of falling upon the flank of the Macedonian right wing, or of penetrating so far as to divide it from its centre. Alexander, perceiving this, sent Aretas with a corps to charge them, and prevent their intended manœuvre. In the meantime, prosecuting his first design, he broke their cavalry in the left wing, and entirely routed it. He then charged the Persian foot in flank, and they made but a feeble resistance. Darius, perceiving this, gave up all for lost, and fled. (Arrian, l. iii. c. 13.)—Diodorus ascribes the success which for a time attended the Persian troops entirely to the conduct and valour of Darius. It unfortunately happened that Alexander, attacking his guards, threw a dart at Darius, which, though it missed him, struck the charioteer who sat at his feet dead; and as he fell forwards, some of the guards raised a loud cry, whence those behind them conjectured that the king was slain, and thereupon fled. This obliged Darius to follow their example

Darius had now the most dreadful dangers before his eyes. His own forces, that were placed in the front to defend him, were driven back upon him; the wheels of his chariot were, moreover, entangled among the dead bodies, so that it was almost impossible to turn it; and the horses, plunging among heaps of the slain, bounded up and down, and no longer obeyed the hands of the charioteer. In this extremity he quitted the chariot and his arms, and fled, as they tell us, upon a mare which had newly foaled. But, in all probability, he had not escaped so, if Parmenio had not again sent some horsemen to desire Alexander to come to his assistance, because great part of the enemy's forces still stood their ground, and kept a good countenance. Upon the whole Parmenio is accused of want of spirit and activity in that battle; whether it was that age had damped his courage, or whether, as Callisthenes tells us, he looked upon Alexander's power and the pompous behaviour he assumed with an invidious eye, and considered it as an insupportable burden.[1] Alexander, though vexed at being so stopped in his career, did not acquaint the troops about him with the purport of the message; but under pretence of being weary of such a carnage, and of its growing dark, sounded a retreat. However, as he was riding up to that part of his army which had been represented in danger, he was informed that the enemy were totally defeated and put to flight.

The battle having such an issue, the Persian empire appeared to be entirely destroyed, and Alexander was acknowledged king of all

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who, knowing the route he took could not be discovered on account of the dust and confusion, wheeled about, and got behind the Persian army, and continued his flight that way, while Alexander pursued right forward. (DIOD. SIC. l. xvii.) —Justin tells us, that when those about Darius advised him to break down the bridge of the Cydnus, to retard the enemy's pursuit, he answered, "I will never purchase safety to myself at the expense of so many thousands of my subjects as must by this means be lost." (JUST, l. xi. c. 14.)

[1] The truth seems to be, that Parmenio had too much concern for Alexander. Philip of Macedon confessed Parmenio to be the only general he knew; and on this occasion he probably considered, that if the wing under his command had been beaten, that corps of Persians would have been able to keep the field, and the fugitives rallying and joining it there, might have regained the day.

Asia. The first thing he did was to make his acknowledgments to the gods by magnificent sacrifices; and then to his friends, by rich gifts of houses, estates, and governments. As he was particularly ambitious of recommending himself to the Greeks, he signified by letter that all tyrannies should be abolished, and that they should be governed by their own laws, under the auspices of freedom. To the Platæans in particular he wrote, that their city should be rebuilt, because their ancestors had made a present of their territory to the Greeks, in order that they might fight the cause of liberty upon their own lands. He sent also a part of the spoils to the Crotonians in Italy, in honour of the spirit and courage of their countryman Phaylus,[1] a champion of the wrestling-ring, who in the war with the Medes, when the rest of the Greeks in Italy sent no assistance to the Greeks their brethren, fitted out a ship at his own expense, and repaired to Salamis, to take a share in the common danger. Such a pleasure did Alexander take in every instance of virtue, and so faithful a guardian was he of the honour of all great actions!

He traversed all the province of Babylon, which immediately made its submission; and in the district of Ecbatana he was particularly struck with a gulf of fire, which streamed continually, as from an inexhaustible source. He admired also a flood of *naphtha*, not far from the gulf, which flowed in such abundance that it formed a lake. The *naphtha* in many respects resembles the *bitumen*, but it is much more inflammable. Before any fire touches it, it catches light from a flame at some distance, and often kindles all the intermediate air. The barbarians, to shew the king its force and the subtilty of its nature, scattered some drops of it in the street which led to his lodgings; and standing at one end, they applied their torches to some of the first drops; for it was night. The flame communicated itself swifter than thought, and the street was instantaneously all on fire.

There was one Athenophanes, an Athenian, who, among others, waited on Alexander when he bathed, and anointed him with oil. This man had the greatest success in his attempts to divert him: and one day a boy, named Stephen, happening to attend at the bath, who was homely in his person but an excellent singer, Athenophanes said to the king, "Shall we make an experiment of the *naphtha* upon Stephen? If it takes fire upon him, and does not presently die out, we must allow its force to be extraordinary indeed." The boy readily consented to undergo the trial; but as soon as he was anointed with it, his whole body broke out into a flame, and Alexander was extremely concerned at his danger. Nothing could have prevented his being entirely consumed by it, if there had not been people at hand with many vessels of water for the service of the bath. As it was, they found it difficult to extinguish the fire, and the poor boy felt the bad effects of it as long as he lived.

Those, therefore, who desire to reconcile the fable with truth, are not unsupported by probability when they say it was this drug with which Medea anointed the crown and veil so well known upon the stage.[1] For the flame did not come from the crown or veil, nor did they take fire of themselves; but upon the approach of fire, they soon attracted it, and kindled imperceptibly. The emanations of fire at some distance have no other effect upon most bodies than merely to give them light and heat; but in those which are dry and porous, or saturated with oily particles, they collect themselves into a point, and immediately prey upon the matter so well fitted to receive them. Still remains a difficulty as to the generation of this *naphtha;* whether it derives its inflammable quality from[2] * * or rather from the unctuous and sulphurous nature of the soil. For in the province of Babylon the ground is of so fiery a quality that the grains of barley often leap up and are thrown out, as if the violent heat gave a pulsation to the earth. And in the hot months the people are obliged to sleep upon skins filled with water. Harpalus, whom Alexander left governor of the country, was ambitious to adorn the royal palaces and walks with Grecian trees and plants; and he succeeded in everything except ivy. After all his attempts to propagate that plant, it died; for it loves a cold soil, and therefore it could not bear the temper of that mould.

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[1] In Herodotus *Phayllus*, l. viii. 47

Alexander having made himself master of Susa, found in the king's palace 40,000 talents in coined money,[3] and the royal furniture and other riches were of inexpressible value. Among other things, there was purple of Hermione, worth 5000 talents,[4] which, though it had been laid up 190 years, retained its first freshness and beauty. The reason they assign for this is, that the purple wool was combed with honey, and the white with white oil. And we are assured that specimens of the same kind and age are still to be seen in all their pristine lustre. Dinon informs us, that the kings of Persia used to have water fetched from the Nile and the Danube and put among their treasures, as a proof of the extent of their dominions, and their being masters of the world.

The entrance into Persia was difficult on account of the roughness of the country in that part, and because the passes were guarded by the bravest of the Persians; for Darius had taken refuge there. But a man who spoke both Greek and Persian, having a Lycian to his father, and a Persian woman to his mother, offered himself as a guide to Alexander, and shewed him how he might enter by taking a circuit. This was the person the priestess of Apollo had in view, when, upon Alexander's consulting her at a very early period of life, she foretold, "That a Lycian should conduct him into Persia." Those that first fell into his hands there were slaughtered in vast numbers. He tells us he ordered that no quarter should be given, because he thought such an example would be of service to his affairs. It is said, he found as much gold and silver coin there as he did at Susa, and that there was such a quantity of other treasures and rich moveables that it loaded 10,000 pairs of mules and 5000 camels.[1]

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[1] Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem
Serpente fugit alite. Hor.

[2] Something here is wanting in the original.

[3] Q. Curtius, who magnifies everything, says 50,000

[4] Or 5000 talents weight. Dacier calls it so many hundred-weight; and the eastern talent was nearly that weight. Pliny tells us, that a pound of the double dipped Tyrian purple in the time of Augustus was sold for 100 crowns.

At Persepolis he cast his eyes upon a great statue of Xerxes, which had been thrown from its pedestal by the crowd that suddenly rushed in, and lay neglected on the ground. Upon this he stopped, and addressed it as if it had been alive—"Shall we leave you," said he, "in this condition, on account of the war you made upon Greece, or rear you again, for the sake of your magnanimity and other virtues?" After he had stood a long time considering in silence which he should do, he passed by and left it as it was. To give his troops time to refresh themselves, he stayed there four months, for it was winter.

The first time he sat down on the throne of the kings of Persia under a golden canopy, Demaratus the Corinthian, who had the same friendship and affection for Alexander as he had entertained for his father Philip, is said to have wept like an old man, while he uttered this exclamation, "What a pleasure have those Greeks missed, who died without seeing Alexander seated on the throne of Darius!"

When he was on the point of marching against Darius, he made a great entertainment for his friends, at which they drank to a degree of intoxication; and the women had their share in it, for they came in masquerade to seek their lovers. The most celebrated among these women was Thais, a native of Attica, and mistress to Ptolemy, afterwards king of Egypt. When she had gained Alexander's attention by her flattery and humorous vein, she addressed him over her cups in a manner agreeable to the spirit of her country, but far above a person of her stamp. "I have undergone great fatigues," said she, "in wandering about Asia; but this day has brought me a compensation, by putting it in my power to insult the proud courts of the Persian kings. Ah! how much greater pleasure would it be to finish the carousal with burning the palaces of Xerxes, who laid Athens in ashes, and set fire to it myself in the sight of Alexander.[2] Then shall it be said in times to come, that the women of his train have more signally avenged the cause of Greece upon the Persians, than all that the generals before him could do by sea or land."

This speech was received with the loudest plaudits and most tumultuary acclamations. All the country strove to persuade the king to comply with the proposal. At last, yielding to their instances, he leaped from his seat, and, with his garland on his head and a flambeau in his hand, led the way. The rest followed with shouts of joy, and, dancing as they went, spread themselves round the palace. The Macedonians, who got intelligence of this frolic, ran up with lighted torches, and joined them with great pleasure. For they concluded from his destroying the royal palace, that the king's thoughts were turned towards home, and that he did not design to fix his seat among the barbarians. Such is the account most writers give us of the motives of this transaction. There are not, however, wanting those who assert that it was in consequence of cool reflection. But all agree that the king soon repented, and ordered the fire to be extinguished.

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[1] Diodorus says 8000.

[2] These domes were not reared solely for regal magnificence and security, but to aid the appetites of power and luxury, and to secrete the royal pleasures from those that toiled to gratify them. Thus, as this noble structure was possibly raised not only for vanity but for riot, it fell. A striking instance of the insignificancy of human labours, and the depravity of human nature.

As he was naturally munificent, that inclination increased with his extraordinary acquisitions; and he had also a gracious manner, which is the only thing that gives bounty an irresistible charm. To give a few instances: Ariston, who commanded the Pæonians, having killed one of the enemy and cut off his head, laid it at Alexander's feet, and said, "Among us, Sir, such a present is rewarded with a golden cup." The king answered, with a smile, "An empty one, I suppose; but I will give you one full of good wine; and here, my boy, I drink to you." One day, as a Macedonian of mean circumstances was driving a mule laden with the king's money, the mule tired; the man then took the burden upon his own shoulders and carried it till he tottered under it, and was ready to give out. Alexander happening to see him, and being informed what it was, said, "Hold on, friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your own tent, for it is yours." Indeed, he was generally more offended at those who refused his presents, than at those who asked favours of him. Hence he wrote to Phocion, "That he could no longer number him among his friends, if he rejected the marks of his regard." He had given nothing to Serapion, one of the youths that played with him at ball, because he asked nothing. One day when they were at their diversion, Serapion took care always to throw the ball to others of the party, upon which Alexander said, "Why do you not give it me?" "Because you did not ask for it," said the youth. The repartee pleased the king much; he laughed, and immediately made him very valuable presents. One Proteas, a man of humour, and a jester by profession, had happened to offend him. His friends interceded for him, and he sued for pardon with tears, which at last the king granted. "If you do really pardon me," resumed the wag, "I hope you will give me at least some substantial proof of it." And he condescended to do it in a present of five talents.

With what a free hand he showered his gifts upon his friends and those who attended on his person,[1] appears from one of the letters of Olympias. "You do well," said she, "in serving your friends, and it is right to act nobly; but by making them all equal to kings, in proportion as you put it in their power to make friends, you deprive yourself of that privilege." Olympias often wrote to him in that manner, but he kept all her letters secret, except one, which Hephæstion happened to cast his eye upon when he went, according to custom, to read over the king's shoulder: he did not hinder him from reading on, only, when he had done, he took his signet from his finger and put it to his mouth.[1]

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[1] He probably means in particular the 50 young men brought him by Amyntas, who were of the principal families in Macedonia. Their office was to wait on him at table, to attend with horses when he went to fight or hunt, and to keep guard day and night at his chamber door.

The son of Mazæus, who was the principal favourite of Darius, was already governor of a province, and the conqueror added to it another government still more considerable. But the young man declined it in a handsome manner, and said, "Sir, we had but one Darius, and now you make many Alexanders." He bestowed on Parmenio the house of Bagaos, in which were found such goods as were taken at Susa, to the value of 1000 talents. He wrote to Antipater to acquaint him, that there was a design formed against his life, and ordered him to keep guards about him. As for his mother, he made her many magnificent presents, but he would not suffer her busy genius to exert itself in state affairs, or in the least to control the proceedings of government. She complained of this as a hardship, and he bore her ill humour with great mildness. Antipater once wrote him a long letter full of heavy complaints against her; and when he had read it, he said, "*Antipater knows not that one tear of a mother can blot out a thousand such complaints.*"

He found that his great officers set no bounds to their luxury, that they were most extravagantly delicate in their diet, and profuse in other respects; insomuch that Agnon of Teos *wore silver* nails in his shoes; Leonatus had many camel loads of earth brought from Egypt to rub himself with when he went to the wrestling-ring; Philotas had hunting-nets that would enclose the space of 100 furlongs; more made use of rich essences than oil after bathing, and had their grooms of the bath, as well as chamberlains who excelled in bed-making. This degeneracy he reproved with all the temper of a philosopher. He told them, "It was very strange to him, that after having undergone so many glorious conflicts, they did not remember that those who come from labour and exercise always sleep more sweetly than the inactive and effeminate; and that in comparing the Persian manners with the Macedonian, they did not perceive that *nothing was more servile than the love of pleasure, or more princely than a life of toil.* How will that man," continued he, "take care of his own horse, or furbish his lance and helmet, whose hands are too delicate to wait on his own dear person? Know you not that the end of conquest is, not to do what the conquered have done, but something greatly superior?" After this, he constantly took the exercise of war or hunting, and exposed himself to danger and fatigue with less precaution than ever; so that a Lacedæmonian ambassador, who attended him one day, when he killed a fierce lion, said, "Alexander, you have disputed the prize of royalty gloriously with the lion." Craterus got this hunting-piece represented in bronze, and consecrated it in the temple at Delphi. There were the lion, the dogs, the king fighting with the lion, and

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[1] To enjoin him silence

Craterus making up to the king's assistance. Some of these statues were the workmanship of Lysippus, and others of Leochares.

Thus Alexander hazarded his person, by way of exercise for himself and example to others. But his friends, in the pride of wealth, were so devoted to luxury and ease that they considered long marches and campaigns as a burden, and by degrees came to murmur and speak ill of the king. At first he bore their censures with great moderation, and used to say, "There was something noble in hearing himself ill spoken of while he was doing well."[1] Indeed, in the least of the good offices he did his friends, there were great marks of affection and respect. We will give an instance or two of it. He wrote to Peucestas, who had been beat by a bear in hunting, to complain that he had given an account of the accident, by letters, to others of his friends, and not to him. "But now," says he, "let me know how you do, and whether any of your company deserted you, that I may punish them if such there were." When Hephæstion happened to be absent upon business, he acquainted him in one of his letters, that as they were diverting themselves with hunting the ichneumon,[2] Craterus had the misfortune to be run through the thighs with Perdiccas's lance. When Peucestas recovered of a dangerous illness, he wrote a letter with his own hand to Alexippus the physician, to thank him for his care. During the sickness of Craterus, the king had a dream, in consequence of which he offered sacrifices for his recovery, and ordered him to do the same. Upon Pausanias the physician's design to give Craterus a dose of hellebore, he wrote to him, expressing his great anxiety about it, and desiring him to be particularly cautious in the use of that medicine. He imprisoned Ephialtes and Cissus, who brought him the first news of the flight and treasonable practices of Harpalus, supposing their information false. Upon his sending home the invalids and the superannuated, Euryalochus, the Ægæan, got himself enrolled among the former. Soon after, it was discovered that he had no infirmity of body; and he confessed it was the love of Telesippa, who was going to return home, that put him upon that expedient to follow her. Alexander inquired who the woman was, and being informed that though a courtesan, she was not a slave, he said, "Euryalochus, I am willing to assist you in this affair; but as the woman is free-born, you must see if we can prevail upon her by presents and courtship."

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[1] Voltaire says somewhere, that it is a noble thing to make ingrates. He seems to be indebted for the sentiment to Alexander.

[2] The Egyptian rat, called *ichneumon*, is of the size of a cat, with very rough hair, spotted with white, yellow, and ash-colour; its nose like that of a hog, with which it digs up the earth. It has short black legs, and a tail like a fox. It lives on lizards, serpents, snails, chameleons, &c., and is of great service in Egypt, by its natural instinct of hunting out and breaking the eggs of the crocodile, and thereby preventing too great an increase of that destructive creature. The naturalists also say, that it is so greedy after the crocodile's liver, that rolling itself up in mud, it slips down his throat, while he sleeps with his mouth open, and gnaws its way out again. (Diod. Sic. p. 32, 75; Plin. l. vii c. 24, 25.) The Egyptians worshipped the ichneumon for destroying the crocodiles. They worshipped the crocodile, too, probably as the Indians do the devil, that it might do them no hurt.

It is surprising that he had time or inclination to write letters about such unimportant affairs of his friends, as to give orders for diligent search to be made in Cilicia for Seleucus's runaway slave; to commend Peucestas for having seized Nicon, a slave that belonged to Craterus; and to direct Megabyzus, if possible, to draw another slave from his asylum, and take him, but not to touch him while he remained in the temple.

It is said, that in the first years of his reign, when capital causes were brought before him, he used to stop one of his ears with his hand, while the plaintiff was opening the indictment, that he might reserve it perfectly unprejudiced for hearing the defendant. But the many false informations which were afterwards lodged, and which, by some true circumstances, were so represented as to give an air of truth to the whole, broke his temper. Particularly in case of aspersions on his own character, his reason forsook him, and he became extremely and inflexibly severe, as preferring his reputation to life and empire.

When he marched against Darius again, he expected another battle: but upon intelligence that Bessus had seized the person of that prince, he dismissed the Thessalians, and sent them home, after he had given them a gratuity of 2000 talents over and above their pay. The pursuit was long and laborious, for he rode 3,300 furlongs in eleven days.[1] As they often suffered more for want of water than by fatigue, many of the cavalry were unable to hold out. While they were upon the march, some Macedonians had filled their bottles at a river, and were bringing the water upon mules. These people seeing Alexander greatly distressed with thirst (for it was in the heat of the day), immediately filled a helmet with water, and presented it to him. He asked them to whom they were carrying it, and they said, "Their sons: but if our prince does but live, we shall get other children if we lose them." Upon this he took the helmet in his hands; but looking round and seeing all the horsemen bending their heads, and fixing their eyes upon the water, he returned it without drinking. However, he praised the people that offered it, and said, "If I alone drink, these good men will be dispirited."[2] The cavalry, who were witnesses to this act of temperance and magnanimity, cried out, "Let us march! We are neither weary nor thirsty, nor shall we even think ourselves mortal, while under the conduct of such a king." At the same time they put spurs to their horses.

They all had the same affection to the cause, but only 60 were able to keep up with him till he reached the enemy's camp. There they rode over the gold and silver that lay scattered about, and passing by a number of carriages full of women and children, which were in motion, but without charioteers, they hastened to the leading squadrons, not doubting that they should find Darius among them. At last, after much search, they found him extended on his chariot, and pierced with many darts. Though he was near his last moments, he had strength to ask for something to quench his thirst. A Macedonian, named Polystratus, brought him some cold water, and when he had drank, he said, "Friend, this fills up the measure of my misfortunes, to think I am not able to reward thee for this act of kindness. But Alexander will not let thee go without a recompense; and the gods will reward Alexander for his humanity to my mother, to my wife, and children. Tell him I gave him my hand, for I give it thee in his stead." So saying, he took the hand of Polystratus, and immediately expired. When Alexander came up he shewed his concern for that event by the strongest expressions, and covered the body with his own robe.

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[1] As this was no more than 40 miles a day, our Newmarket heroes would have beat Alexander hollow. It is nothing when compared to the march of Charles XII. from Bender through Germany; nothing to the expedition of Hannibal along the African coast.

[2] Lucan has embellished this story for Cato, and has possibly introduced it merely upon imitation.

Bessus afterwards fell into his hands, and he punished the parricide in this manner. He caused two straight trees to be bent, and one of his legs to be made fast to each; then suffering the trees to return to their former posture, his body was torn asunder by the violence of the recoil.[1]

As for the body of Darius, he ordered it should have all the honours of a royal funeral, and sent it embalmed to his mother. Oxathres, that prince's brother, he admitted into the number of his friends.

His next movement was into Hyrcania, which he entered with the flower of his army. There he took a view of the Caspian Sea, which appeared to him not less than the Euxine, but its water was of a sweeter taste. He could get no certain information in what manner it was formed, but he conjectured that it came from an outlet of the Palus Mæotis. Yet the ancient naturalists were not ignorant of its origin, for many years before Alexander's expedition, they wrote that there are four seas which stretch from the main ocean into the continent, the farthest north of which is the Hyrcanian or the Caspian.[2] The barbarians here fell suddenly upon a party who were leading his horse Bucephalus, and took him. This provoked him so much that he sent a herald to threaten them, their wives, and children, with utter extermination, if they did not restore him the horse; but upon their bringing him back, and surrendering to him their cities, he treated them with great clemency, and paid a considerable sum, by way of ransom, to those that took the horse.

From thence he marched into Parthia, where, finding no employment for his arms, he first put on the robe of the barbarian kings; whether it was that he conformed a little to their customs, because he knew how much a similarity of manners tends to reconcile and gain men's hearts; or whether it was by way of experiment, to see if the Macedonians might be brought to pay him the greater deference, by accustoming them insensibly to the new barbaric attire and port which he assumed. However, he thought the Median habit made too stiff and exotic an appearance, and therefore took not the long breeches, or the sweeping train, or the tiara; but adopting something between the Median and Persian mode, contrived vestments less pompous than the former and more majestic than the latter. At first he used this dress only before the barbarians, or his particular friends within doors; but in time he came to wear it when he appeared in public, and sat for the despatch of business. This was a mortifying sight to the Macedonians; yet, as they admired his other virtues, they thought he might be suffered to please himself a little, and enjoy his vanity. Some indulgence seemed due to a prince, who, beside his other hardships, had lately been wounded in the leg with an arrow, which shattered the bone in such a manner, that splinters were taken out; who, another time, had such a violent blow from a stone upon the nape of his neck, that an alarming darkness covered his eyes, and continued for some time; and yet continued to expose his person without the least precaution. On the contrary, when he had passed the Orexartes, which he supposed to be the Tanais, he not only attacked the Scythians and routed them, but pursued them 100 furlongs, in spite of what he suffered at that time from a flux.

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[1] Q. Curtius tells us, Alexander delivered up the assassin to Oxathres, the brother of Darius. In consequence of which he had his nose and ears cut off, and was afterwards fastened to a cross, where he was despatched with darts and arrows.

[2] This is an error which Pliny too has followed. The Caspian Sea has no communication with the ocean.

There the queen of the Amazons came to visit him, as Clitarchus, Polyritus, Onesicritus, Antigenes, Ister, and many other historians, report. But Aristobulus, Chares of Theangela, Ptolemy, Anticlides, Philo the Theban, Philip, who was also of Theangela, as well as Hecatæus of Eretria, Philip of Chalcis, and Duris of Samos, treat the story as a fiction. And indeed Alexander himself seems to support their opinion. For in one of his letters to Antipater, to whom he gave an exact detail of all that passed, he says, the king of Scythia offered him his daughter in marriage, but he makes not the least mention of the Amazon. Nay, when Onesicritus, many years after, read to Lysimachus, then king, the fourth book of his history, in which this story was introduced, he smiled and said, "Where was I at that time?" But whether we give credit to this particular or not, is a matter that will neither add to nor lessen our opinion of Alexander.

As he was afraid that many of the Macedonians might dislike the remaining fatigues of the expedition, he left the greatest part of his army in quarters, and entered Hyrcania with a select body of 20,000 foot and 3000 horse. The purport of his speech upon the occasion was this, "Hitherto the barbarians have seen us only as in a dream. If you should think of returning, after having given Asia the alarm only, they will fall upon you with contempt as unenterprising and effeminate. Nevertheless, such as desire to depart have my consent for it: but, at the same time, I call the gods to witness, that they desert their king when he is conquering the world for the Macedonians, and leave him to the kinder and more faithful attachment of those few friends that will follow his fortune." This is almost word for word the same with what he wrote to Antipater; and he adds, "That he had no sooner done speaking, than they cried, he might lead them to what part of the world he pleased." Thus he tried the disposition of these brave men; and there was no difficulty in bringing the whole body into their sentiments; they followed of course.

After this, he accommodated himself more than ever to the manners of the Asiatics, and at the same time persuaded them to adopt some of the Macedonian fashions; for by a mixture of both he thought a union might be promoted much better than by force, and his authority maintained when he was at a distance. For the same reason he elected 30,000 boys, and gave them masters to instruct them in the Grecian literature, as well as to train them to arms in the Macedonian manner.

As for his marriage with Roxana, it was entirely the effect of love. He saw her at an entertainment, and found her charms irresistible. Nor was the match unsuitable to the situation of his affairs. The barbarians placed greater confidence in him on account of that alliance, and his chastity gained their affection; it delighted them to think, he would not approach the only woman he ever passionately loved without the sanction of marriage.

Hephæstion and Craterus were his two favourites. The former praised the Persian fashions, and dressed as he did; the latter adhered to the customs of his own country. He therefore employed Hephæstion in his transactions with the barbarians, and Craterus to signify his pleasure to the Greeks and Macedonians. The one had more of his love, and the other more of his esteem. He was persuaded indeed, and he often said, "Hephæstion loved Alexander, and Craterus the king." Hence arose private animosities, which did not fail to break out upon occasion. One day, in India, they drew their swords and came to blows. The friends of each were joining in the quarrel, when Alexander interposed. He told Hephæstion publicly, "He was a fool and a madman, not to be sensible that without his master's favour he would be nothing." He gave Craterus also a severe reprimand in private; and after having brought them together again, and reconciled them, he swore by Jupiter Ammon, and all the other gods, "That he loved them more than all the men in the world; but if he perceived them at variance again, he would put them both to death, or him at least who began the quarrel." This is said to have had such an effect upon them that they never expressed any dislike to each other, even in jest, afterwards.

Among the Macedonians, Philotas the son of Parmenio had greater authority; for he was not only valiant and indefatigable in the field, but after Alexander, no man loved his friend more, or had a greater spirit of generosity. We are told that a friend of his one day requested a sum of money, and he ordered it to be given him. The steward said he had it not to give. "What," says Philotas; "hast thou not plate or some other moveable?" However, he affected an ostentation of wealth, and a magnificence in his dress and table, that was above the condition of a subject. Besides, the loftiness of his port was altogether extravagant; not tempered with any natural graces, but formal and uncouth, it exposed him both to hatred and suspicion; insomuch that Parmenio one day said to him, "My son, be less." He had long been represented in an invidious light to Alexander. When Damascus, with all its riches, was taken, upon the defeat of Darius in Cilicia, among the number of captives that were brought to the camp there was a beautiful young woman called Antigone, a native of Pydna, who fell to the share of Philotas. Like a young soldier with a favourite mistress, in his cups he indulged his vanity, and let many indiscreet things escape him, attributing all the great actions of the war to himself and to his father. As for Alexander, he called him a boy, who by their means enjoyed the title of a conqueror. The woman told these things in confidence to one of her acquaintances, and he (as is common) mentioned them to another. At last they came to the ear of Craterus, who took the woman privately before Alexander. When the king had heard the whole from her own mouth, he ordered her to go as usual to Philotas, but to make her report to him of all that he said. Philotas, ignorant of the snares that were laid for him, conversed with the woman without the least reserve, and either in his resentment or pride uttered many unbecoming things against Alexander. That prince, though he had sufficient proof against Philotas, kept the matter private, and discovered no tokens of aversion; whether it was that he confided in Parmenio's attachment to him, or whether he was afraid of the power and interest of the family.

About this time, a Macedonian named Limnus,[1] a native of Chalæstra, conspired against Alexander's life, and communicated his design to one Nicomachus, a youth that he was fond of, desiring him to take a part in the enterprise. Nicomachus, instead of embracing the proposal, informed his brother Balinus[2] of the plot, who went immediately to Philotas, and desired him to introduce them to Alexander; assuring him it was upon business of great importance. Whatever might be his reason (for it is not known) Philotas refused them admittance, on pretence that Alexander had other great engagements then upon his hands. They applied again, and met with a denial. By this time they entertained some suspicion of Philotas, and addressed themselves to Metron, who introduced them to the king immediately. They informed him first of the conspiracy of Limnus, and hinted to him their suspicions of Philotas, on account of his rejecting two several applications. Alexander was incensed at this negligence; and when he found that the person who was sent to arrest Limnus had killed him,[3] because he stood upon his defence and refused to be taken, it disturbed him still more to think he had lost the means of discovering his accomplices. His resentment against Philotas gave opportunity to those who had long hated that officer to avow their dislike, and to declare how much the king was to blame in suffering himself to be so easily imposed upon as to think that Limnus, an insignificant Chalæstrean, durst engage of his own accord in such a bold design. "No doubt," said they, "he was the agent, or rather the instrument, of some superior hand; and the king should trace out the source of the conspiracy among those who have the most interest in having it concealed."

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[1] It should undoubtedly be read *Dymnus*, as Q. Curtius and Diodorus have it.

[2] Q. Curtius calls him *Cebalinus*.

[3] Other authors say he killed himself.

As he began to listen to these discourses, and to give way to his suspicions, it brought innumerable accusations against Philotas, some of them very groundless. He was apprehended and put to the torture, in presence of the great officers of the court. Alexander had placed himself behind the tapestry to hear the examination; and when he found that Philotas bemoaned himself in such a lamentable manner, and had recourse to such mean supplications to Hephæstion, he is reported to have said, "O Philotas, durst thou, with all this unmanly weakness, embark in so great and hazardous an enterprise?"

After the execution of Philotas, he immediately sent orders into Media, that Parmenio should be put to death: a man who had a share in most of Philip's conquests, and who was the principal, if not the only one, of the old counsellors who put Alexander upon his expedition into Asia. Of three sons whom he took over with him, he had seen two slain in battle, and with the third he fell a sacrifice himself. These proceedings made Alexander terrible to his friends, particularly to Antipater. That regent, therefore, sent privately to the Ætolians, and entered into league with them. They had something to fear from Alexander as well as he, for they had sacked the city of the Œniades; and when the king was informed of it, he said, "The children of the Œniades need not revenge their cause; I will punish the Ætolians myself."

Soon after this happened the affair of Clitus; which, however simply related, is much more shocking than the execution of Philotas. Yet, if we reflect on the occasion and circumstances of the thing, we shall conclude it was a misfortune rather than a deliberate act, and that Alexander's unhappy passion and intoxication only furnished the evil genius of Clitus with the means of accomplishing his destruction. The king had some Grecian fruit brought him from on board a vessel, and as he greatly admired its freshness and beauty, he desired Clitus to see it and partake of it. It happened that Clitus was offering sacrifice that day, but he left it to wait upon the king. Three of the sheep on which the libation was already poured followed him. The king, informed of that accident, consulted his soothsayers, Aristander and Cleomantis the Spartan, upon it, and they assured him it was a very bad omen. He, therefore, ordered the victims to be immediately offered for the health of Clitus; the rather because three days before he had a strange and alarming dream, in which Clitus appeared in mourning, sitting by the dead sons of Parmenio. However before the sacrifice was finished, Clitus went to sup with the king, who that day had been paying his homage to Castor and Pollux.

After they were warmed with drinking, somebody began to sing the verses of one Pranicus, or as others will have it, of Pierio, written in ridicule of the Macedonian officers who had lately been beaten by the barbarians. The older part of the company were greatly offended at it, and condemned both the poet and the singer; but Alexander and those about him listened with pleasure, and bade him go on. Clitus, who by this time had drank too much, and was naturally rough and froward, could not bear their behaviour. He said, "It was not well done to make a jest, and that among barbarians and enemies, of Macedonians that were much better men than the laughers, though they had met with a misfortune." Alexander made answer, "That Clitus was pleading his own cause when he gave cowardice the soft name of misfortune." Then Clitus started up and said, "Yet it was this cowardice that saved you, son of Jupiter as you are, when you were turning your back to the sword of Spithridates. It was by the blood of the Macedonians and these wounds that you are grown so great, that you disdain to acknowledge Philip for your father, and will needs pass yourself for the son of Jupiter Ammon."

Irritated at this insolence, Alexander replied, "It is in this villanous manner thou talkest of me in all companies, and stirrest up the Macedonians to mutiny; but dost thou think to enjoy it long?" "And what do we enjoy now?" said Clitus; "what reward have we for all our toils? Do we not envy those who did not live to see Macedonians bleed under Median rods, or to sue Persians for access to their king?" While Clitus went on in this rash manner, and the king retorted upon upon him with equal bitterness, the old men interposed, and endeavoured to allay the flame. Meantime Alexander turned to Xenodochus the Cardian, and Artemius the Colophonian, and said, "Do not the Greeks appear to you among the Macedonians like demi-gods among so many wild beasts?" Clitus, far from giving up the dispute, called upon Alexander "To speak out what he had to say, or not to invite freemen to his table who would declare their sentiments without reserve. But, perhaps," continued he, "it were better to pass your life with barbarians and slaves, who will worship your Persian girdle and white robe without scruple."

Alexander, no longer able to restrain his anger, threw an apple at his face, and then looked about for his sword. But Aristophanes,[1] one of his guards, had taken it away in time, and the company gathered about him, and entreated him to be quiet. Their remonstrances, however, were vain. He broke from them, and called out in the Macedonian language for his guards, which was the signal for a great tumult. At the same time he ordered the trumpeter to sound, and struck him with his fist upon his discovering an unwillingness to obey. This man was afterwards held in great esteem, because he prevented the whole army from being alarmed.

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[1] Q. Curtius and Arrian call him Aristonus.

As Clitus would not make the least submission, his friends, with much ado, forced him out of the room. But he soon returned by another door, repeating, in a bold and disrespectful tone, those verses from the Andromache of Euripides:

> Are these your customs? Is it thus that Greece
> Rewards her combatants?[1] Shall one man claim
> The trophies won by thousands?

Then Alexander snatched a spear from one of his guards, and meeting Clitus as he was putting by the curtain, ran him through the body. He fell immediately to the ground, and with a dismal groan expired.

Alexander's rage subsided in a moment; he came to himself; and seeing his friends standing in silent astonishment by him, he hastily drew the spear out of the dead body, and was applying it to his own throat, when his guards seized his hands, and carried him by force into his chamber. He passed that night and the next day in anguish inexpressible; and when he had wasted himself with tears and lamentations, he lay in speechless grief, uttering only now and then a groan. His friends, alarmed at this melancholy silence, then forced themselves into the room and attempted to console him. But he would listen to none of them except Aristander, who put him in mind of his dream and the ill omen of the sheep, and assured him that the whole was by the decree of fate. As he seemed a little comforted, Callisthenes the philosopher, Aristotle's near relation, and Anaxarchus the Abderite, were called in.[2] Callisthenes began in a soft and tender manner, endeavouring to relieve him without searching the wound. But Anaxarchus, who had a particular walk in philosophy, and looked upon his fellow-labourers in science with contempt, cried out, on entering the room, "Is this Alexander, upon whom the whole world have their eyes? Can it be he who lies extended on the ground, crying like a slave, in fear of the law and the tongues of men, to whom he should himself be a law, and the measure of right and wrong? What did he conquer for, but to rule and to command, not servilely to submit to the vain opinions of men? Know you not," continued he, "that Jupiter is represented with Themis and justice by his side, to shew that whatever is done by supreme power is right?" By this, and other discourses of the same kind, he alleviated the king's grief, indeed, but made him, withal, more haughty and unjust. At the same time he insinuated himself into his favour in so extraordinary a manner, that he could no longer bear the conversation of Callisthenes, who before was not very agreeable, on account of his austerity.

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[1] This is the speech of Peleus to Menelaus.

[2] Callisthenes was of the city of Olynthus, and had been recommended to Alexander by Aristotle, whose relation he was. He had too much of the spirit of liberty to be fit for a court. He did not shew it, however, in this instance. Aristotle forewarned him, that if he went on to treat the king with the freedom which his spirit prompted, it would one day be fatal to him.

One day a dispute had arisen at table about the seasons and the temperature of the climate. Callisthenes held with those who asserted that the country they were then in was much colder, and the winters more severe, than in Greece. Anaxarchus maintained the contrary with great obstinacy. Upon which Callisthenes said, "You must needs acknowledge, my friend, that this is much the colder; for there you went in winter in one cloak, and here you cannot sit at table without three housing coverlets, one over another." This stroke went to the heart of Anaxarchus.

Callisthenes was disagreeable to all the other sophists and flatterers at court: the more so, because he was followed by the young men on account of his eloquence, and no less acceptable to the old for his regular, grave, self-satisfied course of life. All which confirms what was said to be the cause of his going to Alexander, namely, an ambition to bring his fellow-citizens back, and to re-people the place of nativity.[1] His great reputation naturally exposed him to envy; and he gave some room for calumny himself by often refusing the king's invitations, and when he did go to his entertainments, by sitting solemn and silent; which shewed that he could neither commend nor was satisfied with what passed; insomuch that Alexander said to him one day—

I hate the sage Who reaps no fruits of wisdom to himself.

Once when he was at the king's table with a large company, and the cup came to him, he was desired to pronounce an eulogium upon the Macedonians extempore, which he did with so much eloquence, that the guests, besides their plaudits, rose up and covered him with their garlands. Upon this, Alexander said, in the words of Euripides—

When great the theme, 'tis easy to excel.

"But shew us now," continued he, "the power of your rhetoric, in speaking against the Macedonians, that they may see their faults, and amend."

Then the orator took the other side, and spoke with equal fluency against the encroachments and other faults of the Macedonians, as well as against the divisions among the Greeks, which he shewed to be the only cause of the great increase of Philip's power; concluding with these words—

Amidst sedition's waves The worst of mortals may emerge to honour.

By this he drew upon himself the implacable hatred of the Macedonians, and Alexander said, "He gave not, in this case, a specimen of his eloquence, but of his malevolence."

Hermippus assures us that Stroibus, a person employed by Callisthenes to read to him, gave this account of the matter to Aristotle. He adds, that Callisthenes, perceiving the king's aversion to him, repeated this verse two or three times at parting—

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[1] Olynthus was one of the cities destroyed by Philip; whether Alexander permitted the philosopher to re-establish it is uncertain; but Cicero informs us that, in his time, it was a flourishing place. Or. iii. in Verrem.

Patroclus, thy superior is no more.

It was not, therefore, without reason, that Aristotle said of Callisthenes, "His eloquence, indeed, is great, but he wants common sense." He not only refused, with all the firmness of a philosopher, to pay his respects to Alexander by prostration, but stood forth singly, and uttered in public many grievances which the best and the oldest of the Macedonians durst not reflect upon but in secret, though they were as much displeased at them as he. By preventing the prostration he saved the Greeks, indeed, from a great dishonour, and Alexander from a greater; but he ruined himself, because his manner was such that he seemed rather desirous to compel than to persuade.

Chares of Mitylene tells us that Alexander, at one of his entertainments, after he had drank, reached the cup to one of his friends. That friend had no sooner received it than he rose up, and turning towards the hearth,[1] where stood the domestic gods, to drink, he worshipped and then kissed Alexander. This done, he took his place against the table. All the guests did the same in their order except Callisthenes. When it came to his turn, he drank, and then approached to give the king a kiss, who, being engaged in some discourse with Hephæstion, happened not to mind him; but Demetrius, surnamed Phidon, cried out, "Receive not his kiss, for he alone has not adored you." Upon which Alexander refused it, and Callisthenes said aloud, "Then I return one kiss the poorer."

A coldness, of course, ensued; but many other things contributed to his fall. In the first place, Hephæstion's report was believed, that Callisthenes had promised to adore the king, and broke his word. In the next place Lysimachus and Agnon attacked him and said, "The sophist went about with as much pride as if he had demolished a tyranny, and the young men followed him, as the only freemen among so many thousands." These things, upon the discovery of Hermolaus's plot against Alexander, gave an air of probability to what was alleged against Callisthenes. His enemies said Hermolaus inquired of him, "By what means he might become the most famous man in the world?" and that he answered, "By killing the most famous." They farther asserted, that by way of encouraging him to the attempt, he bade him "not be afraid of the golden bed, but remember he had to do with a man who had suffered both by sickness and by wounds."

Neither Hermolaus, however, nor any of his accomplices, made any mention of Callisthenes amidst the extremities of torture. Nay, Alexander himself, in the account he immediately gave of the plot to Craterus, Attalus, and Alcetas, writes, "That the young men, when put to the torture, declared it was entirely their own enterprise, and that no man besides was privy to it." Yet afterwards, in a letter to Antipater, he affirms that Callisthenes was as guilty as the rest. "The Macedonians," says he, "have stoned the young men to death. As for the sophist, I will punish him myself, and those that sent him too; nor shall the towns that harboured the conspirators escape"—in which he plainly discovers his aversion to Aristotle, by whom Callisthenes was brought up as a relation; for he was the son of Hero, Aristotle's niece. His death is variously related. Some say Alexander ordered him to be hanged; others, that he fell sick and died in chains; and Chares writes, that he was kept seven months in prison, in order to be tried in full council in the presence of Aristotle, but that he died of excessive corpulency and the lousy disease, at the time that Alexander was wounded by the Malli Oxydracæ in India. This happened, however, at a later period than we are upon.

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[1] Dacier is of opinion, that by this action the flatterer wanted to insinuate, that Alexander ought to be reckoned among the domestic gods. But as the king sat in that part of the room where the *Penates* were, we rather think it was a vile excuse to the man's own conscience for this act of religious worship, because their position made it dubious whether it was intended for Alexander or for them.

In the meantime, Demeratus the Corinthian, though far advanced in years, was ambitious of going to see Alexander. Accordingly he took the voyage, and when he beheld him, he said, "The Greeks fell short of a great pleasure who did not live to see Alexander upon the throne of Darius." But he did not live to enjoy the king's friendship. He sickened and died soon after. The king, however, performed his obsequies in the most magnificent manner; and the army threw up for him a monument of earth of great extent, and 80 cubits high. His ashes were carried to the sea-shore in a chariot and four, with the richest ornaments.

When Alexander was upon the point of setting out for India, he saw his troops were so laden with spoils that they were unfit to march; therefore, early in the morning that he was to take his departure, after the carriages were assembled, he first set fire to his own baggage and that of his friends, and then gave orders that the rest should be served in the same manner. The resolution appeared more difficult to take than it was to execute. Few were displeased at it, and numbers received it with acclamations of joy. They freely gave part of their equipage to such as were in need, and burned and destroyed whatever was superfluous. This greatly encouraged and fortified Alexander in his design. Besides, by this time he was become inflexibly severe in punishing offences. Menander, though one of his friends, he put to death for refusing to stay in a fortress he had given him the charge of; and one of the barbarians, named Osodates, he shot dead with an arrow for the crime of rebellion.

About this time a sheep yeaned a lamb with the perfect form and colour of a *tiara* upon its head, on each side of which were testicles. Looking upon the prodigy with horror, he employed the Chaldæans, who attended him for such purposes, to purify him by their expiations. He told his friends on this occasion, "That he was more troubled on their account than his own; for he was afraid that after his death fortune would throw the empire into the hands of some obscure and weak man." A better omen, however, soon dissipated his fears. A Macedonian named Proxenus, who had the charge of the king's equipage, on opening[1] the ground by the river Oxus, in order to pitch his master's tent, discovered a spring of a gross oily liquor, which, after the surface was taken off, came perfectly clear, and neither in taste nor smell differed from real oil, nor was it inferior to it in smoothness and brightness, though there were no olives in that country. It is said, indeed, that the water of the Oxus is of so unctuous a quality, that it makes the skins of those who bathe in it smooth and shining.[2]

It appears, from a letter of Alexander's to Antipater, that he was greatly delighted with this incident, and reckoned it one of the happiest presages the gods had afforded him. The soothsayers said it betokened that the expedition would prove a glorious one, but at the same time laborious and difficult, because Heaven has given men oil to refresh them after their labours. Accordingly he met with great dangers in the battles that he fought, and received very considerable wounds. But his army suffered most by want of necessaries and by the climate. For his part, he was ambitious to shew that courage can triumph over fortune, and magnanimity over force; he thought nothing invincible to the brave, or impregnable to the bold. Pursuant to this opinion, when he besieged Sisimethres[3] upon a rock extremely steep and apparently inaccessible, and saw his men greatly discouraged at the enterprise, he asked Oxyartes, "Whether Sisimethres were a man of spirit?" And being answered, "That he was timorous and dastardly," he said, "You inform me the rock may be taken, since there is no strength in its defender." In fact, he found means to intimidate Sisimethres, and made himself master of the fort.

In the siege of another fort, situated in a place equally steep, among the young Macedonians that were to give the assault there was one called Alexander; and the king took occasion to say to him, "You must behave gallantly, my friend, to do justice to your name." He was informed afterwards that the young man fell as he was distinguishing himself in a glorious manner, and he laid it much to heart.

When he sat down before Nysa,[4] the Macedonians made some difficulty of advancing to the attack, on account of the depth of the river that washed its walls, till Alexander said, "What a wretch am I, that I did not learn to swim," and was going to ford it with a shield in his hand. After the first assault, while the troops were refreshing themselves, ambassadors came with an offer to capitulate; and along with them deputies from some other places. They were surprised to see him in armour, without any pomp or ceremony; and their astonishment increased when he bade the oldest of the ambassadors, named Acuphis, take the sofa that was brought for himself. Acuphis, struck with a benignity of reception so far beyond his hopes, asked what they must do to be admitted into his friendship? Alexander answered, "It must be on condition that they appoint you their governor, and send me a hundred of their best men for hostages." Acuphis smiled at this, and said, "I should govern better if you would take the worst, instead of the best."

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[1] Strabo (lib. ii.) ascribes the same properties to the ground near the river Ochus. Indeed, the Ochus and the Oxus unite their streams, and flow together into the Caspian Sea.

[2] Pliny tells us, that the surface of these rivers was a consistence of salt, and that the waters flowed under it as under a crust of ice. The salt consistence he imputes to the defluxions from the neighbouring mountains, but he says nothing of the unctuous quality of these waters mentioned by Plutarch. Nat. Hist. lib. xxxi.

[3] This stronghold was situated in Bactriana. Strabo says it was 15 furlongs high, as many in compass, and that the top was a fertile plain, capable of maintaining five hundred. It was in Bactriana that Alexander married Roxana, the daughter of Oxyartes.

[4] Arrian calls it Nysa; so indeed does the Vulcob. MS. That historian places it near Mount Meris, and adds, that it was built by Dionysius or Bacchus. Hence it had the name of Dionysiopolis. It is now called Nug.

It is said the dominions of Taxiles in India[1] were as large as Egypt; they afforded excellent pasturage, too, and were the most fertile in all respects. As he was a man of great prudence, he waited on Alexander, and after the first compliments, thus addressed him: "What occasion is there for wars between you and me, if you are not come to take from us our water and other necessaries of life—the only things that reasonable men will take up arms for? As to gold and silver, and other possessions, if I am richer than you, I am willing to oblige you with part; if I am poorer, I have no objection to sharing in your bounty." Charmed with his frankness, Alexander took his hand, and answered, "Think you, then, with all this civility, to escape without a conflict? You are much deceived if you do. I will dispute it with you to the last; but it shall be in favours and benefits, for I will not have you exceed me in generosity." Therefore, after having received great presents from him, and made greater, he said to him one evening, "I drink to you, Taxiles, and as sure as you pledge me, you shall have 1000 talents." His friends were offended at his giving away such immense sums, but it made many of the barbarians look upon him with a kinder eye.

The most warlike of the Indians used to fight for pay. Upon this invasion they defended the cities that hired them with great vigour, and Alexander suffered by them not a little. To one of the cities he granted an honourable capitulation, and yet seized the mercenaries as they were upon their march homewards, and put them all to the sword. This is the only blot in his military conduct; all his other proceedings were agreeable to the laws of war, and worthy of a king.[2]

The philosophers gave him no less trouble than the mercenaries, by endeavouring to fix a mark of infamy upon those princes that declared for him, and by exciting the free nations to take up arms; for which reason he hanged many of them.

As to his war with Porus, we have an account of it in his own letters. According to them, the river Hydaspes was between the two armies, and Porus drew up his elephants on the banks opposite the enemy, with their heads towards the stream, to guard it. Alexander caused a great noise and bustle to be made every day in his camp, that the barbarians, being accustomed to it, might not be so ready to take the alarm. This done, he took the advantage of a dark and stormy night, with part of his infantry and a select body of cavalry, to gain a little island in the river, at some distance from the Indians. When he was there, he and his troops were attacked with a most violent wind and rain, accompanied with dreadful thunder and lightning. But notwithstanding this hurricane, in which he saw several of his men perish by the lightning, he advanced from the island to the opposite bank. The Hydaspes, swelled with the rain, by its violence and rapidity made a breach on that side, which received water enough to form a bay, so that when he came to land, he found the bank extremely slippery, and the ground broken and undermined by the current. On this occasion he is said to have uttered that celebrated saying, "*Will you believe, my Athenian friends, what dangers I undergo, to have you the heralds of my fame?*" The last particular we have from Onesicritus; but Alexander himself only says, they quitted their boats, and, armed as they were, waded up the beach breast high, and that when they were landed, he advanced with the horse 20 furlongs before the foot, concluding that if the enemy attacked him with their cavalry, he should be greatly their superior, and that if they made a movement with their infantry, his would come up time enough to receive them. Nor did he judge amiss. The enemy detached against him 1000 horse and 60 armed chariots, and he defeated them with ease. The chariots he took, and killed 400 of the cavalry upon the spot. By this, Porus understood that Alexander himself had passed the river, and therefore brought up his whole army, except what appeared necessary to keep the rest of the Macedonians from making good their passage. Alexander, considering the force of the elephants and the enemy's superior numbers, did not choose to engage them in front, but attacked the left wing himself, while Cœnus, according to his orders, fell upon the right. Both wings being broken, retired to the elephants in the centre, and rallied there. The combat then was of a more mixed kind; but maintained with such obstinacy, that it was not decided till the eighth hour of the day. This description of the battle we have from the conqueror himself, in one of his epistles.

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[1] Between the Indus and the Hydaspes.

[2] It was just and lawful, it seems, to go about harassing and destroying those nations that had never offended him, and upon which he had no claim, except that avowed by the northern barbarians when they entered Italy, namely, that the weak must submit to the strong! Indeed, those barbarians were much honester men, for they had another and a better plea—they went to seek bread.

Most historians agree that Porus was four cubits and a palm high, and that though the elephant he rode was one of the largest, his stature and bulk were such, that he appeared but proportionably mounted. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave extraordinary proofs of his sagacity and care of the king's person. As long as that prince was able to fight, he defended him with great courage, and repulsed all assailants; and when he perceived him ready to sink under the multitude of darts and the wounds with which he was covered, to prevent his falling off, he kneeled down in the softest manner, and with his proboscis gently drew every dart out of his body.

When Porus was taken prisoner, Alexander asked him, "How he desired to be treated?" He answered, "Like a king." "And have you nothing else to request?" replied Alexander. "No," said he; "everything is comprehended in the word king." Alexander not only restored him his own dominions immediately, which he was to govern as his lieutenant, but added very extensive territories to them; for having subdued a free country, which contained 15 nations, 5000 considerable cities,[1] and villages in proportion, he bestowed it on Porus. Another country, three times as large, he gave to Philip, one of his friends, who was also to act there as his lieutenant.

In the battle with Porus, Bucephalus received several wounds, of which he died some time after. This is the account most writers give us: but Onesicritus says, he died of age and fatigue, for he was thirty years old. Alexander shewed as much regret as if he had lost a faithful friend and companion. He esteemed him, indeed, as such; and built a city near the Hydaspes, in the place where he was buried, which he called, after him, Bucephalia. He is also reported to have built a city, and called it Peritas, in memory of a dog of that name which he had brought up and was very fond of. This particular, Sotio says, he had from Potamo of Lesbos.

The combat with Porus abated the spirit of the Macedonians, and made them resolve to proceed no farther in India. It was with difficulty they had defeated an enemy who brought only 20,000 foot and 2000 horse into the field; and therefore they opposed Alexander with great firmness when he insisted that they should pass the Ganges,[2] which, they were informed, was 32 furlongs in breadth, and in depth 100 fathoms. The opposite shore, too, was covered with numbers of squadrons, battalions, and elephants. For the kings of the Gandarites and Præsians were said to be waiting for them there with 80,000 horse, 200,000 foot, 8000 chariots, and 6000 elephants trained to war. Nor is this number at all magnified, for Androcottus, who reigned not long after, made Seleucus a present of 500 elephants at one time,[3] and with an army of 600,000 men, traversed India and conquered the whole.

Alexander's grief and indignation at this refusal were such, that at first he shut himself up in his tent, and lay prostrate on the ground, declaring, "He did not thank the Macedonians in the least for what they had done, if they would not pass the Ganges; for he considered a retreat no other than an acknowledgment that he was overcome." His friends omitted nothing that might comfort him; and at last their remonstrances, together with the cries and tears of the soldiers, who were suppliants at his door, melted him, and prevailed on him to return. However, he first contrived many vain and sophistical things to serve the purposes of fame; among which were arms much bigger than his men could use, and higher mangers and heavier bits than his horses required, left scattered up and down. He built also great altars, for which the Præsians still retain much veneration, and their kings cross the Ganges every year to offer sacrifices in the Grecian manner upon them. Androcotus, who was then very young, had a sight of Alexander, and he is reported to have often said afterwards, "That Alexander was within a little of making himself master of all the country;" with such hatred and contempt was the reigning prince looked upon, on account of his profligacy of manners and meanness of birth.

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[1] Some transcriber seems to have given us the number of inhabitants in one city for the number of cities. Arrian's account of this: "He took 37 cities, the least of which contained 5000 inhabitants, and several of them above 10,000. He took also a great number of villages not less populous than the cities, and gave the government of the country to Porus."

[2] The Ganges is the largest of all the rivers in the three continents, the Indus the second, the Nile the third, and the Danube the fourth.

[3] Dacier says there were 5000, but does not mention his authority. Perhaps it was only a slip in the writing, or in the printing.

Alexander, in his march from thence, formed a design to see the ocean; for which purpose he caused a number of row-boats and rafts to be constructed, and upon them fell down the rivers at his leisure. Nor was this navigation unattended with hostilities. He made several descents by the way, and attacked the adjacent cities, which were all forced to submit to his victorious arms. However, he was very near being cut in pieces by the Malli, who are called the most warlike people in India. He had driven some of them from the wall with his missive weapons, and was the first man that ascended it. But presently after he was up, the scaling ladder broke. Finding himself and his small company much galled by the darts of the barbarians from below, he poised himself, and leaped down into the midst of the enemy. By good fortune he fell upon his feet; and the barbarians were so astonished at the flashing of his arms as he came down, that they thought they beheld lightning, or some supernatural splendour issuing from his body. At first, therefore, they drew back and dispersed. But when they had recollected themselves, and saw him attended only by two of his guards, they attacked him hand to hand, and wounded him through his armour with their swords and spears, notwithstanding the valour with which he fought. One of them standing farther off, drew an arrow with such strength, that it made its way through his cuirass and entered the ribs under the breast. Its force was so great that he gave back, and was brought upon his knees, and the barbarian ran up with his scimitar to despatch him. Peucestas and Limnæus[1] placed themselves before him, but one was wounded and the other killed. Peucestas, who survived, was still making some resistance, when Alexander recovered himself and laid the barbarian at his feet. The king, however, received new wounds, and at last had such a blow from a bludgeon upon his neck, that he was forced to support himself by the wall, and there stood with his face to the enemy. The Macedonians, who by this time had got in, gathered about him, and carried him off to his tent.

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[1] Q. Curtius calls him *Timæus*.

His senses were gone, and it was the current report in the army that he was dead. When they had, with great difficulty, sawed off the shaft, which was of wood, and with equal trouble had taken off the cuirass, they proceeded to extract the head, which was three fingers broad, and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. He fainted under the operation, and was very near expiring; but when the head was got out, he came to himself. Yet, after the danger was over, he continued weak, and a long time confined himself to a regular diet, attending solely to the cure of his wound. The Macedonians could not bear to be so long deprived of the sight of their king; they assembled in a tumultuous manner about his tent. When he perceived this, he put on his robe, and made his appearance; but as soon as he had sacrificed to the gods, he retired again. As he was on his way to the place of his destination, though carried in a litter by the water side, he subdued a large tract of land, and many respectable cities.

In the course of this expedition, he took ten of the *Gymnosophists*,[1] who had been principally concerned in instigating Sabbas to revolt, and had brought numberless other troubles upon the Macedonians. As these ten were reckoned the most acute and concise in their answers, he put the most difficult questions to them that could be thought of, and at the same time declared, he would put the first person that answered wrong to death, and after him all the rest. The oldest man among them was to be judge. He demanded of the 1st, "Which were most numerous, the living or the dead?" He answered, "The living; for the dead no longer exist."[2] The 2nd was asked, "Whether the earth or the sea produced the largest animals?" He answered, "The earth; for the sea is part of it." The 3rd, "Which is the craftiest of all animals?" "That," said he, "with which man is not yet acquainted."[3] The 4th, "What was his reason for persuading Sabbas to revolt?" "Because," said he, "I wished him either to live with honour, or to die as a coward deserves." The 5th had this question put to him, "Which do you think oldest, the day or the night?" He answered, "The day, by one day." As the king appeared surprised at this solution, the philosopher told him, "Abstruse questions must have abstruse answers." Then addressing himself to the 6th, he demanded, "What are the best means for a man to make himself loved?" He answered, "If possessed of great power, do not make yourself feared." The 7th was asked, "How a man might become a god?" He answered, "By doing what is impossible for man to do." The 8th, "Which is strongest, life or death?" "Life," said he; "because it bears so many evils." The last question that he put was, "How long is it good for a man to live?" "As long," said the philosopher, "as he does not prefer death to life."

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[1] The philosophers, so called from their going naked, were divided into two sects, the Brachmani and the Germani. The Brachmani were most esteemed, because there was a consistency in their principles. Apuleius tells us, that not only the scholars, but the younger pupils were assembled about dinner time, and examined what good they had done that day; and such as could not point out some act of humanity, or useful pursuit that they had been engaged in, were not allowed any dinner.

[2] They did not hold the mortality, but the transmigration of the soul.

[3] This we suppose to mean man himself, as not being acquainted with himself.

Then turning to the judge, he ordered him to give sentence. The old man said, "In my opinion they have all answered one worse than another." "If this is thy judgment," said Alexander, "thou shalt die first." "No," replied the philosopher, "not except you choose to break your word: for you declared the man that answered worst should first suffer."

The king loaded them with presents, and dismissed them. After which he sent Onesicritus, a disciple of Diogenes, to the other Indian sages who were of most reputation, and lived a retired life, to desire them to come to him. Onesicritus tells us, Calanus treated him with great insolence and harshness, bidding him to strip himself naked if he desired to hear any of his doctrine; "You should not hear me on any other condition," said he, "though you came from Jupiter himself." Dandamis behaved with more civility; and when Onesicritus had given him an account of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Diogenes, he said, "They appeared to him to have been men of genius, but to have lived with too passive a regard to the laws."

Others say, Dandamis entered into no discourse with the messenger, but only asked, "Why Alexander had taken so long a journey?" As to Calanus, it is certain Taxiles prevailed with him to go to Alexander. His true name was Sphines; but because he addressed them with the word *Cale*, which is the Indian form of salutation, the Greeks called him Calanus. This philosopher, we are told, presented Alexander with a good image of this empire. He laid a dry and shrivelled hide before him, and first trod upon the edges of it. This he did all round; and as he trode on one side, it started up on the other; at last he fixed his feet on the middle, and then it lay still. By this emblem he shewed him that he should fix his residence, and plant his principal force in the heart of his empire, and not wander to the extremities.

Alexander spent seven months in sailing down the rivers to the ocean. When he arrived there he embarked, and sailed to an island which he called Scilloustis,[1] but others call it Psiltoucis. There he landed, and sacrificed to the gods. He likewise considered the nature of the sea and of the coast, as far as it was accessible. And after having besought Heaven, "That no man might ever reach beyond the bounds of his expedition," he prepared to set out on his way back. He appointed Nearchus admiral, and Onesicritus chief pilot, and ordered his fleet to sail round, keeping India on the right. With the rest of his forces he returned by land, through the country of the Orites: in which he was reduced to such extremities, and lost such numbers of men, that he did not bring back from India above a fourth part of the army he entered it with, which was no less than 120,000 foot, and 15,000 horse. Violent distempers, ill diet, and excessive heats, destroyed multitudes; but famine made still greater ravages. For it was a barren and uncultivated country; the natives lived miserably, having nothing to subsist on but a few bad sheep, which used to feed on the fish thrown up by the sea; consequently they were poor, and their flesh of a bad flavour.

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[1] Arrian calls it Cilutta. Here they first observed the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which surprised them not a little.

With much difficulty he traversed this country in sixty days, and then arrived in Gedrosia. There he found provisions in abundance; for besides that the land is fertile in itself, the neighbouring princes and grandees supplied him. After he had given his army some time to refresh themselves, he marched in Carmania for seven days in a kind of a Bacchanalian procession. His chariot, which was very magnificent, was drawn by eight horses. Upon it was placed a lofty platform, where he and his principal friends revelled day and night. This carriage was followed by many others, some covered with rich tapestry and purple hangings, and others shaded with branches of trees fresh gathered and flourishing. In these were the rest of the king's friends and generals, crowned with flowers, and exhilarated with wine.

In this whole company there was not to be seen a buckler, a helmet, or spear: but instead of them, cups, flagons, and goblets. These the soldiers dipped in huge vessels of wine, and drank to each other, some as they marched along, and others seated at tables, which were placed at proper distances on the way. The whole country resounded with flutes, clarionets, and songs, and with the dances and riotous frolics of the women. This disorderly and dissolute march was closed with a very immodest figure, and with all the licentious ribaldry of the Bacchanals, as if Bacchus himself had been present to carry on the debauch.

When Alexander arrived at the royal palace of Gedrosia, he gave his army time to refresh themselves again, and entertained them with feasts and public spectacles. At one of these, in which the choruses disputed the prize of dancing, he appeared inflamed with wine. His favourite Bagoas happening to win it, crossed the theatre in his habit of ceremony, and seated himself by the king. The Macedonians expressed their satisfaction with loud plaudits, and called out to the king to kiss him, with which at last he complied.

Nearchus joined him again here, and he was so much delighted with the account of his voyage, that he formed a design to sail in person from the Euphrates with a great fleet, circle the coast of Arabia and Africa, and enter the Mediterranean by the Pillars of Hercules. For this purpose he constructed, at Thapsacus, a number of vessels of all sorts, and collected mariners and pilots. But the report of the difficulties he had met with in his Indian expedition, particularly in his attack of the Malli, his great loss of men in the country of the Orites, and the supposition he would never return alive from the voyage he now meditated, excited his new subjects to revolt, and put his generals and governors of provinces upon displaying their injustice, insolence, and avarice. In short, the whole empire was in commotion, and ripe for rebellion. Olympias and

Cleopatra, leaguing against Antipater, had seized his hereditary dominions and divided them between them. Olympias took Epirus, and Cleopatra Macedonia. The tidings of which being brought to Alexander, he said, "His mother had considered right; for the Macedonians would never bear to be governed by a woman."

In consequence of this unsettled state of things, he sent Nearchus again to sea, having determined to carry the war into the maritime provinces. Meantime he marched in person to chastise his lieutenants for their misdemeanours. Oxyartes, one of the sons of Abulites, he killed with his own hand by a stroke of his javelin. Abulites had laid in no provisions for him; he had only collected 3000 talents in money. Upon his presenting this, Alexander bade him offer it to his horses; and, as they did not touch it, he said, "Of what use will this provision now be to me?" and immediately ordered Abulites to be taken into custody.

The first thing he did after he entered Persia, was to give this money to the matrons, according to the ancient custom of the kings, who, upon their return from any excursion to their Persian dominions, used to give every woman a piece of gold. For this reason, several of them, we are told, made it a rule to return but seldom; and Ochus never did: he banished himself to save his money. Having found the tomb of Cyrus broken open, he put the author of that sacrilege to death, though a native of Pella, and a person of some distinction. His name was Polymachus. After he had read the epitaph, which was in the Persian language, he ordered it to be inscribed also in Greek. It was as follows:—O MAN! WHOSOEVER THOU ART, AND WHENSOEVER THOU COMEST, (FOR COME I KNOW THOU WILT,) I AM CYRUS, THE FOUNDER OF THE PERSIAN EMPIRE: ENVY ME NOT THE LITTLE EARTH THAT COVERS MY BODY. Alexander was much affected at these words, which placed before him in so strong a light the uncertainty and vicissitude of things.

It was here that Calanus, after having been disordered a little while with the cholic, desired to have his funeral pile erected. He approached it on horseback, offered up his prayers to heaven, poured the libations upon himself, cut off part of his hair,[1] and threw it on the fire; and before he ascended the pile, took leave of the Macedonians, desiring them to spend the day in jollity and drinking with the king, "For I shall see him," said he, "in a little time at Babylon." So saying, he stretched himself upon the pile and covered himself up. Nor did he move at the approach of the flames, but remained in the same posture till he had finished his sacrifice, according to the custom of the sages of his country. Many years after, another Indian did the same before Augustus Cæsar at Athens, whose tomb is shewn to this day, and called *the Indian's tomb.*

Alexander, as soon as he retired from the funeral pile, invited his friends and officers to supper, and, to give life to the carousal, promised that the man who drank most should be crowned for his victory. Promachus drank four measures of wine,[1] and carried off the crown, which was worth a talent, but survived it only three days. The rest of the guests, as Chares tells us, drank to such a degree, that 41 of them lost their lives, the weather coming upon them extremely cold during their intoxication.

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[1] As some of the hair used to be cut from the forehead of victims.

When he arrived at Susa, he married his friends to Persian ladies. He set them the example, by taking Statira, the daughter of Darius, to wife, and then distributed among his principal officers the virgins of highest quality. As for those Macedonians who had already married in Persia, he made a general entertainment in commemoration of their nuptials. It is said, that no less than 9000 guests sat down, and yet he presented each with a golden cup for performing the libation. Everything else was conducted with the utmost magnificence; he even paid off all their debts; insomuch that the whole expense amounted to 9870 talents.

An officer who had but one eye, named Antigenes, put himself upon the list of debtors, and produced a person who declared he was so much in his books. Alexander paid the money; but afterwards discovering the fraud, in his anger forbade him the court, and took away his commission. There was no fault to be found with him as a soldier. He had distinguished himself in his youth under Philip, at the siege of Perinthus, where he was wounded in the eye with a dart shot from one of the engines; and yet he would neither suffer it to be taken out, nor quit the field, till he had repulsed the enemy and forced them to retire into the town. The poor wretch could not bear the disgrace he had now brought upon himself; his grief and despair were so great that it was apprehended he would put an end to his own life. To prevent such a catastrophe, the king forgave him, and ordered him to keep the money.

The 30,000 boys, whom he left under proper masters, were now grown so much, and made so handsome an appearance, and, what was of more importance, had gained such an activity and address in their exercises, that he was greatly delighted with them. But it was matter of uneasiness to the Macedonians; they were apprehensive that the king would have less regard for them. Therefore, when he gave the invalids their route to the sea, in order to their return, the whole army considered it as an injurious and oppressive measure: "He has availed himself," said they, "beyond all reason, of their services, and now he sends them back with dis[illegible], and turns them upon the hands of their country and their pa[illegible], in a very different condition from that in which he received them. Why does he not dismiss us all? Why does he not reckon all the Macedonians incapable of service, now he has got this body of young dancers? Let him go with them and conquer the world."

Alexander, incensed at this mutinous behaviour, loaded them with reproaches; and ordering them off, took Persians for his guards, and filled up other offices with them. When they saw their king with these new attendants, and themselves rejected and spurned with dishonour, they were greatly humbled. They lamented their fate to each other, and were almost frantic with jealousy and anger. At last, coming to themselves, they repaired to the king's tent, without arms, in one thin garment only; and with tears and lamentations delivered themselves up to his vengeance; desiring he would treat them as ungrateful men deserved.

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[1] About fourteen quarts. The chous was six pints nine-tenths.

He was softened with their complaints, but would not appear to hearken to them. They stood two days and nights, bemoaning themselves in this manner, and calling for their dear master. The third day he came out to them; and when he saw their forlorn condition, he wept a long time. After a gentle rebuke for their misbehaviour, he condescended to converse with them in a free manner; and such as were unfit for service he sent over with magnificent presents. At the same time, he signified his pleasure to Antipater, that at all public diversions they should have the most honourable seats in the theatres, and wear chaplets of flowers there; and *that the children of those who had lost their lives in his service should have their father's pay continued to them.*

When he came to Ecbatana in Media, and had despatched the most urgent affairs, he employed himself again in the celebration of games and other public solemnities, for which purpose 3000 artificers, lately arrived from Greece, were very serviceable to him. But unfortunately Hephæstion fell sick of a fever in the midst of this festivity. As a young man and a soldier, he could not bear to be kept to strict diet; and taking the opportunity to dine when his physician, Glaucus, was gone to the theatre, he ate a roasted fowl, and drank a flagon of wine made as cold as possible, in consequence of which he grew worse, and died a few days after.

Alexander's grief on this occasion exceeded all bounds. He immediately ordered the horses and mules to be shorn, that they might have their share in the mourning, and with the same view pulled down the battlements of the neighbouring cities. *The poor physician he crucified.* He forbade the flute and all other music in his camp for a long time. This continued till he received an oracle from Jupiter Ammon, which enjoined him to revere Hephæstion, and sacrifice to him as a demi-god. After this he sought *to relieve his sorrow by hunting, or rather by war, for his game were men.* In this expedition he conquered the Cussæans, and put all that were come to the years of puberty to the sword. This he called a sacrifice to the *manes* of Hephæstion!

He designed to lay out 10,000 talents upon his tomb and the monumental ornaments, and that the workmanship, as well as design, should exceed the expense, great as it was. He therefore desired to have Stasicrates for his architect, whose genius promised a happy boldness and grandeur in everything that he planned. This was the man who had told him, some time before, that Mount Athos in Thrace was most capable of being cut into a human figure, and that, if he had but his orders, he would convert it into a statue for him, the most lasting and conspicuous in the world; a statue which should have a city with 10,000 inhabitants in his left hand, and a river that flowed to the sea with a strong current in its right. He did not, however, embrace that proposal, though at that time he busied himself with his architects in contriving and laying out even more absurd and expensive designs.

As he was advancing towards Babylon, Nearchus, who was returned from his expedition on the ocean, and come up the Euphrates, declared he had been applied to by some Chaldæans, who were strongly of opinion that Alexander should not enter Babylon. But he slighted the warning and continued his march. Upon his approach to the walls he saw a great number of crows fighting, some of which fell down dead at his feet. Soon after this, being informed that Apollodorus, governor of Babylon, had sacrificed, in order to consult the gods concerning him, he sent for Pythagoras the diviner, and as he did not deny the fact, asked him how the entrails of the victim appeared. Pythagoras answered, the liver was without a head. "A terrible presage, indeed!" said Alexander. He let Pythagoras go with impunity; but by this time he was sorry he had not listened to Nearchus. He lived mostly in his pavilion without the walls, and diverted himself with sailing up and down the Euphrates, for there had happened several other ill omens that much disturbed him. One of the largest and handsomest lions that were kept in Babylon was attacked and kicked to death by an ass. One day he stripped for the refreshment of oil, and to play at ball. After the diversion was over, the young men who played with him, going to fetch his clothes, beheld a man sitting in profound silence on his throne, dressed in the royal robes, with the diadem upon his head. They demanded who he was, and it was a long time before he would answer. At last, coming to himself, he said, "My name is Dionysius, and I am a native of Messene. Upon a criminal process against me, I left the place, and embarked for Babylon. There I have been kept a long time in chains. But this day the god Serapis appeared to me, and broke my chains; after which he conducted me hither, and ordered me to put on this robe and diadem, and sit here in silence."

After the man had thus explained himself, Alexander, by the advice of his soothsayers, put him to death. But the anguish of his mind increased: on one hand he almost despaired of the succours of Heaven, and on the other distrusted his friends. He was most afraid of Antipater and his sons, one of which, named Iolaus, was his cup-bearer; the other, named Cassander, was lately arrived from Macedonia; and happening to see some barbarians prostrate themselves before the king, like a man accustomed only to the Grecian manners, and a stranger to such a sight, he burst out into a loud laugh. Alexander, enraged at the affront, seized him by the hair, and with both hands dashed his head against the wall. Cassander afterwards attempted to vindicate his father against his accusers, which greatly irritated the king. "What is this talk of thine?" said he. "Dost thou think that men who had suffered no injury, would come so far to bring a false charge?" "Their coming so far," replied Cassander, "is an argument that the charge is false, because they are at a distance from those who are able to contradict them." At this Alexander smiled and said, "These are some of *Aristotle's sophisms, which make equally for either side of the question;* but be assured I will make you repent it, if these men have had the least injustice done them."

This, and other menaces, left such a terror upon Cassander, and made so lasting an impression upon his mind, that many years after, when king of Macedon and master of all Greece, as he was walking about at Delphi, and taking a view of the statues, the sudden sight of that of Alexander is said to have struck him with such horror that he trembled all over, and it was with difficulty he recovered of the giddiness it caused in his brain.

When Alexander had once given himself up to superstition, his mind was so preyed upon by vain fears and anxieties, that he turned the least incident, which was anything strange and out of the way, into a sign or a prodigy. The court swarmed with sacrifices, purifiers, and prognosticators; they were all to be seen exercising their talents there. So true it is, that *though the disbelief of religion and contempt of things divine is a great evil, yet superstition is a greater;* for as water gains upon low grounds, so superstition prevails over a dejected mind, and fills it with fear and folly. This was entirely Alexander's case. However, upon the receipt of some oracles concerning Hephæstion from the god he commonly consulted, he gave a truce to his sorrows, and employed himself in festive sacrifices and entertainments.

One day, after he had given Nearchus a sumptuous treat, he went, according to custom, to refresh himself in the bath, in order to retire to rest. But in the meantime Medius came and invited him to take part in a carousal, and he could not deny him. *There he drank all that night and the next day, till at last he found a fever coming upon him.* It did not, however, seize him as he was drinking the cup of Hercules, nor did he find a sudden pain in his back, as if it had been pierced with a spear. These are circumstances invented by writers, who thought the catastrophe of so noble a tragedy should be something affecting and extraordinary. Aristobulus tells us, that in the rage of his fever and the violence of his thirst he took a draught of wine, which threw him into a frenzy, *and that he died the thirtieth of the month Daesius (June).*

But in his journals the account of his sickness is as follows:—"On the eighteenth of the month Daesius, finding the fever upon him, he lay in his bath-room. The next day, after he had bathed, he removed into his own chamber, and played many hours with Medius at dice. In the evening he bathed again, and after having sacrificed to the gods, he ate his supper. In the night the fever returned. The twentieth he also bathed, and, after the customary sacrifice, sat in the bath-room, and diverted himself with hearing

Nearchus tell the story of his voyage, and all that was most observable with respect to the ocean. The twenty-first was spent in the same manner. The fever increased, and he had a very bad night. The twenty-second, the fever was violent. He ordered his bed to be removed, and placed by the great bath. There he talked to his generals about the vacancies in his army, and desired they might be filled up with experienced officers. The twenty-fourth, he was much worse. He chose, however, to be carried to assist at the sacrifice. He likewise gave orders, that the principal officers of the army should wait within the court, and that others keep watch all night without. The twenty-fifth, he was removed to his palace, on the other side of the river, where he slept a little, but the fever did not abate; and when his generals entered the room he was speechless. He continued so the day following. The Macedonians, by this time, thinking he was dead, came to the gates with great clamour, and threatened the great officers in such a manner that they were forced to admit them, and suffer them all to pass unarmed by the bed-side. The twenty-seventh, Python and Seleucus were sent to the temple of Serapis to inquire whether they should carry Alexander thither, and the deity ordered that they should not remove him. The twenty-eighth, in the evening he died." These particulars are taken almost word for word from his diary.

There was no suspicion of poison at the time of his death; but six years after (we are told) Olympias, upon some information, put a number of people to death, and ordered the remains of Iolas, who was supposed to have given him the draught, to be dug out of the grave. Those who say Aristotle advised Antipater to such a horrid deed, and furnished him with the poison he sent to Babylon, allege one Agnothemis as their author, who is pretended to have had the information from king Antigonus. They add, that the poison was a water of a cold and deadly quality,[1] which distils from a rock in the territory of Nonacris; and that they receive it as they would do so many dew-drops, and keep it in an ass's hoof; its extreme coldness and acrimony being such that it makes its way through all other vessels. The generality, however, look upon the story of the poison as a mere fable; and they have this strong argument in their favour, that though on account of the disputes which the great officers were engaged in for many days the body lay unembalmed in a sultry place, it had no sign of any taint, but continued fresh and clear.

Roxana was now pregnant, and therefore had great attention paid her by the Macedonians; but being extremely jealous of Statira, she laid a snare for her by a forged letter, as from Alexander; and having by this means got her under her power, she sacrificed both her and her sister, and threw their bodies into a well, which she filled up with earth. Perdiccas was her accomplice in this murder. Indeed, he had now the principal power, which he exercised in the name of Aridæus, whom he treated rather as a screen than as a king.

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[1] Hence it was called the *Stygian water*. Nonacris was a city of Arcadia.

Aridæus was the son of Philip, by a courtesan named Philinna, a woman of low birth. His deficiency in understanding was the consequence of a distemper in which neither nature nor accident had any share; for it is said, there was something amiable and great in him when a boy, which Olympias perceiving, gave him potions that disturbed his brain.[1]

EUMENES.

DURIS the historian writes, that Eumenes the Cardian was the son of a poor waggoner in the Chersonesus, and yet that he had a liberal education both as to learning and the exercises then in vogue.[2] He says that while he was but a lad, Philip happening to be in Cardia, went to spend an hour of leisure in seeing how the young men acquitted themselves in the *pancration*,[3] and the boys in wrestling. Among these Eumenes succeeded so well, and shewed so much activity and address, that Philip was pleased with him, and took him into his train. But others assert, with a greater appearance of probability, that Philip preferred him on account of the ties of friendship and hospitality there were between him and the father of Eumenes.

After the death of Philip, he maintained the reputation of being equal to any of Alexander's officers in capacity, and in the honour with which he discharged his commissions; and though he had only the title of principal secretary, he was looked upon in as honourable a light as the king's most intimate friends and counsellors, insomuch that he had the sole direction of an Indian expedition; and upon the death of Hephæstion, when Perdiccas had the post of that favourite, he succeeded Perdiccas. Therefore, when Neoptolemus, who had been the principal armour-bearer, took upon him to say, after the death of Alexander, "That he had borne the shield and spear of that monarch, and that Eumenes had only followed with his escritoire," the Macedonians only laughed at his vanity; knowing that, besides other marks of honour, Alexander had thought Eumenes not unworthy his alliance. For Barsine, the daughter of Artabazus, who was the first lady Alexander took to his bed in Asia, and who brought him a son named Hercules, and had two sisters; one of which, called Apama, he gave to Ptolemy; and the other, called also Barsine, he gave to Eumenes, at the time when he was selecting Persian ladies as wives for his friends.[1]

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[1] Portraits of the same person, taken at different periods of life, though they differ greatly from each other, retain a resemblance upon the whole. And so it is in general with the characters of men. But Alexander seems to be an exception; for nothing can admit of greater dissimilarity than that which entered into his disposition at different times, and in different circumstances. He was brave and pusillanimous, merciful and cruel, modest and vain, abstemious and luxurious, rational and superstitious, polite and overbearing, politic and imprudent. Nor were these changes casual or temporal; the style of his character underwent a total revolution, and he passed from virtue to vice in a regular and progressive manner. Munificence and pride were the only characteristics that never forsook him. If there were any vice of which he was incapable, it was avarice; if any virtue, it was humility.

[2] There were public schools, where children of all conditions were taught without distinction.

[3] The *pancration* was a composition of wrestling and boxing.

Yet it must be acknowledged, he was often in disgrace with Alexander, and once or twice in danger too, on account of Hephæstion. In the first place, Hephæstion gave a musician named Evius the quarters which the servants of Eumenes had taken up for him. Upon this, Eumenes went in great wrath to Alexander with Mentor,[2] and cried, "The best method they could take, was to throw away their arms and learn to play upon the flute, or turn tragedians." Alexander at first entered into his quarrel, and sharply rebuked Hephæstion; but he soon changed his mind, and turned the weight of his displeasure upon Eumenes; thinking he had behaved with more disrespect to him than resentment against Hephæstion.

Again, when Alexander wanted to send out Nearchus with a fleet to explore the coasts of the ocean, he found his treasury low and asked his friends for a supply. Among the rest he applied to Eumenes for 300 talents, who offered him only 100, and assured him, at the same time, he should find it difficult to collect that sum by his stewards. Alexander refused the offer, but did not remonstrate or complain. However, he ordered his servants privately to set fire to Eumenes's tent, that he might be forced to carry out his money, and be openly convicted of the falsity. It happened that the tent was entirely consumed, and Alexander was sorry on account of the loss of his papers. There was gold and silver found melted, to the amount of more than 1000 talents, yet even then the king took none of it. And having written to all his grandees and lieutenants to send him copies of the despatches that were lost, upon their arrival he put them again under the care of Eumenes.

Some time after, another dispute happened between him and Hephæstion, on account of some present from the king to one of them. Much severe and abusive language passed between them, yet Alexander, for the present, did not look upon Eumenes with less regard. But, Hephæstion dying soon after, the king, in his unspeakable affliction for that loss, expressed his resentment against all who he thought envied that favourite while he lived or rejoiced at his death. Eumenes was one of those whom he most suspected of such sentiments, and he often mentioned the difference, and the severe language those differences had produced. Eumenes, however, being an artful man, and happy at expedients, made the very person through whom he had lost the king's favour the means of regaining it. He seconded the zeal and application of Alexander to celebrate the memory of Hephæstion. He suggested such instances of veneration as he thought might do much honour to the deceased, and contributed largely and freely, out of his own purse, towards the expenses of his funeral.

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[1] Alexander had married Statira, the eldest daughter of Darius, and given the youngest, named Trypetis, to Hephæstion. This was a measure well calculated for establishing him and his posterity on the Persian throne; but it was obnoxious to the Macedonians. Therefore, to support it on one hand, and to obviate inconveniences on the other, he selected 80 virgins out of the most honourable families in Persia, and persuaded his principal friends and officers to marry them

[2] Mentor was brother to Memnon, whose widow Barsine was Alexander's mistress. He was brother-in-law to Artabazus; and the second Barsine, whom Eumenes married, seems to have been daughter to Memnon and Mentor's sister.

Upon the death of Alexander, a great quarrel broke out between the *phalanx* and the late king's friends and generals. Eumenes in his heart sided with the *phalanx*, but in appearance stood neuter, as a person perfectly indifferent; saying, it did not become him, who was a stranger, to interfere in the disputes of the Macedonians. And when the other great officers retired from Babylon, he stayed there, endeavouring to appease that body of infantry, and to dispose them to conciliation.

After these troubles were passed, and the generals met to consult about dividing the provinces and armies among them, the countries assigned Eumenes were Cappadocia and Paphlagonia, and the coast of the sea of Pontus as far as Trapezus. These countries were not then subject to the Macedonians, for Ariarathes was king of them; but Leonatus and Antigonus were to go with a great army, and put Eumenes in possession. Antigonus, now elated with power, and despising all the world, gave no attention to the letters of Perdiccas. But Leonatus marched down from the upper provinces into Phrygia, and promised to undertake the expedition for Eumenes. Immediately after this, Hecatæus, a petty tyrant in Cardia, applied to Leonatus, and desired him rather to go to the relief of Antipater and the Macedonians, who were besieged in Lamia.[1] Leonatus, being inclined to go, called Eumenes, and attempted to reconcile him to Hecatæus. They had long had a suspicion of each other on account of a family difference in point of politics; in consequence of which Eumenes had once accused Hecatæus of setting himself up tyrant in Cardia, and had entreated Alexander to restore that people to their liberty. He now desired to be excused taking a share in the Grecian expedition, alleging he was afraid that Antipater, who had long hated him, to gratify himself as well as Hecatæus, would make some attempt upon his life. Upon which, Leonatus, placing an entire confidence in him, opened to him all his heart. He told him the existing Antipater was nothing but a pretext, and that he designed, as soon as he landed in Greece, to assert his claim to Macedonia. At the same time he shewed him letters from Cleopatra,[2] in which she invited him to Pella, and promised to give him her hand.

Whether Eumenes was really afraid of Antipater, or whether he despaired of any service from Leonatus, who was extremely obstinate in his temper, and followed every impulse of a precipitate ambition, he withdrew from him in the night with all his equipage, which consisted of 300 horse, 200 of his domestics well armed, and all his treasure, amounting to 5000 talents. With this he fled to Perdiccas; and as he acquainted that general with the sacred designs of Leonatus, he was immediately taken into a high degree of favour, and admitted to a share in his councils. In a little time, too, Perdiccas in person conducted him into Cappadocia with a great army, took Ariarathes prisoner, subdued all the country, and established Eumenes in that government; in consequence of which Eumenes put the cities under the direction of his friends, placed guards and garrisons with proper officers at their head, and appointed judges and superintendents of the revenue; Perdiccas leaving the entire disposition of those things to him. After this he departed with Perdiccas; choosing to give him that testimony of respect, not thinking it consistent with his interest to be absent from his court. But Perdiccas, satisfied that he could himself execute the designs he was meditating, and perceiving that the provinces he had left behind required an able and faithful guardian, sent back Eumenes when he had reached Cilicia. The pretence was, that he might attend to the concerns of his own government; but the real intention, that he should secure the adjoining province of Armenia, which was disturbed by the practices of Neoptolemus.

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[1] A city of Thessaly.

[2] The sister of Alexander.

Neoptolemus was a man of sanguine pursuits and unbounded vanity. Eumenes, however, endeavoured to keep him to his duty by soothing applications. And as he saw the Macedonian infantry were become extremely insolent and audacious, he applied himself to raising a body of cavalry which might be a counterpoise against them. For this purpose he remitted the taxes, and gave other immunities to those of his province who were good horsemen. He also bought a great number of horses and distributed them among such of his courtiers as he placed the greatest confidence in, exciting them by honours and rewards, and training them to strength and skill by a variety of exercises. The Macedonians upon this were differently affected, some with astonishment, and others with joy, to see a body of cavalry collected, to the number of 6300, and trained in so short a space of time.

About that time Craterus and Antipater having reduced Greece, passed into Asia, to overthrow the power of Perdiccas; and news was brought that their first intention was to enter Cappadocia. Perdiccas himself was engaged in war with Ptolemy; he therefore appointed Eumenes commander-in-chief of the forces in Armenia and Cappadocia; and wrote to Alcetas and Neoptolemus to obey the orders of that general, whom he had invested with discretionary powers. Alcetas plainly refused to submit to that injunction; alleging that the Macedonians would be ashamed to fight Antipater; and as for Craterus, their affection for him was such that they would receive him with open arms. On the other hand, it was visible that Neoptolemus was forming some treacherous scheme against Eumenes; for when called upon, he refused to join him, and instead of that, prepared to give him battle.

This was the first occasion on which Eumenes reaped the fruits of his foresight and timely preparations. For, though his infantry were beaten, with his cavalry he put Neoptolemus to flight, and took his baggage. And while the phalanx were dispersed upon the pursuit, he fell upon them in such good order with his horse, that they were forced to lay down their arms, and take an oath to serve him. Neoptolemus collected some of the fugitives, and retired with them to Craterus and Antipater. They had already sent ambassadors to Eumenes, to desire him to adopt their interests, in reward of which they would confirm to him the provinces he had, and give him others, with an additional number of troops; in which case he would find Antipater a friend instead of an enemy, and continue in friendship with Craterus instead of turning his arms against him.

Eumenes made answer to these proposals—"That having long been on a footing of enmity with Antipater, he did not choose to be his friend at a time when he saw him treating his friends as so many enemies. As for Craterus, he was ready to reconcile him to Perdiccas, and to compromise matters between them upon just and reasonable terms. But if he should begin hostilities, he should support his injured friend while he had an hour to live, and rather sacrifice life itself than his honour."

When this answer was reported to Antipater and Craterus, they took some time to deliberate upon the measures they should pursue. Meanwhile Neoptolemus arriving, gave them an account of the battle he had lost, and requested assistance of them both, but particularly of Craterus. He said, "The Macedonians had so extraordinary an attachment to him, that if they saw but his hat, or heard one accent of the tongue, they would immediately run to him with their swords in their hands." Indeed, the reputation of Craterus was very great among them, and after the death of Alexander, most of them wished to be under his command. They remembered the risks he had run of embroiling himself with Alexander for their sakes; how he had combated the inclinations for Persian fashions which insensibly grew upon him, and supported the customs of his country against the insults of barbaric pomp and luxury.

Craterus now sent Antipater into Cilicia, and taking a considerable part of the forces himself, marched along with Neoptolemus against Eumenes. If Eumenes foresaw his coming, and was prepared for it, we may impute it to the vigilance necessary in a general; we see nothing in that of superior genius. But when, besides his concealing from the enemy what they ought not to discover, he brought his own troops to action without knowing who was their adversary, and made them serve against Craterus without finding out that he was the officer they had to contend with; in this we see characteristical proofs of generalship. For he propagated a report that Neoptolemus, assisted by Pigris, was advancing again with some Cappadocian and Paphlagonian horse. The night he designed to decamp, he fell into a sound sleep, and had a very extraordinary dream. He thought he saw two Alexanders prepared to try their strength against each other, and each at the head of a phalanx. Minerva came to support the one and Ceres the other. A sharp conflict ensued, in which the Alexander assisted by Minerva was defeated, and Ceres crowned the victor with a wreath of corn. He immediately concluded that the dream was in his favour, because he had to fight for a country which was most of it in tillage, and which had then so excellent a crop, well advanced towards the sickle, that the whole face of it had the appearance of a profound peace. He was the more confirmed in his opinion when he found the enemy's word was *Minerva and Alexander;* and in opposition to it he gave *Ceres and Alexander.* At the same time he ordered his men to crown themselves, and to cover their arms with ears of corn. He was several times upon the point of declaring to his principal officers and captains what adversary they had to contend with, thinking it a hazardous undertaking to keep to himself a secret so important, and perhaps necessary for them to know. Yet he abode by his first resolution, and trusted his own heart only with the danger that might ensue.

When he came to give battle, he would not set any Macedonian to engage Craterus, but appointed to that charge two bodies of foreign horse, commanded by Pharnabazus the son of Artabazus, and Phœnix of Tenedos. They had orders to advance on the first sight of the enemy, and come to close fighting without giving them time to retire; and if they attempted to speak or send any herald, they were not to regard it. For he had strong apprehensions that the Macedonians would go over to Craterus if they happened to know him. Eumenes himself, with a troop of 300 select horse, went and posted himself in the right wing, where he should have to act against Neoptolemus. When they had passed a little hill that separated the two armies, and came in view, they charged with such impetuosity that Craterus was extremely surprised, and expressed his resentment in strong terms against Neoptolemus, who, he thought, had deceived him with a pretence that the Macedonians would change sides. However, he exhorted his officers to behave like brave men, and stood forward to the encounter. In the first shock, which was very violent, the spears were soon broke, and they were then to decide the dispute with the sword.

The behaviour of Craterus did no dishonour to Alexander. He killed numbers with his own hand, and overthrew many others who assailed him in front; but at last he received a side blow from a Thracian, which brought him to the ground. Many passed over him without knowing him; but Gorgias, one of Eumenes's officers, took notice of him, and being well acquainted with his person, leaped from his horse and guarded the body. It was then, however, too late; he was at the last extremity, and in the agonies of death.

In the meantime, Neoptolemus engaged Eumenes. The most violent hatred had long subsisted between them, and this day added stings to it. They knew not one another in the two first encounters, but in the third they did; and then they rushed forward impetuously with swords drawn and loud shouts. The shock their horses met with was so violent, that it resembled that of two galleys. The fierce antagonists quitted the bridles, and laid hold on each other; each endeavouring to tear off the helmet or the breast-plate of his enemy. While their hands were thus engaged, their horses went from under them; and as they fell to the ground without quitting their hold, they wrestled for the advantage. Neoptolemus was beginning to rise first, when Eumenes wounded him in the ham, and by that means got upon his feet before him. Neoptolemus being wounded in one knee, supported himself upon the other, and fought with great courage underneath, but was not able to reach his adversary a mortal blow. At last, receiving a wound in the neck, he grew faint, and stretched himself upon the ground. Eumenes, with all the eagerness of inveterate hatred, hastened to strip him of his arms, and, loading him with reproaches, did not observe that his sword was still in his hand; so that Neoptolemus wounded him under the cuirass, where it touches upon the groin. However, as the stroke was but feeble, the apprehensions it gave him were greater than the real hurt.

When he had despoiled his adversary, weak as he was with the wounds he had received in his legs and arms, he mounted his horse and made up to his left wing, which he supposed might still be engaged with the enemy. There being informed of the fate of Craterus, he hastened to him, and finding his breath and senses not quite gone, he alighted from his horse, wept over him, and gave him his hand. One while he vented his execrations upon Neoptolemus, and another while he lamented his own ill fortune, and the cruel necessity he was under of coming to extremities with his most intimate friend, and either giving or receiving the fatal blow.

Eumenes won this battle about ten days after the former; and it raised him to a high rank of honour, because it brought him the palm both of capacity and courage; but, at the same time, it exposed him to the envy and hatred both of his allies and his enemies. It seemed hard to them that a stranger, a foreign adventurer, should have destroyed one of the greatest and most illustrious of the Macedonians, with the arms of those very Macedonians. Had the news of the death of Craterus been brought sooner to Perdiccas, none but he would have swayed the Macedonian sceptre. But he was slain in a mutiny in Egypt two days before the news arrived. The Macedonians were so much exasperated against Eumenes upon the late event, that they immediately decreed his death. Antigonus and Antipater were to take the direction of the war which was to carry that decree into execution. Meantime Eumenes went to the king's horses, which were pasturing upon Mount Ida, and took such as he had occasion for, but gave the keepers a discharge for them. When Antipater was apprised of it, he laughed, and said, "He could not enough admire the caution of Eumenes, who must certainly expect to see the account of the king's goods and chattels stated either on one side or other."

Eumenes intended to give battle upon the plans of Lydia, near

Sardis, both because he was strong in cavalry, and because he was ambitious to show Cleopatra what a respectable force he had. However, at the request of that princess, who was afraid to give Antipater any cause of complaint, he marched to the Upper Phrygia, and wintered in Celænæ. There Alcetas, Polemon, and Docimus contended with him for the command, upon which he said, "This makes good the observation, Every one thinks of advancing himself, but no one thinks of the danger that may accrue to the public weal."

He had promised to pay his army within three days, and as he had not money to do it, *he sold them all the farms and castles in the country, together with the people and cattle that were upon them.* Every captain of a Macedonian company, or officer who had a command in the foreign troops, received battering engines from Eumenes; and when he had taken the castle, he divided his spoils among his company, according to the arrears due to each particular man. This restored him the affections of the soldiers, insomuch that when papers were found in his camp, dispersed by the enemy, in which their generals promised 100 talents and great honours to the man who should kill Eumenes, the Macedonians were highly incensed, and gave order that from that time he should have a bodyguard of 1000 officermen always about him, who should keep watch by turns, and be in waiting day and night. There was not a man who refused that charge; and they were glad to receive from Eumenes the marks of honour which those who were called the king's friends used to receive from the hands of royalty. For he, too, was empowered to distribute purple hats and rich robes, which were considered as the principal gifts the kings of Macedon had to bestow.

Prosperity gives some appearance of higher sentiments even to persons of mean spirit, and we see something of grandeur and importance about them in the elevation where fortune has placed them. But he who is inspired by real fortitude and magnanimity, will show it most by the dignity of his behaviour under losses, and in the most adverse fortune. So did Eumenes. When he had lost a battle to Antigonus in the territory of the Orcynians in Cappadocia through the treachery of one of his officers, though he was forced to fly himself, he did not suffer the traitor to escape to the enemy, but took him and hanged him upon the spot. In his flight he took a different way from the pursuers, and privately turned round in such a manner as to regain the field of battle. There he encamped in order to bury the dead, whom he collected and burned with the door-posts of the neighbouring villages. The bodies of the officers and common soldiers were burned upon separate piles; and when he had raised great momuments of earth over them, he decamped. So that Antigonus, coming that way afterwards, was astonished at his firmness and intrepidity.

Another time he fell in with the baggage of Antigonus, and could easily have taken it, together with many persons of free condition, a great number of slaves, and all the wealth which had been amassed in so many wars, and the plunder of so many countries. But he was afraid that his men, when possessed of such riches and spoils, would think themselves too heavy for flight, and be too effeminate to bear the hardships of long wandering from place to place: and yet time, he knew, was his principal resource for getting clear of Antigonus. On the other hand, he was sensible it would be extremely difficult to keep the Macedonians from flying upon the spoil, when it was so much within reach. He therefore ordered them to refresh themselves, and feed their horses, before they attacked the enemy. In the meantime he privately sent a messenger to Menander, who escorted the baggage, to acquaint him, "That Eumenes, in consideration of the friendship which had subsisted between them, advised him to provide for his safety, and to retire as fast as possible from the plain, where he might easily be surrounded, to the foot of the neighbouring mountain, where the cavalry could not act, nor any troops fall upon his rear."

Menander soon perceived his danger, and retired. After which, Eumenes sent out his scouts in the presence of all the soldiers, and commanded the latter to arm and bridle their horses, in order for the attack. The scouts brought back an account that Menander had gained a situation where he could not be taken. Hereupon Eumenes pretended great concern, and drew off his forces. We are told, that upon the report Menander made of this affair to Antigonus, the Macedonians launched out in the praises of Eumenes and began to regard him with an eye of kindness for acting so generous a part, when it was in his power to have enslaved their children and dishonoured their wives. The answer Antigonus gave them was this: "Think not, my good friends, it was for your sakes he let them go; it was for his own. He did not choose to have so many shackles upon him when he designed to fly."

After this, Eumenes, being forced to wander and fly from place to place, spoke to many of his soldiers to leave him; either out of care for their safety, or because he did not choose to have a body of men after him, who were too few to stand a battle, and too many to fly in privacy. And when he retired to the castle of Nora,[1] on the confines of Lycaonia and Cappadocia, with only 500 horse and 200 foot, there again he gave all such of his friends free leave to depart as did not like the inconveniences of the place and the meanness of diet,[2] and dismissed them with great marks of kindness.

In a little time Antigonus came up, and, before he formed that siege, invited him to a conference. Eumenes answered, "Antigonus had many friends and generals to take his place in case of accidents to himself; but the troops he had the care of had none to command, or to protect them after him." He therefore insisted that Antigonus should send hostages if he wanted to treat with him in person. And when Antigonus wanted him to make his application to him first, as the greater man, he said, "While I am master of my sword, I shall never think any man greater than myself." At last Anti-

[1] It was only 250 paces in circumference.

[2] 100 left him upon this offer.

gonus sent his nephew Ptolemy into the fort as a hostage, and then Eumenes came out to him. They embraced with great tokens of cordiality, having formerly been intimate friends and companions.

In the conference, which lasted a considerable time, Eumenes made no mention of security for his own life, or of an amnesty for what was passed. Instead of that, he insisted on having the government of his provinces confirmed to him, and considerable rewards for his services besides; insomuch that all who attended on this occasion admired his firmness, and were astonished at his greatness of mind.

During the interview, numbers of the Macedonians ran to see Eumenes; for, after the death of Craterus, no man was so much talked of in the army as he. But Antigonus, fearing they should offer him some violence, called to them to keep at a distance; and when they still kept crowding in, ordered them to be driven off with stones. At last he took him in his arms, and keeping off the multitude with his guards, with some difficulty got him safe again into the castle.

As the treaty ended in nothing, Antigonus drew a line of circumvallation round the place, and having left a sufficient number of troops to carry on the siege, he retired. The fort was abundantly provided with corn, water, and salt, but in want of everything else requisite for the table. Yet with this mean provision he furnished a cheerful entertainment for his friends, whom he invited in their turns; for he took care to season his provisions with agreeable discourse and the utmost cordiality. His appearance was indeed very engaging. His countenance had nothing of a ferocious or war-worn turn, but was smooth and elegant; and the proportion of his limbs was so excellent, that they might seem to have come from the chisel of the statuary. And though he was not very eloquent, he had a soft and persuasive way of speaking, as we may conclude from his epistles.

He observed that the greatest inconvenience to the garrison was the narrowness of the space in which they were confined, enclosed as it was with small houses, and the whole of it not more than two furlongs in circuit; so that they were forced to take their food without exercise, and their horses to do the same. To remove the languor which is the consequence of that want, as well as to prepare them for flight, if occasion should offer, he assigned a room 14 cubits long, the largest in all the fort, for the men to walk in, and gave them orders gradually to mend their pace. As for the horses, he tied them to the roof of the stable with strong halters. Then he raised their heads and fore parts with a pulley, till they could scarce touch the ground with their fore-feet, but, at the same time, they stood firm upon their hind-feet. In this posture the grooms plied them with the whip and the voice; and the horses, thus irritated, bounded furiously on their hind-feet, or strained to set their fore-feet on the ground; by which efforts their whole body was exercised, till they were out of breath and in a foam. After this exercise, which was no bad one either for speed or strength, they had their barley given them boiled, that they might sooner despatch and better digest it.

As the siege was drawn out to a considerable length, Antigonus received information of the death of Antipater in Macedonia, and of the trouble that prevailed there through the animosities between Cassander and Polyperchon. He now bade adieu to all inferior prospects, and grasped the whole empire in his schemes: in consequence of which he wanted to make Eumenes his friend, and bring him to co-operate in the execution of his plan. For this purpose he sent to him Hieronymus,[1] with proposals of peace, on condition he took the oath that was offered to him. Eumenes made a correction in the oath, and left it to the Macedonians before the place to judge which form was the most reasonable. Indeed, Antigonus, to save appearances, had slightly mentioned the royal family in the beginning, and all the rest ran in his own name. Eumenes, therefore, put Olympias and the princes of the blood first: and he proposed to engage himself by oath of fealty not to Antigonus only, but to Olympias and the princes her children. This appearing to the Macedonians much more consistent with justice than the other, they permitted Eumenes to take it, and then raised the siege. They likewise sent this oath to Antigonus, requiring him to take it on the other part.

Meantime Eumenes restored to the Cappadocians all the hostages he had in Nora, and in return they furnished him with horses, beasts of burden, and tents. He also collected great part of his soldiers, who had dispersed themselves after his defeat, and were straggling about the country. By this means he assembled near 1000 horse,[2] with which he marched off as fast as possible, rightly judging he had much to fear from Antigonus; for that general not only ordered him to be besieged again, and shut up within a circular wall, but in his letters expressed great resentment against the Macedonians for admitting the correction of the oath.

While Eumenes was flying from place to place, he received letters from Macedonia, in which the people declared their apprehension of the growing power of Antigonus; and others from Olympias, wherein she invited him to come and take upon him the tuition and care of Alexander's son, whose life she conceived to be in danger. At the same time, Polyperchon and king Philip sent him orders to carry on the war against Antigonus with the forces in Cappadocia. They empowered him also to take 500 talents out of the royal treasure at Quinda, in Caria, for the re-establishment of his own affairs, and as much more as he should judge necessary for the purposes of the war. Antigenes and Teutamas too, who commanded the *Argyraspides*, had directions to support him.

These officers, in appearance, gave Eumenes a kind reception, but it was not difficult to discover the envy and jealousy they had in their hearts, and how much they disdained to act under him. Their envy he endeavoured to remove by not taking the money, which he told them he did not want. To remove their obstinacy and ambition for the first place was not so easy an affair; for, though they knew not how to command, they were resolved not to obey. In this case he called in the assistance of superstition. He said, Alexander had appeared to him in a dream, and shewed him a pavilion with royal furniture, and a throne in the middle of it, after which that prince declared, "If they would hold their councils and despatch business there, he would be with them, and prosper every measure and action which commenced under his auspices."

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[1] Hieronymus was of Cardia, and therefore a countryman of Eumenes. He wrote the history of those princes who divided Alexander's dominions among them, and of their successors.

[2] Diodorus Siculus says 2000.

He easily persuaded Antigenes and Teutamus to believe he had this vision. They were not willing to wait upon him, nor did he choose to dishonour his commission by going to them. They prepared, therefore, a royal pavilion, and a throne in it; which they called the throne of Alexander; and thither they repaired to consult upon the most important affairs.

From thence they marched to the higher provinces, and upon the way were joined by Peucestas, a friend of Eumenes, and other governors of provinces. Thus the Macedonians were greatly strengthened, both in point of numbers and in the most magnificent provision of all the requisites of war. But power and affluence had rendered these governors so untractable in society and so dissolute in their way of living since the death of Alexander, and they came together with a spirit of despotism so nursed by barbaric pride, that they soon became obnoxious to each other, and no sort of harmony could subsist between them. Besides, they flattered the Macedonians, without any regard to decorum, and supplied them with money in such a manner for their entertainments and sacrifices, that, in a little time, their camp looked like a place of public reception for every scene of intemperance; and those veterans were to be courted for military appointments as the people are for their votes in a republic.

Eumenes soon perceived that the new arrived grandees despised each other, but were afraid of him, and watched an opportunity to kill him. He therefore pretended he was in want of money, and borrowed 40,000 crowns of those that hated him most,[1] in order that they might place some confidence in him, or at least might give up their designs upon his life, out of regard to the money lent him. Thus he found guards for himself in the opulence of others; and, though men in general seek to save their lives by giving, he provided for his safety by receiving.

While no danger was near, the Macedonians took bribes of all who wanted to corrupt them, and, like a kind of guards, daily attended the gates of those that affected the command. But when Antigonus came and encamped over against them, and affairs called for a real general, Eumenes was applied to, not only by the soldiers, but the very grandees who had taken so much state upon them in time of peace and pleasure freely gave place to him, and took the post assigned them without murmuring. Indeed, when Antigonus attempted to pass the river Pasitigris, not one of the other officers who were appointed to guard it got any intelligence of his motions; Eumenes alone was at hand to oppose him; and he did it so effectually, that he filled the channel with dead bodies, and made 4000 prisoners.

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[1] In consequence of this, according to Diodorus, Eumenes proposed to take a sum out of the treasury sufficient for making a throne of gold; to place upon that throne the diadem, the sceptre, and crown, and all the other ensigns of royalty belonging to that prince; that every morning a sacrifice should be offered him by all the officers; and that all orders should be issued in his name. A stroke of policy suitable to the genius of Eumenes.

The behaviour of the Macedonians, when Eumenes happened to be sick, still more particularly showed that they thought others fit to direct in magnificent entertainments and the solemnities of peace, but that he was the only person among them fit to lead an army. For Peucestas having feasted them in a sumptuous manner in Persia, and given each man a sheep for sacrifice, hoped to be indulged with the command. A few days after, as they were marching against the enemy, Eumenes was so dangerously ill that he was forced to be carried in a litter at some distance from the ranks, lest his rest, which was very precarious, should be disturbed with the noise. They had not gone far, before the enemy suddenly made their appearance, for they had passed the intermediate hill, and were now descending into the plain. The lustre of their golden armour glittering in the sun as they marched down the hill, the elephants with the towers on their backs, and the purple vests which the cavalry used to wear when they were advancing to the combat, struck the troops that were to oppose them with such surprise, that the front halted, and called out for Eumenes; declaring that they would not move a step farther if he had not the direction of them. At the same time they grounded their arms, exhorting each other to stop, and insisted that their officers should not hazard an engagement without Eumenes.

Eumenes no sooner heard this, than he advanced with the utmost expedition, hastening the slaves that carried the litter. He likewise opened the curtains, and stretched out his hand, in token of his joy. On the first sight of the general of their heart, the troops saluted him in the Macedonian language, clanked their arms, and with loud shouts challenged the enemy to advance, thinking themselves invincible while he was at their head.

Antigonus having learned from some prisoners that Eumenes was so extremely ill that he was forced to be carried on a litter, concluded he should find no great difficulty in beating the other generals, and therefore hastened to the attack. But when he came to reconnoitre the enemy's army, and saw in what excellent order it was drawn up, he stood still some time in silent admiration. At last, spying the litter carried about from one wing to the other, he laughed out aloud, as his manner was, and said to his friends, "Yon litter is the thing that pitches the battle against us." After this he immediately retreated to his entrenchments.[1]

The Macedonians had hardly recovered themselves from their fears before they began to behave again in a disorderly and mutinous manner to their officers, and spread themselves over almost all the provinces of Gabene for winter quarters, insomuch that the first were at the distance of 1000 furlongs from the last. Antigonus being informed of this circumstance, moved back against them without losing a moment's time. He took a rugged road, that afforded no water, because it was the shortest; hoping, if he fell upon them while thus dispersed, that it would be impossible for their officers to assemble them.

However, as soon as he had entered that desolate country, his troops were attacked with such violent winds and severe frosts that it was difficult for them to proceed; and they found it necessary to light many fires. For this reason their march could not be concealed. The barbarians, who inhabited the mountains that overlooked the desert, wondering what such a number of fires could mean, sent some persons upon dromedaries to Peucestas with an account of them.

Peucestas, distracted with terror at this news, prepared for flight, intending to take with him such troops as he could collect on the way. But Eumenes soon dispelled their fears and uneasiness, by promising so to impede the enemy's march that they would arrive three days later than they were expected. Finding that they listened to him, he sent orders to the officers to draw all the troops from the quarters, and assemble them with speed. At the same time he took his horse, and went with his colleagues to seek out a lofty piece of ground which might attract the attention of the troops marching below. Having found one that answered his purpose, he measured it, and caused a number of fires to be lighted at proper intervals, so as to resemble a camp.

When Antigonus beheld those fires upon the heights, he was in the utmost distress. For he thought the enemy were apprized of his intention some time before, and were come to meet him. Not choosing, therefore, with forces so harassed and fatigued with their march, to be obliged to fight troops that were perfectly fresh and had wintered in agreeable quarters, he left the short road, and led his men through the towns and villages; giving them abundant time to refresh themselves. But when he found that no parties came out to gall him in his march, which is usual when an enemy is near, and was informed by the neighbouring inhabitants that they had seen no troops whatever, nor anything but fires upon the hills, he perceived that Eumenes had outdone him in point of generalship; and this incensed him so much that he advanced with a resolution to try his strength in a pitched battle.

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[1] There are some particulars in Diodorus which deserve to be inserted here. After the two armies were separated, without coming to action, they encamped about three furlongs' distance from each other; and Antigonus, soon finding the country where he lay so much exhausted that it would be very difficult for him to subsist, sent deputies to the confederate army, to solicit them, especially the governors of provinces and the old Macedonian corps, to desert Eumenes and to join him; which, at this time, they rejected with the highest indignation. After the deputies were dismissed, Eumenes came into the assembly and delivered himself to the following fable. "A lion once falling in love with a young damsel, demanded her in marriage of her father. The father made answer, that he looked on such an alliance as a great honour to his family, but stood in fear of his claws and teeth, lest, upon any trifling dispute that might happen between them after marriage, he might exercise them a little too hastily upon his daughter. To remove this objection, the amorous lion caused both his nails and teeth to be drawn immediately; whereupon, the father took a cudgel, and soon got rid of his enemy. "This," continued he, "is the very thing aimed at by Antigonus, who is liberal in promises till he has made himself master of your forces, and then, beware of his

Meantime the greatest part of the forces repairing to Eumenes, in admiration of his capacity, desired him to take the sole command. Upon this Antigenes and Teutamus, who were at the head of the *Argyraspides*, were so exasperated with envy that they formed a plot against his life; and having drawn into it most of the grandees and generals, they consulted upon a proper time and method to take him off. They all agreed to make use of him in the ensuing battle, and to assassinate him immediately after. But Eudamus, master of the elephants, and Phœdimus, privately informed Eumenes of their resolutions; not out of any kindness or benevolent regard, but because they were afraid of losing the money they had lent him. He commended them for the honour with which they behaved, and retired to his tent. There he told his friends, "That he lived among a herd of savage beasts," and immediately made his will. After which he destroyed all his papers, lest after his death charges and impeachments should arise against the persons who wrote them, in consequence of the secrets discovered there. He then considered whether he should put the enemy in the way of gaining the victory, or take his flight through Media and Armenia into Cappadocia; but he could not fix upon anything while his friends stayed with him. After revolving various expedients in his mind, which was now almost as changeable as his fortune, he drew up the forces and endeavoured to animate the Greeks and the barbarians. On the other hand, the *Phalanx* and the *Argyraspides* bade him be of good courage, assuring him that the enemy would not stand the encounter; for they were veterans who had served under Philip and Alexander,

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teeth and paws." A few days after this, Eumenes having intelligence that Antigonus intended to decamp in the night, presently guessed that his design was to seek quarters of refreshment for his army in the rich district of Gabene. To prevent this, and at the same time to gain a passage into that country, he instructed some soldiers to pretend they were deserters, and sent them into the camp of Antigonus, where they reported that Eumenes intended to attack him in his trenches that very night. But, while Antigonus's troops were under arms, Eumenes marched for Gabene, which, at length, Antigonus suspected; and having given proper orders to his foot, marched immediately after him with his cavalry. Early in the morning, from the top of a hill, he discerned Eumenes, with his army below; and Eumenes, upon sight of the cavalry, concluding that the whole army of Antigonus was at hand, faced about, and disposed his troops in order to battle. Thus Eumenes was deceived in his turn; and as soon as Antigonus's infantry came up, a sharp action followed, in which the victory seemed won and lost several times. At last, however, Antigonus had visibly the worst, being forced to withdraw, by long marches, into Media. Diod. Sic. lib. xviii.

and like so many champions of the ring, had never had a fall to that day. Many of them were 70 years of age, and none less than 60. So that when they charged the troops of Antigonus, they cried out, "Villains! you fight against your fathers!" Then they fell furiously upon his infantry and soon routed them. Indeed, none of the battalions could stand the shock, and the most of them were cut in pieces upon the spot. But though Antigonus had such bad success in this quarter, his cavalry were victorious, through the weak and dastardly behaviour of Peucestas, and took all the baggage. Antigonus was a man who had an excellent presence of mind on the most trying occasions, and here the place and the occasion befriended him. It was a plain open country, the soil neither deep nor hard, but, like the sea-shore, covered with a fine dry sand, which the trampling of so many men and horses during the action reduced to a small white dust, that, like a cloud of lime, darkened the air and intercepted the prospect; so that it was easy for Antigonus to take the baggage unperceived.

After the battle was over, Teutamus sent some of his corps to Antigonus, to desire him to restore the baggage. He told them he would not only return the *Argyraspides* their baggage, but treat them in all other respects with the greatest kindness, provided they would put Eumenes in his hands. The *Argyraspides* came into that abominable measure, and agreed to deliver up that brave man alive to his enemies. In pursuance of this scheme, they approached him unsuspected, and planted themselves about him. Some lamented the loss of their baggage, some desired him to assume the spirit of victory, which he had gained; others accused the rest of their commanders. Thus watching their opportunity, they fell upon him, took away his sword, and bound his hands behind him with his own girdle.

Nicanor was sent by Antigonus to receive him. But, as they led him through the midst of the Macedonians, he desired first to speak to them; not for any request he had to make, but upon matters of great importance to *them*. Silence being made, he ascended an eminence, and stretching out his hands, bound as they were, he said: "What trophy, ye vilest of all the Macedonians! what trophy could Antigonus have wished to raise, like this which you are raising, by delivering up your general bound? Was it not base enough to acknowledge yourselves beaten, merely for the sake of your baggage, as if victory dwelt among your goods and chattels, and not upon the points of your swords; but you must also send your general as a ransom for that baggage? For my part, though thus led, I am not conquered; I have beaten the enemy, and am ruined by my fellow-soldiers. But I conjure you by Jupiter, the god of armies, and the awful deities who preside over oaths, to kill me here with your own hands. If my life be taken by another, the deed will be still yours. Nor will Antigonus complain, if you take the work out of his hands; for he wants not Eumenes alive, but Eumenes dead. If you choose not to be the immediate instruments, loose but one of my hands, and that shall do my business. If you will not trust me with a sword, throw me, bound as I am, to wild beasts. If you comply with this last request, I acquit you of all guilt with respect to me, and declare you have behaved to your general like the best and honestest of men."

The rest of the troops received this speech with sighs and tears, and every expression of sorrow; but the *Argyraspides* cried out, "Lead him on, and attend not to his trifling. For it is no such great matter if an execrable Chersonesian, who has harassed the Macedonians with infinite wars, have cause to lament his fate, as it would be if the best of Alexander's and Philip's soldiers should be deprived of the fruit of their labours, and have their bread to beg in their old age. And have not our wives already passed three nights with our enemies?" So saying they drove him forward.

Antigonus, fearing some bad consequence from the crowd (for there was not a man left in his camp), sent out ten of his best elephants, and a corps of spearmen, who were Medes and Parthians, to keep them off. He could not bear to have Eumenes brought into his presence, because of the former friendly connexions there had been between them. And when those who took charge of him asked in what manner he would have him kept, he said, "So as you would keep an elephant or a lion." Nevertheless he soon felt some impressions of pity, and ordered them to take off his heavy chains, and allow him a servant who had been accustomed to wait upon him. He likewise permitted such of his friends as desired it to pass whole days with him, and to bring him necessary refreshments. Thus he spent some considerable time in deliberating how to dispose of him, and sometimes listened to the applications and promises of Nearches the Cretan and his own son Demetrius, who made it a point to save him. But all the other officers insisted that he should be put to death, and urged Antigonus to give directions for it.

One day, we are told, Eumenes asked his keeper, Onomarchus, "Why Antigonus, now he had got his enemy into his power, did not either immediately dispatch him, or generously release him?" Onomarchus answered, in a contemptuous manner, "That in the battle, and not now, he should have been so ready to meet death." To which Eumenes replied, "By heavens, I was so! Ask those who ventured to engage me if I was not. I do not know that I met with a better man than myself."—"Well," said Onomarchus, "now you have found a better man than yourself, why do you not patiently wait his time?"

When Antigonus had resolved upon his death, he gave orders that he should have no kind of food. By this means, in two or three days' time, he began to draw near his end; and then Antigonus, being obliged to decamp upon some sudden emergency, sent in an executioner to despatch him. The body he delivered to his friends, allowing them to burn it honourably and to collect the ashes into a silver urn, in order to their being sent to his wife and children.

Thus died Eumenes: and divine justice did not go far to seek instruments of vengeance against the officers[1] and soldiers who had betrayed him. Antigonus himself, detesting the *Argyraspides* as impious and savage wretches, ordered Ibyrtius, governor of Araceosia,[2] under whose directions he put them, to take every method to destroy them; so that not one of them might return to Macedonia, or set his eyes upon the Grecian sea.

PHOCION.

DEMADES the orator, by studying in his whole administration to please the Macedonians and Antipater, had great authority in Athens. When he found himself by that complaisance often obliged to propose laws and make speeches injurious to the dignity and virtue of his country, he used to say, "He was excusable, because he came to the helm when the commonwealth was no more than a wreck." This assertion, which in him was unwarrantable, was true enough when applied to the admistration of Phocion. Demades was the very man who wrecked his country. He pursued such a vicious plan both in his private and public conduct, that Antipater scrupled not to say of him, when he was grown old, "That he was like a sacrificed beast, all consumed except his tongue and his paunch."[3] But the virtue of Phocion found a strong and powerful adversary in the times, and its glory was obscured in the gloomy period of Greece's misfortunes. For Virtue is not so weak as Sophocles would make her, nor is the sentiment just which he puts in the mouth of one of the persons of his drama—

> The firmest mind will fall
> Beneath misfortune's stroke, and stunn'd, depart
> From its sage plan of action.—*Antig.* 1. 563.

All the advantage that Fortune can truly be affirmed to gain in her combats with the good and virtuous is the bringing upon them unjust reproach and censure, instead of the honour and esteem which are their due, and by that means lessening the confidence the world would have in their virtue.

It is imagined, indeed, that when affairs prosper, the people, elated with their strength and success, behave with great insolence to good ministers; but it is the very reverse. Misfortunes always sour their temper; the least thing will then disturb them; they take fire at trifles; and they are impatient of the least severity of expression. He who reproves their faults seems to reproach them with their misfortunes, and every bold and free address is considered as an insult. As honey makes a wounded or ulcerated member smart, so it often happens, that a remonstrance, though pregnant with truth and sense, hurts and irritates the distressed, if it is not gentle and mild in the application. Hence Homer often expresses such things as are pleasant, by the word *menoeikes*, which signifies what is *symphonious to the mind*, what soothes its weakness, and bears not hard upon its inclinations. Inflamed eyes love to dwell upon dark brown colours and avoid such as are bright and glaring. So it is with a state, in any series of ill conducted and unprosperous measures; such is the feeble and relaxed condition of its nerves that it cannot bear the least alarm; the voice of truth which brings its faults to its remembrance gives it inexpressible pain, though it be ever so salutary, ever so necessary, and it will not be endured except its harshness is mitigated. It is a dangerous task to serve such a people; for if the man who tells them the truth falls the first sacrifice, the man who flatters them at last perishes with them.

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[1] Antigenus, commander-in chief of the *Silver Shields*, was, by order of Antigonus, put in a coffin and buried alive. Eudamus, Celbanus, and many others of the enemies of Eumenes, experienced a like fate.

[2] A province of Parthia, near Bactriana.

[3] The tongue and the paunch were not burned with the rest of the victim. The paunch used to be stuffed and served up at table, and the tongue was burned on the altar at the end of the entertainment in honour of Mercury, and had libations poured upon it. Of this there are many examples in Homer's Odyssey.

The mathematicians say, the sun does not move in the same direction with the heavens, nor yet in a direct contrary one, but circulating with a gentle and almost insensible obliquity, gives the whole system such a temperature as tends to its preservation. So in a system of government, if a statesman is determined to describe a straight line, and in all things to run counter to the inclinations of the people, such a rigour must render his administration odious; and on the other hand, if he is afraid to be carried along with the errors of the populace, the government will soon be in a tottering and ruinous state. The latter is the more common error of the two. But the politics which keep a middle course, sometimes slackening the reins, and sometimes keeping a tighter hand, indulging the people in one point to gain another that is more important, are the only measures that are formed upon rational principles; for a well timed concession and moderate treatment will bring men to concur in many useful schemes, which they could not be brought into by despotism and violence. It must be acknowledged that this medium is difficult to hit upon, because it requires a mixture of dignity with gentleness; but when the just temperature is gained, it presents the happiest and most perfect harmony that can be conceived. It is by this sublime harmony the Supreme being governs the world; for nature is not dragged into obedience to his commands, and though his influence is irresistible, it is rational and mild.

The effects of austerity were seen in the younger Cato. There was nothing engaging or popular in his behaviour; *he never studied to oblige the people, and therefore his weight in the administration was not great.* Cicero says, "He acted as if he had lived in the commonwealth of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus, and by that means fell short of the consulate."[1] His case appears to me to have been the same with that of fruit which comes out of season.

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[1] The passage here referred to is in the first epistle of Cicero's second book of Atticus. But we find nothing there of the repulse Cato met with in his application for the consulship. That repulse, indeed, did not happen till eight years after the date of that epistle.

people look upon it with pleasure and admiration, but they make no use of it. Thus the old-fashioned virtue of Cato, making its appearance amidst the luxury and corruption which time had introduced, had all the splendour of reputation which such a phenomenon could claim, but it did not answer the exigencies of the state; it was disproportioned to the times, and too ponderous and unwieldy for use. Indeed, his circumstances were not altogether like those of Phocion, who came not into the administration till the state was sinking;[1] whereas Cato had only to save the ship beating about in the storm. At the same time we must allow that he had not the principal direction of her; he sat not at the helm; he could do no more than help to hand the sails and the tackle. Yet he maintained a noble conflict with Fortune, who, having determined to ruin the commonwealth, effected it by a variety of hands, but with great difficulty, by slow steps and gradual advances. So near was Rome being saved by Cato and Cato's virtue! With it we would compare that of Phocion; not in a general manner, so as to say they were both persons of integrity and able statesmen; for there is a difference between valour and valour, for instance, between that of Alcibiades and that of Epaminondas; the prudence of Themistocles and that of Aristides were not the same; justice was of one kind in Numa, and in Agesilaus of another; but the virtues of Phocion and Cato were the same in the most minute particular; their impression, form, and colour are perfectly similar. Thus their severity of manners was equally tempered with humanity, and their valour with caution; they had the same solicitude for others, and disregard for themselves; the same abhorrence of everything base and dishonourable, and the same firm attachment to justice on all occasions; so that it requires a very delicate expression, like the finely discriminated sounds of the organ,[2] to mark the difference in their characters.

It is universally agreed that Cato was of an illustrious pedigree, and we conjecture that Phocion's was not mean or obscure, for had he been the son of a turner, it would certainly have been mentioned by Glaucippus, the son of Hyperides, among a thousand other things, in the treatise which he wrote on purpose to disparage him. Nor, if his birth had been so low, would he have had so good an education, or such a liberal mind and manners. It is certain that, when very young, he was in tuition with Plato, and afterwards with Xenocrates in the Academy; and from the very first, he distinguished himself by his strong application to the most valuable studies. Duris tells us, *the Athenians never saw him either laugh or cry, or make use of a public bath, or put his hand from under his cloak when he was dressed to appear in public. If he made an excursion*

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[1] Our author means, that uncommon and extraordinary efforts were more necessary to save the poor remains of a wreck, than to keep a ship, yet whole and entire, from sinking.

[2] The organ here mentioned was probably that invented by Ctesibius, who, according to Athenæus, placed in the temple of Zephyrus, at Alexandria, a tube, which, collecting air by the appulsive motion of water, emitted musical sounds, either by their strength adapted to war, or by their lightness to festivity.

into the country, or marched out to war, he went always barefooted, and without his upper garment too, except it happened to be intolerably cold; and then his soldiers used to laugh, and say, "It is a sign of a sharp winter: Phocion has got his clothes on."

He was one of the most humane and best-tempered men in the world, and yet he had so ill-natured and forbidding a look, that strangers were afraid to address him without company. Therefore, when Chares the orator observed to the Athenians what terrible brows Phocion had, and they could not help making themselves merry, he said, "*This brow of mine never gave one of you an hour of sorrow; but the laughter of these sneerers has cost their country many a tear.*" In like manner, though the measures he proposed were happy ones, and his counsels of the most salutary kind, yet he used no flowers of rhetoric; *his speeches were concise, commanding, and severe.* For as Zeno says, that a philosopher should never let a word come out of his mouth that is not strongly tinctured with sense, so Phocion's oratory contained the most sense in the fewest words. And it seems that Polyeuctus, the Sphettian, had this view when he said, "*Demosthenes was the better orator, and Phocion the more persuasive speaker.*" His speeches were to be estimated like coins, not for the size, but for the intrinsic value. Agreeably to which we are told, that one day when the theatre was full of people, Phocion was observed behind the scenes wrapt up in thought, when one of his friends took occasion to say, "What! at your meditations, Phocion?" "Yes," said he, "I am considering whether I cannot shorten what I have to say to the Athenians." And Demosthenes, who despised the other orators, when Phocion got up, used to say to his friends softly, "Here comes the pruner of my periods." But perhaps this is to be ascribed to the excellence of his character, since a word or a nod from a person revered for his virtue is of more weight than the most elaborate speeches of other men.

In his youth he served under Chabrias, then commander of the Athenian armies; and, as he paid him all proper attention, he gained much military knowledge by him. In some degree too he helped to correct the temper of Chabrias, which was impetuous and uneven. For that general, though at other times scarce anything could move him, in time of action was violent, and exposed his person with a boldness ungoverned by discretion. At last it cost him his life, when he made it a point to get in before the other galleys to the isle of Chios, and attempted to make good his landing by dint of the sword. Phocion, whose prudence was equal to his courage, animated him when he was too slow in his operations, and endeavoured to bring him to act coolly when he was unseasonably violent. This gained him the affection of Chabrias, who was a man of candour and probity; and he assigned him commissions and enterprises of great importance, which raised him to the notice of the Greeks. Particularly in the sea-fight of Naxos, Phocion being appointed to head the squadron on the left, where the action was hottest, had a fine opportunity to distinguish himself, and he made such use of it that victory soon declared for the Athenians; and as this was the first victory they had gained at sea in a dispute with Greeks since the taking of their city, they expressed the highest regard for Chabrias, and began to consider Phocion as a person in whom they should one day find an able commander. This battle was won during the celebration of the great mysteries; and Chabrias, in commemoration of it, annually treated the Athenians with wine on the sixteenth day of September.

Some time after this, Chabrias sent Phocion to the islands to demand their contributions, and offered him a guard of twenty sail. But Phocion said, "If you send me against enemies, such a fleet is too small; if to friends, one ship is sufficient." He therefore went in his own galley, and by addressing himself to the city and magistrates in an open and humane manner, he succeeded so well as to return with a number of ships which the allies fitted out, and at the same time put their respective quotas of money on board.

Phocion not only honoured and paid his court to Chabrias as long as he lived, but, after his death, continued his attentions to all that belonged to him. With his son Ctesippus, he took peculiar care to form him to virtue; and though he found him very stupid and untractable, yet he still laboured to correct his errors, as well as to conceal them. Once, indeed, his patience failed him. In one of his expeditions the young man was so troublesome with unseasonable questions and attempts to give advice, as if he knew how to direct the operations better than the general, that at last he cried out, "O Chabrias, Chabrias! what a return do I make thee for thy favours, in bearing with the impertinencies of thy son!"

He observed, that those who took upon them the management of public affairs, made two departments of them—the civil and the military, which they shared as it were by lot. Pursuant to this division, Eubulus, Aristophon, Demosthenes, Lycurgus, and Hyperides, addressed the people from the rostrum, and proposed new edicts; while Diophites, Menestheus, Leosthenes, and Chares, raised themselves by the honours and employments of the camp. But Phocion chose rather to move in the walk of Pericles, Aristides, and Solon, who excelled not only as orators but as generals, for he thought their fame more complete; each of these great men (to use the words of Archilochus) appearing justly to claim

> The palms of Mars, and laurels of the muse;

and he knew that the tutelar goddess of Athens was equally the patroness of arts and arms.

Formed upon these models, peace and tranquillity were the great objects he had always in view; yet he was engaged in more wars than any person, either of his own or of the preceding times. Not that he courted, or even applied for the command; but he did not decline it when called to that honour by his countrymen. It is certain, he was elected general no less than 45 times, without once attending to the election; being always appointed in his absence at the free motion of his countrymen. Men of shallow understanding were surprised that the people should set such a value on Phocion, who generally opposed their inclinations, and never said or did anything with a view to recommend himself. For, as princes divert themselves at their meals with buffoons and jesters, so the Athenians attended to the polite and agreeable address of their orators by way of entertainment only; but when the question was concerning so important a business as the command of their forces, they returned to sober and serious thinking, and selected the wisest citizen, and the man of the severest manners, who had combated their capricious humours and desires the most. This he scrupled not to avow; for one day when an oracle from Delphi was read in the assembly, importing, "That the rest of the Athenians were unanimous in their opinions, and there was only one man who dissented from them," Phocion stepped up and told them, "They need not give themselves any trouble in inquiring for this refractory citizen, for he was the man who liked not anything they did." And another time in a public debate, when his opinion happened to be received with universal applause, he turned to his friends and said, "Have I inadvertently let some bad thing slip from me?"

The Athenians were one day making a collection to defray the charge of a public sacrifice, and numbers gave liberally. Phocion was importuned to contribute among the rest, but he bade them apply to the rich. "*I should be ashamed*," said he, "*to give you anything, and not to pay this man what I owe him*;" pointing to the usurer Callicles. And as they continued very clamorous and teasing, he told them this tale. "A cowardly fellow once resolved to make a campaign; but when he was set out the ravens began to croak, and he laid down his arms and stopped. When the first alarm was a little over, he marched again. The ravens renewed their croaking, and then he made a full stop, and said, You may croak your hearts out if you please, but you shall not taste my carcase.'

The Athenians once insisted on his leading them against the enemy, and when he refused, they told him nothing could be more dastardly and spiritless than his behaviour. He answered, "*You can neither make me valiant, nor can I make you cowards; however, we know one another very well.*"

Public affairs happening to be in a dangerous situation, the people were greatly exasperated against him, and demanded an immediate account of his conduct. Upon which he only said, "My good friends, first get out of your difficulties."

During a war, however, they were generally humble and submissive, and it was not till after peace was made that they began to talk in a vaunting manner, and to find fault with their general. As they were one time telling Phocion he had robbed them of the victory which was in their hands, he said, "It is happy for you that you have a general who knows you; otherwise you would have been ruined long ago."

Having a difference with the Bœotians, which they refused to settle by treaty, and proposed to decide by the sword, Phocion said, "*Good people, keep to the method in which you have the advantage; and that is talking, not fighting.*"

One day, determined not to follow his advice, they refused to give him a hearing. But he said, "Though you can make me act against my judgment, you shall never make me speak so."

Demosthenes, one of the orators of the adverse party, happening to say, "The Athenians will certainly kill thee, Phocion, some time or other;" he answered, "*They may kill me if they are mad; but it will be you, if they are in their senses.*"

When Polyeuctas the Sphettian advised the Athenians to make war upon Philip, the weather being hot, and the orator a corpulent man, he ran himself out of breath, and perspired so violently that he was forced to take several draughts of cold water before he could finish his speech. Phocion, seeing him in such a condition, thus addressed the assembly—"You have great reason to pass an edict for the war upon this man's recommendation. For what are you not to expect from him when, loaded with a suit of armour, he marches against the enemy, if in delivering to you (peaceable folks) a speech he had composed at his leisure, he is ready to be suffocated."

Lycurgus the orator one day said many disparaging things of him in the general assembly, and, among the rest, observed that when Alexander demanded ten of their orators, Phocion gave it as his opinion that they should be delivered to him. "It is true," said Phocion, "I have given the people of Athens much good counsel, but they do not follow it."

There was then in Athens one Archibiades, who got the name of Laconistes by letting his beard grow long, in the Lacedæmonian manner, wearing a threadbare cloak, and keeping a very grave countenance. Phocion finding one of his assertions much contradicted in the assembly, called upon this man to support the truth and rectitude of what he had said. Archibiades, however, ranged himself on the people's side, and advised what he thought agreeable to them. Then Phocion, taking him by the beard, said, "What is all this heap of hair for? Cut it, cut it off."

Aristogiton, a public informer, paraded with his pretended valour before the people, and pressed them much to declare war. But when the lists came to be made out of those that were to serve, this swaggerer had got his leg bound up, and a crutch under his arm. Phocion, as he sat upon the business, seeing him at some distance in this form, called out to his secretary, to put down Aristogiton "a cripple and a coward."

All these sayings have something so severe in them that it seems strange that a man of such austere and unpopular manners should ever get the surname of the *Good*. It is indeed difficult, but I believe not impossible, for the same man to be both rough and gentle, as some wines are both sweet and sour; and, on the other hand, some men who have a great appearance of gentleness in their temper are very harsh and vexatious to those who have to do with them. In this case, the saying of Hyperides to the people of Athens deserves notice. "Examine not whether I am severe upon you, but whether I am so for my own sake." As if it were avarice only that makes a minister odious to the people, and the abuse of power to the purposes of pride, envy, anger, or revenge, did not make a man equally obnoxious.

As to Phocion, he never exerted himself against any man in his private capacity, or considered him as an enemy; but he was inflexibly severe against every man who opposed his motions and designs for the public good. His behaviour, in other respects, was liberal, benevolent, and humane; *the unfortunate he was always ready to assist, and he pleaded even for his enemy, if he happened to be in danger.* His friends one day finding fault with him for appearing in behalf of a man whose conduct did not deserve it, he said, "The good have no need of an advocate." Aristogiton, the informer, being condemned, and committed to prison, begged the favour of Phocion to go and speak to him, and he hearkened to his application. His friends dissuaded him from it, but he said, "Let me alone, good people. Where can one rather wish to speak to Aristogiton than in a prison?"

When the Athenians sent out their fleets under any other commander, the maritime towns and islands in alliance with that people looked upon every such commander as an enemy: they strengthened their walls, shut up their harbours, and conveyed the cattle, the slaves, the women and children, out of the country into the cities. But when Phocion had the command, the same people went out to meet him in their own ships, with chaplets on their heads and every expression of joy, and in that manner conducted them into their cities.

Philip endeavoured privately to get footing in Eubœa, and for that purpose sent in forces from Macedon, as well as practised upon the towns by means of the petty princes. Hereupon, Plutarch of Eretria called in the Athenians, and entreated them to come and rescue the island out of the hands of the Macedonians; in consequence of which they sent Phocion at first with a small body of troops, expecting that the Eubœans would immediately rise and join him. But when he came, he found nothing among them but treasonable designs and disaffection to their own country, for they were corrupted by Philip's money. For this reason, he seized an eminence separated from the plains of Tamynæ by a deep defile, and in that post he secured the best of his troops. As for the disorderly, the talkative, and cowardly part of the soldiers, if they attempted to desert and steal out of the camp, he ordered the officers to let them go. "For," said he, "if they stay here, such is their want of discipline, that instead of being serviceable they will be prejudicial in time of action; and, as they will be conscious to themselves of flying from their colours, we shall not have so much noise and calumny from them in Athens."

Upon the approach of the enemy, he ordered his men to stand to their arms, but not attempt anything till he had made an end of his sacrifice: and, whether it was that he wanted to gain time, or could not easily find the auspicious tokens, or was desirous of drawing the enemy nearer to him, he was long about it. Meanwhile Plutarch, imagining that this delay was owing to fear and irresolution, charged at the head of the mercenaries; and the cavalry seeing him in motion, could wait no longer, but advanced against the enemy, though in a scattered and disorderly manner, as they happened to issue out of the camp. The first line being soon broken, all the rest dispersed, and Plutarch himself fled. A detachment from the enemy then attacked the entrenchments, and endeavoured to make a breach in them, supposing that the fate of the day was decided; but at that instant Phocion had finished his sacrifices, and the Athenians sallying out of the camp, fell upon the assailants, routed them, and cut most of them in pieces in the trenches. Phocion then gave the main body directions to keep their ground in order to receive and cover such as were dispersed in the first attack, while he with a select party went and charged the enemy. A sharp conflict ensued, both sides behaving with great spirit and intrepidity. Among the Athenians, Thallus the son of Cineas, and Glaucus the son of Polymedes, who fought near the general's person, distinguished themselves the most. Cleophanes, too, did great service in the action; for he rallied the cavalry, and brought them up again, by calling after them and insisting that they should come to the assistance of their general, who was in danger. They returned, therefore, to the charge, and by the assistance which they gave the infantry secured the victory.

Phocion, after the battle, drove Plutarch out of Eretria, and made himself master of Zaretra, a fort advantageously situated where the island draws to a point, and the neck of land is defended on each side by the sea. He did not choose, in pursuance of his victory, to take the Greeks prisoners, lest the Athenians, influenced by their orators, should, in the first motions of resentment, pass some unequitable sentence upon them.

After this great success he sailed back to Athens. The allies soon found the want of his goodness and justice, and the Athenians saw his capacity and courage in a clear light; for Molossus, who succeeded him, conducted the war so ill as to fall himself into the enemy's hands. Philip now rising in his designs and hopes, marched to the Hellespont with all his forces, in order to seize at once on the Chersonesus, Perinthus, and Byzantium.

The Athenians determining to send succours to that quarter, the orators prevailed upon them to give that commission to Chares. Accordingly he sailed to those parts, but did nothing worthy of such a force as he was intrusted with. The cities would not receive his fleet into their harbours; but, suspected by all, he beat about, raising contributions where he could upon the allies, and, at the same time, was dispised by the enemy. The orators, now taking the other side, exasperated the people to such a degree, that they repented of having sent any succours to the Byzantians. Then Phocion rose up and told them, "They should not be angry at the suspicions of the allies, but at their own generals, who deserved not to have any confidence placed in them; for on their account," said he, "you are looked upon with an eye of jealousy by the very people who cannot be saved without your assistance." This argument had such an effect on them that they changed their minds again, and bade Phocion go himself with another armament to the succour of the allies upon the Hellespont.

This contributed more than anything to the saving of Byzantium. Phocion's reputation was already great; besides, Cleon, a man of eminence in Byzantium, who had formerly been well acquainted with him at the academy, pledged his honour to the city in his behalf. The Byzantians would then no longer let him encamp without, but opening their gates received him into their city, and mixed familiarly with the Athenians; who, charmed with this confidence, were not only easy with respect to provisions, and regular in their behaviour, but exerted themselves with great spirit in every action. By these means Philip was forced to retire from the Hellespont, and he suffered not a little in his military reputation; for till then he had been deemed invincible. Phocion took some of his ships, and recovered several cities which he had garrisoned; and making descents in various parts of his territories, he harassed and ravaged the flat country. But at last, happening to be wounded by a party that made head against him, he weighed anchor and returned home.

Some time after this, the Megarensians applied to him privately for assistance; and as he was afraid the matter would get air, and the Bœotians would prevent him, he assembled the people early in the morning, and gave them an account of the application. They had no sooner given their sanction to the proposal, than he ordered the trumpets to sound as a signal for them to arm; after which he marched immediately to Megara, where he was received with great joy. The first thing he did was to fortify Nisæa, and to build two good walls between the city and the port; by which means the town had a safe communication with the sea, and having now little to fear from the enemy on the land side, was secured in the Athenian interest.

The Athenians being now clearly in a state of hostility with Philip, the conduct of the war was committed to other generals in the absence of Phocion; but on his return from the islands, he represented to the people, that as Philip was peaceably disposed, and apprehensive of the issue of the war, it was best to accept the conditions he had offered. And when one of those public barreters, who spend their whole time in the court of Heliaca, and make it their business to form impeachments, opposed him, and said, "Dare you, Phocion, pretend to dissuade the Athenians from war, now the sword is drawn?" "Yes," said he, "I dare; though I know thou wouldst be in my power in time of war, and I shall be in thine in time of peace." Demosthenes, however, carried it against him for war; which he advised the Athenians to make at the greatest distance they could from Attica. This gave Phocion occasion to say, "*My good friend, consider not so much where we shall fight, as how we shall conquer;* for victory is the only thing that can keep the war at a distance. If we are beaten every danger will soon be at our gates."

The Athenians did lose the day; after which the most factious and troublesome part of the citizens drew Churidemus to the hustings, and insisted that he should have the command. This alarmed the real well-wishers of their country so much, that they called in the members of the Areopagus to their assistance; and it was not without many tears, and the most earnest entreaties, that they prevailed upon the assembly to put their concerns in the hands of Phocion.

He was of opinion that the other proposals of Philip should be readily accepted, because they seemed to be dictated by humanity; but when Demades moved that Athens should be comprehended in the general peace, and, as one of the states of Greece, should have the same terms with the other cities, Phocion said, "It ought not to be agreed to, till it was known what conditions Philip required." The times were against him, however, and he was overruled. And when he saw the Athenians repented afterwards, because they found themselves obliged to furnish Philip both with ships of war and cavalry, he said, "This was the thing I feared; and my opposition was founded upon it. But since you have signed the treaty, you must bear its inconveniences without murmuring or despondence; remembering that your ancestors sometimes gave law to their neighbours, and sometimes were forced to submit, but did both with honour; and by that means saved themselves and all Greece."

When the news of Philip's death was brought to Athens, he would not suffer any sacrifices or rejoicings to be made on that account. "Nothing," said he, "could shew greater meanness of spirit than expressions of joy on the death of an enemy. What great reason, indeed, is there for it, when the army you fought with at Cheronæa is lessened only by one man."

Demosthenes gave into invectives against Alexander, when he was marching against Thebes; the ill policy of which Phocion easily perceived, and said,

"What boots the godlike giant to provoke,
Whose arm may sink us at a single stroke?"[1] POPE, *Odyss.* 9.

"When you see such a dreadful fire near you, would you plunge Athens into it? For my part, I will not suffer you to ruin yourselves, though your inclinations lie that way; and to prevent every step of that kind is the end I propose in taking the command."

When Alexander had destroyed Thebes, he sent to the Athenians, and demanded that they should deliver up to him Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Hyperides, and Charidemus. The whole assembly cast their eyes upon Phocion, and called upon him often by name. At last he rose up; and placing him by one of his friends, who had the greatest share in his confidence and affection, he expressed himself as follows: "The persons whom Alexander demands have brought the commonwealth into such miserable circumstances, that if he demanded even my friend Nicocles, I should vote for delivering him up. For my own part, I should think it the greatest happiness to die for you all. At the same time, I am not without compassion for the poor Thebans who have taken refuge here; but it is enough for Greece to weep for Thebes, without weeping for Athens too. The best measure, then, we can take is to intercede with the conqueror for both, and by no means to think of fighting."

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[1] These words are addressed to Ulysses by his companions, to restrain him from provoking the giant Polyphemus, after they were escaped out of his cave and got on board their ship.

The first decree drawn up in consequence of these deliberations Alexander is said to have rejected, and to have turned his back upon the deputies; but the second he received, because it was brought by Phocion, who, as his old counsellors informed him, stood high in the esteem of his father Philip. He, therefore, not only gave him a favourable audience, and granted his request, but even listened to his counsel. Phocion advised him, "If tranquillity was his object, to put an end to his wars; if glory, to leave the Greeks in quiet, and turn his arms against the barbarians." In the course of their conference he made many observations so agreeable to Alexander's disposition and sentiments that his resentment against the Athenians was perfectly appeased, and he was pleased to say, "The people of Athens must be very attentive to the affairs of Greece, for if anything happens to me, the supreme direction will devolve upon them." With Phocion in particular he entered into obligations of friendship and hospitality, and did him greater honours than most of his own courtiers were indulged with. Nay, Duris tells us that after that prince was risen to superior greatness by the conquest of Darius, and had left out the word *chairein*, the common form of salutation in his address to others, he still retained it in writing to Phocion, and to nobody besides, except Antipater. Chares asserts the same.

As to his munificence to Phocion, all agree that he sent him 100 talents. When the money was brought to Athens, Phocion asked the persons employed in that commission, "Why, among all the citizens of Athens, he should be singled out as the object of such bounty?" "Because," said they, "Alexander looks upon you as the only honest and good man." "Then," said Phocion, "let him permit me always to retain that character, as well as really to be that man." *The envoys then went home with him, and when they saw the frugality that reigned there, his wife baking bread, himself drawing water, and afterwards washing his own feet, they urged him the more to receive the present.* They told him, "It gave them real uneasiness, and was indeed an intolerable thing, that the friend of so great a prince should live in such a wretched manner." At that instant a poor old man happening to pass by, in a mean garment, Phocion asked the envoys, "Whether they thought worse of him than of that man?" As they begged of him not to make such a comparison, he rejoined, "Yet that man lives upon less than I do, and is contented. In one word, it will be to no purpose for me to have so much money if I do not use it; and if I was to live up to it, I should bring both myself and the king, your master, under the censure of the Athenians." Thus the money was carried back from Athens, and the whole transaction was a good lesson to the Greeks, *That the man who did not want such a sum of money was richer than he who could bestow it.*

Displeased at the refusal of his present, Alexander wrote to Phocion, "That he could not number those among his friends who would not receive his favours. Yet Phocion even then would not take the money. However, he desired the king to set at liberty Echecratides the sophist, and Athenodorus the Iberian, as also Demaratus and Sparto, two Rhodians, who were taken up for certain crimes, and kept in custody at Sardis. Alexander granted his request immediately; and afterwards, when he sent Craterus into Macedonia, ordered him to give Phocion his choice of one of these four cities in Asia, Cios, Gergithus, Mylassa, or Elæa. At the same time he was to assure him, that the king would be much more disobliged if he refused his second offer. But Phocion was not to be prevailed upon, and Alexander died soon after.

Phocion's house is shown to this day in the borough of Melita, adorned with some plates of copper, but otherwise plain and homely.

Of his first wife we have no account, except that she was sister to Cephisodotus the statuary. The other was a matron, no less celebrated among the Athenians for her modesty, prudence, and simplicity of manners, than Phocion himself was for his probity. It happened one day, when some new tragedians were to act before a full audience, one of the players, who was to personate the queen, demanded a suitable mask (and attire), together with a large train of attendants, richly dressed; and as all these things were not granted him, he was out of humour, and refused to make his appearance, by which means the whole business of the theatre was at a stand. But Melanthius, who was at the charge of the exhibition, pushed him in and said, "Thou seest the wife of Phocion appear in public with one maid-servant only, and dost thou come here to shew thy pride, and to spoil our women?" As Melanthius spoke loud enough to be heard, the audience received what he had said with a thunder of applause. When this second wife of Phocion entertained in her house an Ionian lady, one of her friends, the lady shewed her her bracelets, and necklaces, which had all the magnificence that gold and jewels could give them. Upon which the good matron said, "Phocion is my ornament, who is now called the twentieth time to the command of the Athenian armies."

The son of Phocion was ambitious of trying his skill in the games of the *panathenæa*, and his father permitted him to make the trial, on condition that it was in the foot-races; not that he set any value upon the victory, but he did it that the preparations and previous exercise might be of service to him; for the young man was of a disorderly turn, and addicted to drinking. Phocus (that was his name) gained the victory, and a number of his acquaintance desired to celebrate it by entertainments at their houses; but that favour was granted only to one. When Phocion came to the house, he saw everything prepared in the most extravagant manner, and, among the rest, *that wine mingled with spices was provided for washing the feet of the guests.* He therefore called his son to him, and said, "Phocus, why do you suffer your friends thus to sully the honour of your victory?"[1]

In order to correct in his son entirely that inclination to luxury, he carried him to Lacedæmon, and put him among the young men, who were brought up in all the rigour of the ancient discipline. This gave the Athenians no little offence, because it showed in what contempt he held the manners and customs of his own country. Demades one day said to him, "Why do not we, Phocion, persuade the people to adopt the Spartan form of government? If you choose it, I will propose a decree for it, and support it in the best manner I am able." "Yes, indeed," said Phocion; "it would become you much, with all those perfumes about you, and that pride of dress, to launch out in praise of Lycurgus and the Lacedæmonian frugality."

Alexander wrote to the Athenians for a supply of ships, and the orators opposing it, the senate asked Phocion his opinion. "I am of opinion," said he, "that you should either have the sharpest sword, or keep upon good terms with those who have."

Pytheas the orator, when he first began to speak in public, had a torrent of words and the most consummate assurance. Upon which Phocion said, "Is it for thee to prate so who art but a novice amongst us?"

When Harpalus had traitorously carried off Alexander's treasures from Babylon, and came with them from Asia to Attica, a number of the mercenary orators flocked to him, in hopes of sharing in the spoil. He gave these some small taste of his wealth, but to Phocion he sent no less than 700 talents; assuring him, at the same time, that he might command his whole fortune, if he would take him into his protection. But his messengers found a disagreeable reception: Phocion told them that "Harpalus should repent it, if he continued thus to corrupt the city." And the traitor, dejected at his disappointment, stopped his hand. A few days after, a general assembly being held on this affair, he found that the men who had taken his money, in order to exculpate themselves, accused him to the people, while Phocion, who would accept of nothing, was inclined to serve him, as far as might be consistent with the public good. Harpalus, therefore, paid his court to him again, and took every method to shake his integrity, but he found the fortress on all sides impregnable. Afterwards he applied to Charicles, Phocion's son-in-law, and his success with him gave just cause of offence; for all the world saw how intimate he was with him, and that all his business went through his hands. Upon the death of his mistress Pythionice, who had brought him a daughter, he even employed Charicles to get a superb monument built for her, and for that purpose furnished him with vast sums. This commission, dishonourable enough in itself, became more so by the manner in which he acquitted himself of it. For the monument is still to be seen at Hermos, on the road between Athens and Eleusis; and there appears nothing in it answerable to the charge of 30 talents, which was the account that Charicles brought in.[1] After the death of Harpalus, Charicles and Phocion took his daughter under their guardianship, and educated her with great care. At last, Charicles was called to account by the public for the money he had received of Harpalus; and he desired Phocion to support him with his interest, and to appear with him in the court. But *Phocion answered, "I made you my son-in-law only for just and honourable purposes."*

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[1] The victory was obtained by means of abstemiousness and laborious exercise, to which such indulgences were quite contrary.

The first person that brought the news of Alexander's death was Asclepiades the son of Hipparchus. Demades desired the people to give no credit to it: "For," said he, "if Alexander were dead, the whole world would smell the carcass." And Phocion, seeing the Athenians elated, and inclined to raise new commotions, endeavoured to keep them quiet. Many of the orators, however, ascended the rostrum, and assured the people that the tidings of Asclepiades were true. "Well then," said Phocion, "if Alexander is dead to-day, he will be so to-morrow, and the day following; so that we may deliberate on that event at our leisure, and take our measures with safety."

When Leosthenes, by his intrigues, had involved Athens in the Lamian war, and saw how much Phocion was displeased at it, he asked him in a scoffing manner, "What good he had done his country during the many years that he was general?" "And dost thou think it nothing then," said Phocion, "for the Athenians to be buried in the sepulchres of their ancestors?" As Leosthenes continued to harangue the people in the most arrogant and pompous manner, Phocion said, "*Young man, your speeches are like cypress trees, large and lofty, but without fruit.*" Hyperides rose up and said, "Tell us then, what will be the proper time for the Athenians to go to war." Phocion answered, "*I do not think it advisable till the young men keep within the bounds of order and propriety, the rich become liberal in their contributions, and the orators forbear robbing the public.*"

Most people admired the forces raised by Leosthenes; and when they asked Phocion his opinion of them, he said, "I like them very well for a short race,[2] but I dread the consequence of a long one. The supplies, the ships, the soldiers, are all very good; but they are the last we can produce." The event justified his observation. Leosthenes at first gained great reputation by his achievements; for he defeated the Bœotians in a pitched battle, and drove Antipater into Lamia. On this occasion the Athenians, borne upon the tide of hope, spent their time in mutual entertainments and in sacrifices to the gods. Many of them thought, too, they had a fine opportunity to play upon Phocion, and asked him, "Whether he should not have wished to have done such great things?" "Certainly I should," said Phocion; "but still I should advise not to have attempted them." And when letters and messengers from the army came one after another, with an account of farther success, he said, "When shall we have done conquering?"

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[1] Yet Pausanias says, it was one of the completest and most curious performances of all the ancient works in Greece. According to him, it stood on the other side of the river Cephisus.

[2] Or rather, "I think they may run very well from the starting post to the extremity of the course; but I know not how they will hold it back again." The Greeks had two sorts of races: the *stadium*, in which they ran only right out to the goal; and the *dolichus*, in which they ran right out, and then back again.

Leosthenes died soon after, and the party which was for continuing the war, fearing that if Phocion was elected general he would be for putting an end to it, instructed a man that was little known to make a motion in the assembly, importing, "That as an old friend and school-fellow of Phocion, he desired the people to spare him, and preserve him for the most pressing occasions, because there was not another man in their dominions to be compared to him." At the same time he was to recommend Antiphilus for the command. The Athenians embracing the proposal, Phocion stood up and told them, "He never was that man's school-fellow, nor had he any acquaintance with him; but from this moment," said he, turning to him, "I *shall* number thee amongst my best friends, since thou hast advised what is most agreeable to me."

The Athenians were strongly inclined to prosecute the war with the Bœotians, and Phocion at first as strongly opposed it. His friends represented to him, that this violent opposition of his would provoke them to put him to death. "They may do it if they please," said he; "It will be unjustly, if I advise them for the best; but justly if I should prevaricate." However, when he saw that they were not to be persuaded, and that they continued to besiege him with clamour, he ordered a herald to make proclamation, "That all the Athenians above the age of puberty, who were not more than sixty years, should take five days' provisions and follow him immediately from the assembly to the field."

This raised a great tumult, and the old men began to exclaim against the order, and to walk off. Upon which Phocion said, "Does this disturb you, when I, who am fourscore years old, shall be at the head of you?" That short remonstrance had its effect: it made them quiet and tractable. When Micion marched a considerable corps of Macedonians and mercenaries to Rhamnus, and ravaged the sea-coast and the adjacent country, Phocion advanced against him with a body of Athenians. On this occasion a number of them were very impertinent in pretending to dictate or advise him how to proceed. One counselled him to secure such an eminence, another to send his cavalry to such a post, and a third pointed out a place for a camp. "*Heavens!*" said Phocion, "*how many generals we have, and how few soldiers!*"

When he had drawn up his army, one of the infantry advanced before the ranks, but when he saw an enemy stepping out to meet him, his heart failed him, and he drew back to his post. Whereupon Phocion said, "Young man, are you not ashamed to desert your station twice in one day: that in which I had placed you, and that in which you had placed yourself?" Then he immediately attacked the enemy, routed them, and killed great numbers, among whom was their general, Micion. The confederate army of the Greeks in Thessaly likewise defeated Antipater in a great battle, though Leonatus and the Macedonians from Asia had joined him. In this action Antiphilus commanded the foot, and Menon the Thessalian horse; Leonatus was among the slain.

Soon after this Craterus passed over from Asia with a numerous army, and another battle was fought in which the Greeks were worsted. The loss, indeed, was not great; and it was principally owing to the disobedience of the soldiers, who had young officers that did not exert a proper authority. But this, joined to the practice of Antipater upon the cities, made the Greeks desert the league, and shamefully betray the liberty of their country. As Antipater marched directly towards Athens, Demosthenes and Hyperides fled out of the city. As for Demades, he had not been able, in any degree, to answer the fines that had been laid upon him; for he had been amerced seven times for proposing edicts contrary to law. He had also been declared infamous, and incapable of speaking in the assembly. But now, finding himself at full liberty, he moved for an order that ambassadors should be sent to Antipater with full powers to treat of peace. The people, alarmed at their present situation, called for Phocion, declaring that he was the only man they could trust. Upon which he said, "If you had followed the counsel I gave you, we should not have had now to deliberate on such an affair." Thus the decree passed, and Phocion was despatched to Antipater, who then lay with his army in Cadmea,[1] and was preparing to enter Attica.

His first requisition was, that Antipater would finish the treaty before he left the camp in which he then lay. Craterus said, it was an unreasonable demand that they should remain there to be troublesome to their friends and allies, when they might subsist at the expense of their enemies. But Antipater took him by the hand, and said, "Let us indulge Phocion so far." As to the conditions, he insisted that the Athenians should leave them to him, as he had done at Lamia to their general Leosthenes.

Phocion went and reported this preliminary to the Athenians, which they agreed to out of necessity; and then returned to Thebes with other ambassadors, the principal of whom was Xenocrates the philosopher. For the virtue and reputation of the latter were so great and illustrious that the Athenians thought there could be nothing in human nature so insolent, savage, and ferocious as not to feel some impressions of respect and reverence at the sight of him. It happened, however, otherwise with Antipater, through his extreme brutality and antipathy to virtue; for he embraced the rest with great cordiality, but would not even speak to Xenocrates; which gave him occasion to say, "Antipater does well in being ashamed before me, and me only, of his injurious designs against Athens."

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[1] Dacier, without any necessity, supposes that Plutarch uses the word Cadmea for Bœotia. In a poetical way it is, indeed, capable of being understood so; but it is plain from what follows, that Antipater then lay at Thebes, and probably in the Cadmea or citadel.

Xenocrates afterwards attempted to speak, but Antipater, in great anger, interrupted him, and would not suffer him to proceed.[1] To Phocion's discourse, however, he gave attention, and answered, that he should grant the Athenians peace, and consider them as his friends, on the following conditions:—"In the first place," said he, "they must deliver up to me Demosthenes and Hyperides. In the next place, they must put their government on the ancient footing, when none but the rich were advanced to the great offices of state. A third article is, that they must receive a garrison into Munichia; and a fourth, that they must pay the expenses of the war." All the new deputies, except Xenocrates, thought themselves happy in these conditions. That philosopher said, "Antipater deals favourably with us if he considers us as his slaves; but hardly, if he looks upon us as freemen." Phocion begged for a remission of the article of the garrison; and Antipater is said to have answered, "Phocion, we will grant thee everything, except what would be the ruin of both us and thee." Others say, that Antipater asked Phocion, "Whether, if he excused the Athenians as to the garrison, he would undertake for their observing the other articles, and raising no new commotions?" As Phocion hesitated at this question, Callimedon, surnamed Carabus, a violent man, and an enemy to popular government, started up and said, "Antipater, why do you suffer this man to amuse you? If he should give you his word, would you depend upon it, and not abide by your first resolutions?"

Thus the Athenians were obliged to receive a Macedonian garrison, which was commanded by Menyllus, a man of great moderation, and the friend of Phocion. But that precaution appeared to be dictated by a wanton vanity—rather an abuse of power to the purposes of insolence than a measure necessary for the conqueror's affairs. It was more severely felt by the Athenians on account of the time the garrison entered, which was Sept. 20 (*Boedromion*), when they were celebrating the great mysteries, and the very day that they carried the god Bacchus in procession from the city to Eleusis. The disturbances they saw in the ceremonies gave many of the people occasion to reflect on the difference of the divine dispensations with respect to Athens in the present and in ancient times. "Formerly," said they, "mystic visions were seen, and voices heard, to the great happiness of the republic, and the terror and astonishment of our enemies. But now, during the same ceremonies, the gods look without concern upon the severest misfortunes that can happen to Greece, and suffer the holiest, and what was once the most agreeable time in the year, to be profaned, and rendered the date of our greatest calamities."

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[1] Yet he had behaved to him with great kindness when he was sent to ransom the prisoners. Antipater, on that occasion, took the first opportunity to invite him to supper; and Xenocrates answered in those verses of Homer which Ulysses addressed to Circe, who pressed him to partake of the delicacies she had provided —

Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
To quaff thy bowls, and riot in thy feasts.
Me wouldst thou please? For them thy cares
And them to me restore, and me to joy. [employ,

Antipater was so charmed with the happy application of these verses, that he released all the prisoners.

A few days before, the Athenians had received an oracle from Dodona, which warned them to secure the promontories of Diana against strangers. And about this time, upon washing the sacred fillets with which they bind the mystic beds, instead of the lively purple they used to have, they changed to a faint dead colour. What added to the wonder was, that all the linen belonging to private persons, which was washed in the same water, retained its former lustre. And as a priest was washing a pig in that part of the port called *Cantharus*, a large fish seized the hinder parts, and devoured them as far as the belly; by which the gods plainly announced, that they would lose the lower parts of the city next the sea, and keep the upper.

The garrison commanded by Menyllus did no sort of injury to the citizens. But the number excluded by another article of the treaty, on account of their poverty, from a share in the government, was upwards of 12,000. Such of these as remained in Athens appeared to be in a state of misery and disgrace; and such as migrated to a city and lands in Thrace assigned them by Antipater, looked upon themselves as no better than a conquered people transported into a foreign country.

The death of Demosthenes in Calauria, and that of Hyperides at Cleonæ, made the Athenians remember Alexander and Philip with a regret which seemed almost inspired by affection.[1] The case was the same with them now as it was with the countryman afterwards upon the death of Antigonus. Those who killed that prince and reigned in his stead were so oppressive and tyrannical, that a Phrygian peasant who was digging the ground, being asked what he was seeking, said, with a sigh, "*I am seeking for Antigonus.*" Many of the Athenians expressed equal concern now, when they remembered the great and generous turn of mind in those kings, and how easily their anger was appeased: whereas Antipater, who endeavoured to conceal his power under the mask of a private man, a mean habit, and a plain diet, was infinitely more rigorous to those under his command, and, in fact, an oppressor and a tyrant. Yet, at the request of Phocion, he recalled many persons from exile; and to such as he did not choose to restore to their own country, granted a commodious situation; for, instead of being forced to reside, like other exiles, beyond the Ceraunian mountains, and the promontory of Tænarus, he suffered them to remain in Greece and settle in Peloponnesus. Of this number was Agnonides the informer.

In some other instances he governed with equity. He directed the police of Athens in a just and candid manner; raising the modest and the good to the principal employments, and excluding the uneasy and the seditious from all offices; so that, having no opportunity to excite troubles, the spirit of faction died away; and he taught them by little and little to love the country, and apply themselves to agriculture. Observing one day that Xenocrates paid a tax as a stranger, he offered to make him a present of his freedom; but he refused it, and assigned this reason:—"I will never be a member of that government, to prevent the establishment of which I acted in a public character."

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[1] The cruel disposition of Antipater, who had insisted upon Demosthenes and Hyperides being given up to his revenge, made the conduct of Philip and Alexander comparatively amiable.

Menyllus was pleased to offer Phocion a considerable sum of money. But he said, "Neither is Menyllus a greater man than Alexander, nor have I greater reason to receive a present now than I had then." The governor pressed him to take it at least for his son Phocus; but he answered, "If Phocus becomes sober, his father's estate will be sufficient for him; and if he continues dissolute, nothing will be so." He gave Antipater a more severe answer, when he wanted him to do something inconsistent with his probity. "*Antipater,*" said he, "*cannot have me both for a friend and a flatterer.*" And Antipater himself used to say, "I have two friends in Athens, Phocion and Demades: it is impossible either to persuade the one to anything, or to satisfy the other." Indeed, Phocion had his poverty to shew as a proof of his virtue; for, though he so often commanded the Athenian armies, and was honoured with the friendship of so many kings, he grew old in indigence; whereas Demades paraded with his wealth even in instances that were contrary to law; for there was a law at Athens, that no foreigner should appear in the choruses upon the stage under the penalty of 1000 *drachmas*, to be paid by the person who gave the entertainment. Yet Demades in his exhibition produced none but foreigners, and he paid 1000 *drachmas'* fine for each, though their number was 100. And when his son Demea was married, he said, "When I married your mother, the next neighbour hardly knew it; but kings and princes contribute to the expense of your nuptials."

The Athenians were continually importuning Phocion to persuade Antipater to withdraw the garrison; but whether it was that he despaired of success, or rather because he perceived that the people were more sober and submissive to government, under fear of that rod, he always declined the commission. The only thing that he asked and obtained of Antipater was, that the money which the Athenians were to pay for the charges of the war should not be insisted on immediately, but a longer term granted. The Athenians, finding that Phocion would not meddle with the affair of the garrison, applied to Demades, who readily undertook it. In consequence of this, he and his son took a journey to Macedonia. It should seem, his evil genius led him thither, for he arrived just at the time when Antipater was in his last illness, and when Cassander, now absolute master of everything, had intercepted a letter written by Demades to Antigonus in Asia, inviting him to come over and seize Greece and Macedonia, "which," he said, "hung only upon an old rotten stalk,"—so he contemptuously called Antipater. Cassander no sooner saw him, than he ordered him to be arrested; and first he killed his son before his eyes, and so near, that the blood spouted upon him and filled his bosom; then, after having reproached him with his ingratitude and perfidiousness, he slew him likewise.

Antipater, a little before his death, had appointed Polyperchon general, and given Cassander the command of 1000 men. But Cassander, far from being satisfied with such an appointment, hastened to seize the supreme power, and immediately sent Nicanor to take the command of the garrison from Menyllus, and to secure Munychia before the news of his father's death got abroad. This scheme was carried into execution, and a few days after, the Athenians being informed of the death of Antipater, accused Phocion of being privy to that event, and concealing it out of friendship to Nicanor. Phocion, however, gave himself no pain about it; on the contrary, he conversed familiarly with Nicanor, and by his assiduities not only rendered him kind and obliging to the Athenians, but inspired him with an ambition to distinguish himself by exhibiting games and shows to the people.

Meantime Polyperchon, to whom the care of the king's person was committed,[1] in order to countermine Cassander, wrote letters to the Athenians, importing, "That the king restored them their ancient form of government," according to which all the people had a right to public employments. This was a snare he laid for Phocion; for, being desirous of making himself master of Athens (as soon appeared from his actions), he was sensible that he could not effect anything while Phocion was in the way. He saw, too, that his expulsion would be no difficult task, when all who had been excluded from a share in the administration were restored, and the orators and public informers were once more masters of the tribunals.

As these letters raised great commotions among the people, Nicanor was desired to speak[2] to them on that subject in the Piræus; and for that purpose entered their assembly, trusting his person with Phocion. Dercyllus, who commanded for the king in the adjacent country, laid a scheme to seize him; but Nicanor, getting timely information of his design, guarded against it, and soon shewed that he would wreak his vengeance on the city. Phocion then was blamed for letting him go when he had him in his hands; but he answered, "He could confide in Nicanor's promises, and saw no reason to suspect him of any ill design." "*However*," said he, "*be the issue what it may, I had rather be found suffering than doing what is unjust.*"

This answer of his, if we examine it with respect to himself only, will appear to be entirely the result of fortitude and honour; but when we consider that he hazarded the safety of his country, and, what is more, that he was general and first magistrate, I know not whether he did not violate a stronger and more respectable obligation. It is in vain to allege that Phocion was afraid of involving Athens in a war, and for that reason would not seize the person of Nicanor; and that he only urged the obligations of justice and good faith that Nicanor, by a grateful sense of such behaviour, might be prevailed upon to be quiet, and think of no injurious attempt against the Athenians. For the truth is, he had such confidence in Nicanor, that when he had accounts brought him from several hands of his designs upon the Piræus, of his ordering a body of mercenaries to Salamis, and of his bribing some of the inhabitants of the Piræus, he would give no credit to any of those things. Nay, when Philomedes, of the borough of Lampra, got an edict made that all the Athenians should take up arms and obey the orders of Phocion, he took no care to act in pursuance of it till Nicanor had brought his troops out of Munychia and carried his trenches round the Piræus. Then Phocion would have led the Athenians against him; but by this time they were become mutinous, and looked upon him with contempt.

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[1] The son of Alexander, who was yet very young.

[2] Nicanor knew that Polyperchon's proposal to restore the democracy was merely a snare, and he wanted to make the Athenians sensible of it.

At this juncture arrived Alexander, the son of Polyperchon, with an army, under pretence of assisting the city against Nicanor, but in reality to avail himself of his fatal divisions, and to seize it, if possible, for himself; for the exiles who entered the town with him, the foreigners, and such citizens as had been stigmatized as infamous, with other mean people, resorted to him, and altogether made up a strange, disorderly assembly, by whose suffrages the command was taken from Phocion, and other generals appointed. Had not Alexander been seen alone near the walls in conference with Nicanor, and by repeated interviews given the Athenians cause of suspicion, the city could not have escaped the danger it was in. Immediately the orator Agnonides singled out Phocion and accused him of treason, which so much alarmed Callimedon and Pericles[1] that they fled out of the city. Phocion, with such of his friends as did not forsake him, repaired to Polyperchon. Solon of Platæa and Dinarchus of Corinth, who passed for the friends and confidants of Polyperchon, out of regard to Phocion, desired to be of the party; but Dinarchus falling ill by the way, they were obliged to stop many days at Elatea. In the meantime, Archestratus proposed a decree, and Agnonides got it passed, that deputies should be sent to Polyperchon with an accusation against Phocion.

The two parties came up to Polyperchon at the same time, as he was upon his march with the king,[2] near Pharoges, a town of Phocis, situated at the foot of Mount Acroriam, now called Galate. There Polyperchon placed the king under a golden canopy, and his friends on each side of him; and before he proceeded to any other business, gave orders that Dinarchus should be put to the torture and afterwards despatched. This done, he gave the Athenians audience; but as they filled the place with noise and tumult, interrupting each other with mutual accusations to the council, Agnonides pressed forward and said, "Put us all in one cage, and send us back to Athens, to give account of our conduct there." The king laughed at the proposal; but the Macedonians who attended on that occasion, and the strangers who were drawn thither by curiosity, were desirous of hearing the cause, and therefore made signs to the deputies to argue the matter there. However, it was far from being conducted with impartiality. Polyperchon often interrupted Phocion, who at last was so provoked, that he struck his staff upon the ground, and would speak no more. Hegemon said Polyperchon himself could bear witness to his affectionate regard for the people, and that general answered, "Do you come here to slander me before the king?" Upon this the king started up, and was going to run Hegemon through with his spear; but Polyperchon prevented him, and the council broke up immediately.

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[1] *Pericles* here looks like an erroneous reading. Afterwards we find not *Pericles*, but *Charicles* mentioned along with Callimedon. Charicles was Phocion's son-in-law.

[2] This was Aridæus the natural son of Philip. After some of Alexander's generals had raised him to the throne for their own purposes, he took the name of Philip, and reigned six years and a few months.

The guards then surrounded Phocion and his party, except a few, who, being at some distance, muffled themselves up and fled. Clitus carried the prisoners to Athens, under colour of having them tried there, but, in reality, only to have them put to death, as persons already condemned. The manner of conducting the thing made it a more melancholy scene. The prisoners were carried in carts through the Ceramicus to the theatre, where Clitus shut them up till the *Archons* had assembled the people. From this assembly neither slaves, nor foreigners, nor persons stigmatized as infamous, were excluded; the tribunal and the theatre were open to all. Then the king's letter was read, the purport of which was, "That he had found the prisoners guilty of treason; but that he left it to the Athenians, as freemen, who were to be governed by their own laws, to pass sentence upon them."

At the same time Clitus presented them to the people. The best of the citizens, when they saw Phocion, appeared greatly dejected, and, covering their faces with their mantles, began to weep. One, however, had the courage to say, "Since the king leaves the determination of so important a matter to the people, it would be proper to command all slaves and strangers to depart." But the populace, instead of agreeing to that motion, cried out, "It would be much more proper to stone all the favourers of oligarchy, all the enemies of the people;" after which no one attempted to offer anything in behalf of Phocion. It was with much difficulty that he obtained permission to speak. At last, silence being made, he said, "Do you design to take away my life justly or unjustly?" Some of them answering, "Justly," he said, "How can you know whether it will be justly if you do not hear me first?" As he did not find them inclined in the least to hear him, he advanced some paces forward, and said, "Citizens of Athens, I acknowledge I have done you injustice, and for my faults in the administration adjudge myself guilty of death;[1] but why will you put these men to death who have never injured you?" The populace made answer, "Because they are friends to you;" upon which he drew back and resigned himself quietly to his fate.

Agnonides then read the decree he had prepared, according to which the people were to declare by their suffrages whether the prisoners appeared to be guilty or not; and if they appeared so, they were to suffer death. When the decree was read, some called for an additional clause for putting Phocion to the torture before execution; and insisted, that the rack and its managers should be sent for immediately. But Agnonides, observing that Clitus was displeased at that proposal, and looking upon it himself as a barbarous and detestable thing, said, "When we take that villain Callimedon, let us put him to the torture; but, indeed my fellow-citizens, I cannot consent that Phocion should have such hard measure." Upon this, one of the better disposed Athenians cried out, "Thou art certainly right; for if we torture Phocion, what must we do to thee?' There was, however, hardly one negative when the sentence of death was proposed: all the people gave their voices standing; and some of them even crowned themselves with flowers, as if it had been a matter of festivity. With Phocion, there were Nicocles, Thudippus, Hegemon, and Pythocles As for Demetrius the Phalerean, Callimedon, Charicles, and some others, who were absent, the same sentence was passed upon them.

After the assembly was dismissed, the convicts were sent to prison. The embraces of their friends and relations melted them into tears; and they all went on bewailing their fate except Phocion. His countenance was the same as when the people sent him out to command their armies; and the beholders could not but admire his invincible firmness and magnanimity. Some of his enemies, indeed, reviled him as they went along; and one of them even spit in his face; upon which, he turned to the magistrates, and said, "Will nobody correct this fellow's rudeness?" Thudippus, when he saw *the executioner pounding the hemlock*, began to lament what hard fortune it was for him to suffer unjustly on Phocion's account. "What then!" said the venerable sage, "dost thou not think it an honour to die with Phocion?" One of his friends asking him whether he had any commands to his son; "Yes," said he, "by all means, tell him from me, to forget the ill treatment I have had from the Athenians." And when Nicocles, the most faithful of his friends, begged that he would let him drink the poison before him; "This," said he, "Nicocles, is a hard request; and the thing must give me great uneasiness; but since I have obliged you in every instance through life, I will do the same in this."

When they came all to drink, the quantity proved not sufficient; and the executioner refused to prepare more, except he had 12

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[1] It was the custom for the person accused to lay some penalty on himself. Phocion choose the highest, thinking it might be a means to reconcile the Athenians to his friends; but it had not that effect.

drachmas paid him, which was the price of a full draught. As this occasioned a troublesome delay, Phocion called one of his friends, and said, "Since one cannot die on free cost at Athens, give the man his money." This execution was *April* 19 (*Munychion*), when there was a procession of horsemen in honour of Jupiter. As the cavalcade passed by, some took off their chaplets from their heads; others shed tears as they looked at the prison doors; all who had not hearts entirely savage, or were not corrupted by rage and envy, looked upon it as a most impious thing not to have reprieved them at least for that day, and so to have kept the city unpolluted on the festival.

However, the enemies of Phocion, as if something had been wanting to their triumph, got an order that his body should not be suffered to remain within the bounds of Attica, nor that any Athenian should furnish fire for the funeral pile. Therefore no friend durst touch it; but one Conopion, who lived by such services, for a sum of money carried the corpse out of the territories of Eleusis, and got fire for the burning of it in those of Megara. A woman of Megara, who happened to assist at the ceremony with her maid-servants, raised a *cenotaph* upon the spot, and performed the customary libations. The bones she gathered up carefully into her lap, carried them by night to her own house, and interred them under the hearth. At the same time she thus addressed the domestic gods: "Ye guardians of this place, to you I commit the remains of this good man. Do you restore them to the sepulchre of his ancestors, when the Athenians shall once more listen to the dictates of wisdom."

The time was not long before the situation of their affairs taught them how vigilant a magistrate, and how excellent a guardian of the virtues of justice and sobriety they had lost. The people erected his statue in brass, and buried his remains at the public expense. Agnonides, his principal accuser, they put to death, in consequence of a decree for that purpose. Epicurus and Demophilus, the other two, fled from Athens, but afterwards fell into the hands of Phocion's son, who punished them as they deserved. This son of his was, in other respects, a worthless man. He was in love with a girl who was in a state of servitude, and belonged to a trader in such matters; and happening one day to hear Theodorus the atheist maintain this argument in the Lyceum, "That if it is no shame to ransom a friend, it is no shame to redeem a mistress," the discourse was so flattering to his passion, that he went immediately and released his female friend.[1]

The proceedings against Phocion put the Greeks in mind of those against Socrates. The treatment of both was equally unjust, and the calamities thence entailed upon Athens were perfectly similar.[2]

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[1] It appears from the ancient comedy, that it was no uncommon thing for the young men of Athens to take their mistresses out of such shops; and, after they had released them from servitude, to marry them.

[2] Socrates was put to death eighty-two years before.

DEMETRIUS.

THOSE who first thought that the arts might be compared to the senses in the perception of their respective objects, appear to me to have well understood the power by which that perception was to be formed—the power of distinguishing contrary qualities; for this they have in common. But in the mode of distinguishing, as well as in the end of what is distinguished, they evidently differ. The senses, for instance, have no connate power of perceiving a white object more than a black one; what is sweet more than what is bitter; or what is soft and yielding, more than what is hard and solid. Their office is to receive impressions from such objects as strike upon them, and to convey those impressions to the mind. But the operation of the arts is more rational. They are not, like the senses, passive in their perceptions. They choose or reject what is proper or improper. What is good they attend to primarily and intentionally; and what is evil, only accidentally, in order to avoid it. Thus, the art of medicine considers the nature of diseases; and music that of discordant sounds, in order to produce their contraries. And the most excellent of all arts, temperance, justice, and prudence, teach us to judge not only of what is honourable, just, and useful, but also of what is pernicious, disgraceful, and unjust. These arts bestow no praise on that innocence which boasts of an entire ignorance of vice; in their reckoning, it is rather an absurd simplicity to be ignorant of those things which every man that is disposed to live virtuously should make it his particular care to know. Accordingly the ancient Spartans, at their feasts, used to compel the Helots to drink an excessive quantity of wine, and then bring them into the public halls where they dined, to shew the young men what drunkenness was.

We do not, indeed, think it agreeable, either to humanity or good policy, to corrupt some of the species, in order not to corrupt others. Yet, perhaps, it may not be amiss to insert among the rest of the Lives, a few examples of those who have abused their power to the purposes of licentiousness, and whose elevation has only made their vices greater and more conspicuous. Not that we adduce them to give pleasure, or to adorn our paintings with the graces of variety; but we do it from the same motive with Ismenias the Theban musician, who presented his scholars both with good and bad performers on the flute; and used to say, "Thus you must play, and, Thus you must not play." And Antigenidas observed, "That young men would hear able performers with much greater pleasure after they had heard bad ones." In like manner, according to my opinion, we shall behold and imitate the virtuous with greater attention, if we be not entirely unacquainted with the characters of the vicious and infamous.

In this book, therefore, we shall give the lives of Demetrius, surnamed *Poliorcetes*, and of Antony the *triumvir:* men who have most remarkably verified that observation of Plato, "That great parts produce great vices, as well as virtues." They were equally addicted to wine and women; both excellent soldiers, and persons of great munificence; but, at the same time, prodigal and insolent. There was the same resemblance in their fortune; for, in the course of their lives, they met both with great success and great disappointments; now extending their conquests with the utmost rapidity, and now losing all; now falling beyond all expectation, and now recovering themselves when there was as little prospect of such a change. This similarity there was in their lives; and in the concluding scene there was not much difference; for the one was taken by his enemies, and died in captivity, and the other was near sharing the same fate.

Antigonus having two sons by Stratonice, the daughter of Corræus, called the one after his brother Demetrius, and the other after his father, Philip. So most historians say. But some affirm that Demetrius was not the son of Antigonus, but his nephew; and that his father dying and leaving him an infant, and his mother soon after marrying Antigonus, he was, on that account, considered as his son. Philip, who was not many years younger than Demetrius, died at an early period. Demetrius, though tall, was not equal in size to his father Antigonus. But his beauty and mien were so inimitable that no statuary or painter could hit off a likeness. His countenance had a mixture of grace and dignity; and was at once amiable and awful; and the unsubdued and eager air of youth was blended with the majesty of the hero and the king. There was the same happy mixture in his behaviour, which inspired, at the same time, both pleasure and awe. *In his hours of leisure, a most agreeable companion; at his table, and every species of entertainment, of all princes the most delicate; and yet, when business called, nothing could equal his activity, his diligence, and despatch.* In which respect he imitated Bacchus most of all the gods, since he was not only terrible in war, but knew how to terminate war with peace, and turn with the happiest address to the joys and pleasures which that inspires.

His affection for his father was remarkably great; and in the respect he paid his mother, his love for his other parent was very discernible. His duty was genuine, and not in the least influenced by the considerations of high station or power. Demetrius happening to come from hunting when his father was giving audience to some ambassadors, went up and saluted him, and then sat down by him with his javelins in his hand. After they had received their answer, and were going away, Antigonus called out to them, and said, "You may mention, too, the happy terms upon which I am with my son;" by which he gave them to understand, that the harmony and confidence in which they lived added strength to the kingdom and security to his power. So incapable is regal authority of admitting a partner, so liable to jealousy and hatred, that the greatest and oldest of Alexander's successors rejoiced that he had no occasion to fear his own son; but could freely let him approach him with his weapons in his hand. Indeed, we may venture to say, that his family alone, in the course of many successions, was free from these evils. Of all the descendants of Antigonus, Philip was the only prince who put his son to death; whereas, in the families of other kings, nothing is more common than the murders of sons, mothers, and wives. *As for the killing of brothers, like a postulatum in geometry, it was considered as indisputably necessary to the safety of the reigning prince.*

That Demetrius was originally well disposed by nature to the offices of humanity and friendship, the following is a proof. Mithridates, the son of Ariobarzanes, was of the same age, and his constant companion. He was likewise one of the attendants of Antigonus, and bore an unblemished character. Yet Antigonus conceived some suspicion of him from a dream. He thought he entered a large and beautiful field, and sowed it with filings of gold. This produced a crop of the same precious metal; but coming a little after to visit it, he found it was cut, and nothing left but the stalks. As he was in great distress about his loss, he heard some people say that Mithridates had reaped the golden harvest, and was gone with it towards the Euxine sea.

Disturbed at this dream, he communicated it to his son, having first made him swear to keep it secret, and, at the same time, informed him of his absolute determination to destroy Mithridates. Demetrius was exceedingly concerned at the affair; but though his friend waited on him as usual, that they might pursue their diversions together, he durst not speak to him on the subject, because of his oath. By degrees, however, he drew him aside from the rest of his companions, and when they were alone, he wrote on the ground with the bottom of his spear, "Fly, Mithridates." The young man, understanding his danger, fled that night into Cappadocia; and fate soon accomplished the dream of Antigonus. For Mithridates conquered a rich and extensive country, and founded the family of the Pontic kings, which continued through eight successions, and was at last destroyed by the Romans. This is a sufficient evidence that Demetrius was naturally well inclined to justice and humanity.

But as, according to Empedocles, love and hatred are the sources of perpetual wars between the elements, particularly such as touch or reproach each other; so among the successors of Alexander there were continual wars; and the contentions were always the most violent when inflamed by the opposition of interest, or vicinity of place. This was the case of Antigonus and Ptolemy. Antigonus, while he resided in Phrygia, received information that Ptolemy was gone from Cyprus into Syria, where he was ravaging the country, and reducing the cities either by solicitation or force. Upon this he sent his son Demetrius against him, though he was only 22 years of age; and in this first command had the greatest and most difficult affairs to manage. But a young and inexperienced man was unequally matched with a general from the school of Alexander, who had distinguished himself in may important combats under that prince. Accordingly, he was defeated near Gaza; 5000 of his men were killed and 8000 taken prisoners. He lost also his tents, his military chest, and his whole equipage. But Ptolemy sent them back to him, together with his friends; adding this generous and obliging message, "That they ought only to contend for glory and empire." When Demetrius received it, he begged of the gods, "That he might not long be Ptolemy's debtor, but soon have it in his power to return the favour." Nor was he disconcerted, as most young men would be, with such a miscarriage in his first essay. On the contrary, like a complete general, accustomed to the vicissitudes of fortune, he employed himself in making new levies and providing arms; he kept the cities to their duty, and exercised the troops he had raised.

As soon as Antigonus was apprised how the battle went, he said, "Ptolemy has, indeed, beaten boys, but he shall soon have to do with men." However, as he did not choose to repress the spirit of his son, on his request, he gave him permission to try his fortune again by himself. Not long after this, Cilles, Ptolemy's general, undertook to drive Demetrius entirely out of Syria; for which purpose he brought with him a numerous army, though he held him in contempt on account of his late defeat. But Demetrius, by a sudden attack, struck his adversaries with such a panic that both the camp and the general fell into his hands, together with very considerable treasures. Yet he did not consider the gain, but the ability to give; nor so much valued the glory and riches which this advantage brought him, as its enabling him to requite the generosity of Ptolemy. He was not, however, for proceeding upon his own judgment; he consulted his father; and, on his free permission to act as he thought proper, loaded Cilles and his friends with his favours, and sent them back to their master. By this turn of affairs, Ptolemy lost his footing in Syria; and Antigonus marched down from Celænæ, rejoicing in his son's success, and impatient to embrace him.

Demetrius, after this, being sent to subdue the Nabathæan Arabs, found himself in great danger, by falling into a desert country which afforded no water. But the barbarians, astonished at his uncommon intrepidity, did not venture to attack him; and he retired with a considerable booty, amongst which were seven hundred camels.

Antigonus had formerly taken Babylon from Seleucus; but he had recovered it by his own arms, and was now marching with his main army, to reduce the nations which bordered upon India, and the provinces about Mount Caucasus. Meantime Demetrius, hoping to find Mesopotamia unguarded, suddenly passed the Euphrates, and fell upon Babylon. There were two strong castles in that city; but by this manœuvre, in the absence of Seleucus, he seized one of them, dislodged the garrison, and placed there 7000 of his own men. After this, he ordered the rest of his soldiers to plunder the country for their own use, and then returned to the sea coast. By these proceedings, he left Seleucus better established in his dominions than ever; for his laying waste the country seemed as if he had no farther claim to it.

In his return through Syria, he was informed that Ptolemy was besieging Halicarnassus; upon which he hastened to its relief, and obliged him to retire. As this ambition to succour the distressed gained Antigonus and Demetrius great reputation, they conceived a strong desire to rescue all Greece from the slavery it was held in by Cassander and Ptolemy. No prince ever engaged in a more just and honourable war. For they employed the wealth which they had gained by the conquest of the barbarians for the advantage of the Greeks, solely with a view to the honour that such an enterprise promised.

When they had resolved to begin their operations with Athens, one of his friends advised Antigonus, if he took the city, to keep it, as the key of Greece; but that prince would not listen to him. He said, "*The best and securest of all keys was the friendship of the people; and that Athens was the watch-tower of the world, from whence the torch of his glory would blaze over the earth.*"

In consequence of these resolutions, Demetrius sailed to Athens with 5000 talents of silver, and a fleet of 250 ships. Demetrius, the Phalerean governed the city for Cassander, and had a good garrison in the fort of Munychia. His adversary, who managed the affair both with prudence and good fortune, made his appearance before the Piræus on 25th May. The town had no information of his approach; and when they saw his fleet coming in, they concluded that it belonged to Ptolemy, and prepared to receive it as such. But at last the officers who commanded in the city, being undeceived, ran to oppose it. All the tumult and confusion followed which was natural when an enemy came unexpected, and was already landing; for Demetrius finding the mouth of the harbour open, ran in with ease, and the people could plainly distinguish him on the deck of his ship, whence he made signs to them to compose themselves and keep silence. They complied with his demand, and a herald was ordered to proclaim, "That his father Antigonus, in a happy hour he hoped for Athens, had sent him to reinstate them in their liberties, by expelling the garrison, and to restore their laws and ancient form of government."

Upon this proclamation the people threw down their arms, and receiving the proposal with loud acclamations, desired Demetrius to land, and called him their benefactor and deliverer. Demetrius, the Phalerean, and his partizans thought it necessary to receive a man who came with such a superior force, though he should perform none of his promises, and accordingly sent deputies to make their submission. Demetrius received them in an obliging manner, and sent back with them Aristodemus the Milesian, a friend of his father's. At the same time, he was not unmindful of Demetrius, the Phalerean, who, in this revolution, was more afraid of the citizens than of the enemy; but out of regard to his character and virtue, sent him with a strong convoy to Thebes, agreeably to his request. He likewise assured the Athenians, that however desirous he might be to see their city, he would deny himself that pleasure till he had set it entirely free, by expelling the garrison. He therefore surrounded the fortress of Munychia with a ditch and rampart, to cut off its communication with the rest of the city, and then sailed to Megara, where Cassander had another garrison.

On his arrival, he was informed that Cratesipolis, the wife of Alexander, the son of Polyperchon, a celebrated beauty, was at Patræ, and had a desire to see him; in consequence of which he left his forces in the territory of Megara, and with a few light horse took the road to Patræ. When he was near the place, he drew off from his men, and pitched his tent apart, that Cratesipolis might not be perceived when she came to pay her visit. But a party of the enemy getting intelligence of this, fell suddenly upon him. In his alarm, he had only time to throw over him a mean cloak, and in that disguise saved himself by flight. So near an infamous captivity had his intemperate love of beauty brought him. As for his tent, the enemy took it, with all the riches it contained.

After Megara was taken, the soldiers prepared to plunder it; but the Athenians interceded strongly for that people, and prevailed. Demetrius was satisfied with expelling the garrison, and declared the city free. Amidst these transactions, he bethought himself of Stilpo, a philosopher of great reputation, who sought only the retirement and tranquillity of a studious life. He sent for him, and asked him, "*Whether they had taken anything from him?*" "*No.*" *said Stilpo*, "*I found none that wanted to steal any knowledge.*" The soldiers, however, had clandestinely carried off almost all the slaves. Therefore, when Demetrius paid his respects to him again, on leaving the place, he said, "Stilpo, I leave you entirely free." "True," answered Stilpo, "for you have not left a slave among us."

Demetrius then returned to the siege of Munychia, dislodged the garrison, and demolished the fortress. After which the Athenians pressed him to enter the city, and he complied. Having assembled the people, he re-established the commonwealth in its ancient form; and, moreover, promised them in the name of his father, 150,000 measures of wheat, and timber enough to build 100 galleys. Thus they recovered the democracy fifteen years after it was dissolved. During the interval, after the Lamian war, and the battle of Cranon, the government was called an oligarchy, but in fact, was monarchial, for the power of Demetrius the Phalerean met with no control.

Their deliverer appeared glorious in his services to Athens; but they rendered him obnoxious by the extravagant honours they decreed him. For they were the first who gave him and his father, Antigonus, the title of kings, which they had hitherto religiously avoided; and which was, indeed, the only thing left the descendants of Philip and Alexander uninvaded by their generals. In the next place, they alone[1] honoured them with the appellation of the gods' protectors; and instead of denominating the year as formerly from the *archon*, they abolished his office, created annually in his room a priest of those gods, protectors, and prefixed his name to all their public acts. They likewise ordered that their portraits should be wrought in the holy veil with those of the other gods.[1] They consecrated the place where their patron first alighted from his chariot, and erected an altar to DEMETRIUS *Catabates*. They added two to the number of their tribes, and called them *Demetrius* and *Antigonus;* in consequence of which the senate, which before consisted of 500 members, was to consist of 600, for each tribe supplied fifty.

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[1] No other people were found capable of such vile adulation. Their servility shewed how little they deserved the liberty that was restored them.

Stratocles, of whose invention these wise compliments were, thought of a stroke still higher. He procured a decree, that those who should be sent upon public business from the commonwealth of Athens to Antigonus and Demetrius, should not be called ambassadors, but *Theori*, a title which had been appropriated to those who, on the solemn festivals, carried the customary sacrifices to Delphi and Olympia, in the name of the Grecian states. This Stratocles was, in all respects, a person of the most daring effrontery and the most debauched life, insomuch that he seemed to imitate the ancient Cleon in his scurrilous and licentious behaviour to the people. He kept a mistress called Phylacium; and one day when she brought from the market some heads for supper, he said, "Why, how now! you have provided us just such things to eat as we statesmen use for tennis-balls."

When the Athenians were defeated in the sea-fight near Amorgas, he arrived at Athens before any account of the misfortune had been received, and passing through the Ceramicus with a chaplet on his head, told the people that they were victorious. He then moved that sacrifices of thanksgiving should be offered, and meat distributed among the tribes for a public entertainment. Two days after, the poor remains of the fleet were brought home; and the people, in great anger, calling him to answer for the imposition, he made his appearance in the height of the tumult with the most consummate assurance, and said, "What harm have I done you in making you merry for two days?" Such was the impudence of Stratocles.

But there were other extravagances *hotter than fire itself*, as Aristophanes expresses it. One flatterer outdid even Stratocles in servility, by procuring a decree that Demetrius, whenever he visited Athens, should be received with the same honours that were paid to Ceres and Bacchus; and that whoever exceeded the rest in the splendour and magnificence of the reception he gave that prince, should have money out of the treasury to enable him to set up some pious memorial of his success. These instances of adulation concluded with their changing the name of the month *Munychion* to *Demetrion*, with calling the last day of every month *Demetrias*, and the *Dionysia*, or feasts of Bacchus, *Demetria*.

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[1] Every fifth year the Athenians celebrated the *Panathenæa*, or festival of Minerva, and carried in procession the *Peplum*, or holy veil, in which the defeat of the Titans and the actions of Minerva were inwrought. In this veil, too, they placed the figures of those commanders who had distinguished themselves by their victories; and from thence came the expression, that such a one was worthy of the *Peplum*; meaning that he was a brave soldier. As to the form of the *Peplum*, it was a large robe without sleeves. It was drawn by land in a machine like a ship along the *Ceramicus*, as far as the temple of *Ceres* at *Eleusis;* from whence it was brought back and consecrated in the citadel.

The gods soon shewed how much they were offended at these things. For the veil in which were wrought the figures of Demetrius and Antigonus, along with those of Jupiter and Minerva, as they carried it through the *Ceramicus*, was rent asunder by a sudden storm of wind. Hemlock grew up in great quantities round the altars of those princes, though it is a plant seldom found in that country. On the day when the *Dionysia* were to be celebrated, they were forced to put a stop to the procession by the excessive cold, which came entirely out of season; and there fell so strong a hoar-frost, that it blasted not only the vines and fig-trees, but great part of the corn on the blade. Hence, Philippides, who was an enemy to Stratocles, thus attacked him in one of his comedies:—"Who was the wicked cause of our vines being blasted by the frost, and of the sacred veil's being rent asunder? He who transferred the honours of the gods to men: it is he—not comedy,[1] that is the ruin of the people." Philippides enjoyed the friendship of Lysimachus, and the Athenians received many favours from that prince on his account. Nay, whenever Lysimachus was waited on by this poet, or happened to meet him, he considered it as a good omen, and a happy time to enter upon any great business or important expedition. Besides, he was a man of excellent character, never importunate, intriguing, or over officious, like those who are bred in a court. One day Lysimachus called to him in the most obliging manner, and said, "What is there of mine that you would share in?" "Anything," said he, "but your secrets." I have purposely contrasted these characters, that the difference may be obvious between the comic writer and the demagogue.

What exceeded all the rage of flattery we have mentioned, was the decree proposed by Dromoclides the Sphettian; according to which they were to consult the oracle of Demetrius, as to the manner in which they were to dedicate certain shields at Delphi. It was conceived in these terms: "In a fortunate hour, be it decreed by the people, that a citizen of Athens be appointed to go to the god protector and, after the due sacrifices offered, demand of Demetrius the god protector, what will be the most pious, the most honourable and expeditious method of consecrating the intended offerings. And it is hereby enacted, that the people of Athens will follow the method dictated by his oracle." By this mockery of incense to his vanity, who was scarcely in his senses before, they rendered him perfectly insane.

During his stay at Athens, he married Eurydice, a descendant of the ancient Miltiades, who was the widow of Opheltas king of Cyrene, and had returned to Athens after his death. The Athenians reckoned this a particular favour and honour to their city; though Demetrius made a sort of difficulty of marrying, and had many wives at the same time. Of all his wives, he paid most respect to Phila, because she was the daughter of Antipater, and had been married to Craterus, who, of all the successors of Alexander, was most regretted by the Macedonians. Demetrius was very young when his father persuaded him to marry her, though she was advanced in life, and on that account unfit for him. As he was disinclined to the match, Antigonus is said to have repeated to him that verse of Euripides, with a happy parody:

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[1] It is probable that Stratocles, and the other persons of his character, inveighed against the dramatic writers on account of the liberties they took with their vices Though this was after the time that the *middle comedy* prevailed at Athens.

> When fortune spreads her stores, we yield to marriage
> Against the bent of nature.

Only putting *marriage* instead of *bondage*. However, the respect which Demetrius paid Phila and his other wives was not of such a nature but that he publicly entertained many mistresses, as well slaves as free-born women, and was more infamous for his excesses of that sort than any other prince of his time.

Meantime his father called him to take the conduct of the war against Ptolemy; and he found it necessary to obey him. But as it gave him pain to leave the war he had undertaken for the liberties of Greece, which was so much more advantageous in point of glory, he sent to Cleonides, who commanded for Pompey in Sicyon and Corinth, and offered him a pecuniary consideration, on condition that he would set those cities free. Cleonides not accepting the proposal, Demetrius immediately embarked his troops and sailed to Cyprus. There he had an engagement with Menelaus, brother to Ptolemy, and defeated him. Ptolemy himself soon after made his appearance with a great number of land forces, and a considerable fleet; on which occasion several menacing and haughty messages passed between them. Ptolemy bade Demetrius depart before he collected all his forces and trod him under foot; and Demetrius said he would let Ptolemy go, if he would promise to evacuate Sicyon and Corinth.

The approaching battle awaked the attention not only of the parties concerned, but of all other princes; for besides the uncertainty of the event, so much depended upon it that the conqueror would not be master of Cyprus and Syria alone, but superior to all his rivals in power. Ptolemy advanced with 150 ships, and he had ordered Menelaus, with 60 more, to come out of the harbour of Salamis, in the heat of the battle, and put the enemy in disorder by falling on his rear. Against these 60 ships, Demetrius appointed a guard of 10, for that number was sufficient to block up the mouth of the harbour. His land forces he ranged on the adjoining promontories, and then bore down upon his adversary with 180 ships. This he did with so much impetuosity, that Ptolemy could not stand the shock, but was defeated, and fled with 8 ships only, which were all that he saved. For 70 were taken with their crews, and the rest were sunk in the engagement. His numerous train, his servants, friends, wives, arms, money, and machines, that were stationed near the fleet in transports, all fell into the hands of Demetrius, and he carried them to his camp.

Among these was the celebrated Lamia, who at first was only taken notice of for her performing on the flute, which was by no means contemptible, but afterwards became famous as a courtesan. By this time her beauty was in the wane, yet she captivated Demetrius, though not near her age, and so effectually enslaved him by the peculiar power of her address, that, though other women had a passion for him, he could only think of her.

After the sea-fight, Menelaus made no further resistance, but surrendered Salamis, with all the ships, and the land-forces, which consisted of 1200 horse, and 12,000 foot.

This victory, so great in itself, Demetrius rendered still more glorious by generosity and humanity, in giving the enemy's dead an honourable interment, and setting the prisoners free. He selected 1200 complete suits of armour from the spoils, and bestowed them on the Athenians. Aristodemus the Milesian was the person he sent to his father with an account of the victory. Of all the courtiers, this man was the boldest flatterer; and, on the present occasion, he designed to outdo himself. When he arrived on the coast of Syria from Cyprus, he would not suffer the ship to make land; but ordering it to anchor at a distance, and all the company to remain in it, he took the boat, and went on shore alone. He advanced towards the palace of Antigonus, who was watching for the event of this battle with all the solicitude natural to a man who has so great a concern at stake. As soon as he was informed that the messenger was coming his anxiety increased to such a degree that he could scarce keep within his palace. He sent his officers and friends, one after another, to Aristodemus, to demand what intelligence he brought. But, instead of giving any of them an answer, he walked on with great silence and solemnity. The king by this time much alarmed, and having no longer patience, went to the door to meet him. A great crowd was gathered about Aristodemus, and the people were running from all quarters to the palace to hear the news. When he was near enough to be heard, he stretched out his hand, and cried aloud, "Hail to king Antigonus! we have totally beaten Ptolemy at sea; we are masters of Cyprus, and have made 16,800 prisoners." Antigonus answered, "Hail to you too, my good friend; but I will punish you for torturing us so long; you shall wait long for your reward."

The people now, for the first time, proclaimed Antigonus and Demetrius kings. Antigonus had the diadem immediately put on by his friends. He sent one to Demetrius; and in the letter that accompanied it, addressed him under the style of king. The Egyptians, when they were apprized of this circumstance, gave Ptolemy likewise the title of king, that they might not appear to be dispirited with their late defeat. The other successors of Alexander caught eagerly at the opportunity to aggrandize themselves. Lysimachus took the diadem; and Seleucus did the same in his transactions with the Greeks. The latter had worn it some time, when he gave audience to the barbarians. Cassander alone, while others wrote to him, and saluted him as king, prefixed his name to the letters in the same manner as formerly.

This title proved not a mere addition to their name and figure. It gave them higher notions. It introduced a pompousness into their manners, and self-importance into their discourse. Just as tragedians, when they take the habit of kings, change their gait, their voice, their whole deportment, and manner of address. After this they became more severe in their judicial capacity; for they laid aside that dissimulation with which they had concealed their power, and which had made them much milder and more favourable to their subjects. So much could one word of a flatterer do! such a change did it effect in the whole face of the world!

Antigonus, elated with his son's achievements at Cyprus, immediately marched against Ptolemy; commanding his land forces in person, while Demetrius with a powerful fleet attended him along the coast. One of Antigonus's friends, named Medius, had the event of this expedition communicated to him in a dream. He thought that Antigonus and his whole army were running a race. At first he seemed to run with great swiftness and force; but afterwards his strength gradually abated; and, on turning, he became very weak, and drew his breath with such pain, that he could scarce recover himself. Accordingly Antigonus met with many difficulties on land, and Demetrius encountered such a storm at sea, that he was in danger of being driven upon an impracticable shore. In this storm he lost many of his ships, and returned without effecting any thing.

Antigonus was now little short of eighty, and his great size and weight disqualified him for war, still more than his age. He therefore left the military department to his son, who by his good fortune, as well as ability, managed it in the happiest manner. Nor was Antigonus hurt by his son's debaucheries, his expensive appearance, or his long carousals: for these were the things in which Demetrius employed himself in time of peace with the utmost licentiousness and most unbounded avidity. But in war, no man, however naturally temperate, exceeded him in sobriety.

When the power that Lamia had over him was evident to all the world, Demetrius came after some expedition or other to salute his father, and kissed him so cordially, that he laughed and said, "Surely, my son, you think you are kissing Lamia." Once when he had been spending many days with his friends over the bottle, he excused himself at his return to court by saying, "That he had been hindered by a defluxion." "So I heard," said Antigonus, "but whether was the defluxion from Thasos or from Chios?" Another time, being informed that he was indisposed, he went to see him; and when he came to the door, he met one of his favourites going out. He went in, however, and sitting down by him, took hold of his hand, Demetrius said, his fever had now left him. "I knew it," said Antigonus, "for I met it this moment at the door." With such mildness he treated his son's faults out of regard to his excellent performances. It is the custom of the Scythians in the midst of their carousals to strike the strings of their bows, to recall as it were, their courage which is melting away in pleasure. But *Demetrius one while gave himself up entirely to pleasure, and another while to business; he did not intermix them.* His military talents therefore, did not suffer by his attentions of a gayer kind.

Nay, he seemed to shew greater abilities in his preparations for war than in the use of them. He was not content unless he had stores that were more than sufficient. *There was something peculiarly great in the construction of his ships and engines, and he took an unwearied pleasure in the inventing of new ones.* For he was ingenious in the speculative part of mechanics; and he did not, like other princes, apply his taste and knowledge of those arts to the purposes of diversion, or to pursuits of no utility, such as playing on the flute, painting, or turning.

Æropus, king of Macedon, spent his hours of leisure in making little tables and lamps. Attalus,[1] surnamed Philometer,[2] amused himself with planting poisonous herbs, not only henbane and hellebore, but hemlock, aconite, and dorycnium.[3] These he cultivated in the royal gardens, and besides gathering them at their proper seasons, made it his business to know the qualities of their juices and fruit. And the kings of Parthia took a pride in forging and sharpening heads for arrows. But *the mechanics of Demetrius were of a princely kind; there was always something great in the fabric.* Together with a spirit of curiosity and love of the arts, there appeared in all his works a grandeur of design and dignity of invention, so that they were not only worthy of the genius and wealth, but of the hand of a king. His friends were astonished at their greatness, and his very enemies were pleased with their beauty. Nor is this description of him at all exaggerated. His enemies used to stand upon the shore, looking with admiration upon his galleys of 15 or 16 banks of oars, as they sailed along; and *his engines called helepoles, were a pleasing spectacle to the very towns which he besieged.* This is evident from fact. Lysimachus, who of all the princes of his time was the bitterest enemy to Demetrius, when he came to compel him to raise the siege of Soli in Cilicia, desired he would shew him his engines of war, and his manner of navigating the galleys; and he was so struck with the sight that he immediately retired. And the Rhodians, after they had stood a long siege, and at last compromised the affair, requested him to leave some of his engines, as monuments both of his power and of their valour.

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[1] Plutarch does not do that honour to Attalus which he deserves, when he mentions his employments as unworthy of a prince. He made many experiments in natural philosophy, and wrote a treatise on agriculture. Other kings, particularly Hiero and Archelaus, did the same.

[2] This is a mistake in Plutarch. Philometer was another prince, who made agriculture his amusement.

[3] *Dorycneum* was a common poisonous plant, which was so called from the points of spears being tinged with its juices.

His war with the Rhodians was occasioned by their alliance with Ptolemy; and in the course of it he brought the largest of his helepoles up to their walls. Its base was square, each of its sides at the bottom 48 cubits wide; and it was 66 cubits high. The sides of the several divisions gradually lessened, so that the top was much narrower than the bottom. The inside was divided into several stories or rooms, one above another. The front which was turned towards the enemy had a window in each story, through which missive weapons of various kinds were thrown: for it was filled with men who practised every method of fighting. It neither shook nor veered the least in its motion, but rolled on in a steady upright position. And as it moved with a horrible noise, it at once pleased and terrified the spectators.[1]

He had two coats of mail brought from Cyprus,[2] for his use in this war, each of which weighed 40 *minæ*. Zolius, the maker, to shew the excellence of their temper, ordered a dart to be shot at one of them from an engine at the distance of 26 paces; and it stood so firm that there was no more mark upon it than what might be made with such a style as is used in writing. This he took for himself, and gave the other to Alcimus the Epirot, a man of the greatest bravery and strength of any in his army. The Epirot's whole suit of armour weighed two talents, whereas that of others weighed no more than one. He fell in the siege of Rhodes, in an action near the theatre.

As the Rhodians defended themselves with great spirit, Demetrius was not able to do anything considerable. There was one thing in their conduct which he particularly resented, and for that reason he persisted in the siege. They had taken the vessel in which were letters from his wife Phila, together with some robes and pieces of tapestry, and they sent it, as it was, to Ptolemy. In which they were far from imitating the politeness of the Athenians, who, when they were at war with Philip, happening to take his couriers, read all the other letters, but sent him that of Olympias with the seal entire.

But Demetrius, though much incensed, did not retaliate upon the Rhodians, though he soon had an opportunity. Protogenes of Caunus was at that time painting for them the history of Jalysus,[3] and had almost finished it when Demetrius seized it in one of the suburbs. The Rhodians sent a herald to entreat him to spare the work, and not suffer it to be destroyed. Upon which he said, "He would rather burn the pictures of his father than hurt so laborious a piece of art." Apelles tells us, that when he first saw it, he was so much astonished that he could not speak; and at last, when he recovered himself, he said, "A master-piece of labour! A wonderful performance! But it wants those graces which raise the fame of my paintings to the skies." This piece was afterwards carried to Rome: and, being added to the number of those collected there, was destroyed by fire. The Rhodians now began to grow weary of the war. Demetrius too wanted only a pretence to put an end to it, and he found one. The Athenians came and reconciled them on this condition, that the Rhodians should assist Antigonus and Demetrius as allies, in all their wars except those with Ptolemy.

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[1] Diodorus Siculus says, this machine had 9 stories; and that it rolled on 4 large wheels, each of which was 16 feet high

[2] Pliny says, that the Cyprian Adamant was impregnable. Cyprus was famous for the metal of which armour was made even in the time of the Trojan war; and Agamemnon had a cuirass sent him from Cyniras king of Cyprus. HOM. Il. xi.

[3] We have not met with the particular subject of this famous painting. Jalysus was one of the fabulous heroes, the son of Ochimus and grandson of Apollo; and there is a town in Rhodes called Jalysus, which probably had its name from him. It was in this picture that Protogenes, when he had long laboured in vain to paint the foam of a dog, happily hit it off, by throwing the brush in anger at the dog's mouth. Ælian, as well as Plutarch, says, that he was seven years in finishing it. Pliny tells us, that he gave it four coats of colours, that when one was effaced by time, another might supply its place. He tells us, that when Protogenes was at work, he was visited by Demetrius, and when the latter asked him how he could prosecute his work with so much calmness under the rage of war, he answered, that "Though Demetrius was at war with Rhodes, he did not suppose that he was at war with the Arts." He is said to have lived on lupines during the time he was employed on this painting, that his judg-

At the same time the Athenians called him to their succour against Cassander, who was besieging their city. In consequence of which he sailed thither with a fleet of 330 ships, and a numerous body of land forces. With these he not only drove Cassander out of Attica, but followed him to Thermopylæ, and entirely defeated him there. Heraclea then voluntarily submitted, and he received into his army 6000 Macedonians who came over to him. In his return he restored liberty to the Greeks within the straits of Thermopylæ, took the Bœotians into his alliance, and made himself master of Cenchreæ. He likewise reduced Phyle and Panactus, the bulwarks of Attica, which had been garrisoned by Cassander, and put them in the hands of the Athenians again. The Athenians, though they had lavished honours upon him before in the most extravagant manner, yet contrived on this occasion to appear new in their flattery. They gave orders that he should lodge in the back part of the Parthenon, which accordingly he did, and Minerva was said to have received him as her guest, a guest not very fit to come under her roof, or suitable to her virgin purity.

In one of their expeditions his brother Philip took up his quarters in a house where there were three young women. His father Antigonus said nothing to Philip, but called the quarter-master, and said to him in his presence, "Why do not you remove my son out of this lodging, where he is so much straitened for room?" And Demetrius, who ought to have reverenced Minerva, if on no other account, yet as his eldest sister (for so he affected to call her), behaved in such a manner to persons of both sexes who were above the condition of slaves, and the citadel was so polluted with his debaucheries, that it appeared to be kept sacred in some degree, when he indulged himself only with such prostitutes as Chrysis, Lamia, Demo, and Anticyra.

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ment might not be clouded by luxurious diet. The picture was brought to Rome by Cassius, and placed in the Temple of Peace, where it remained till the time of Commodus; when, together with the temple, it was consumed by fire.

Some things we choose to pass over out of regard to the character of the city of Athens: but the virtue and chastity of Democles ought not to be left under the veil of silence. Democles was very young; and his beauty was no secret to Demetrius. Indeed, his surname unhappily declared it, for he was called Democles *the Handsome.* Demetrius, through his emissaries, left nothing unattempted to gain him by great offers, or to intimidate him by threats; but neither could prevail. He left the wrestling ring and all public exercises, and made use only of a private bath. Demetrius watched his opportunity, and surprised him there alone. The boy seeing nobody near to assist him, and the impossibility of resisting with any effect, took off the cover of the caldron, and jumped into the boiling water. It is true, he came to an unworthy end, but his sentiments were worthy of his country and of his personal merit.

Very different were those of Clearnetus the son of Cleomedon. That youth having procured his father the remission of a fine of 50 talents, brought letters from Demetrius to the people, signifying his pleasure in that respect. By which he not only dishonoured himself, but brought great trouble upon the city. The people took off the fine, but at the same time they made a decree, that no citizen should for the future bring any letter from Demetrius. Yet when they found that Demetrius was disobliged at it, and expressed his resentment in strong terms, they not only repealed the act, but punished the persons who proposed and supported it, some with death, and some with banishment. They likewise passed a new edict, importing: "That the people of Athens had resolved, that whatsoever thing Demetrius might command should be accounted holy in respect of the gods, and just in respect of men." Some person of better principle, on this occasion, happening to say that Stratocles was mad in proposing such decrees, Demochares, the Leuconian,[1] answered: "He would be mad, if he were not mad." Stratocles found his advantage in his servility; and for this saying Demochares was prosecuted and banished the city. To such meannesses were the Athenians brought, when the garrison seemed to be removed out of their city, and they pretended to be a free people!

Demetrius afterwards passed into Peloponnesus, where he found no resistance, for all his enemies fled before him, or surrendered their cities. He therefore reduced with ease that part of the country called *Acte*, and all Arcadia, except Mantinea, Argos, Sicyon, and Corinth, he set free from their garrisons, by giving their commanding officers 100 talents to evacuate them. About that time the feasts of Juno came on at Argos, and Demetrius presided in the games and other exhibitions. During these solemnities he married Deidamia, the daughter of Æcides, king of the Molossians, and sister of Pyrrhus. He told the Sicyonians that they lived out of their city; and shewing them a more advantageous situation, persuaded them to build one where the town now stands. Along with the situation he likewise changed the name, calling the town Demetrias, instead of Sicyon.

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[1] The nephew of Demosthenes.

The states being assembled at the Isthmus, and a prodigious number of people attending, he was proclaimed general of all Greece, as Philip and Alexander had been before; and in the elation of power and success, he thought himself a much greater man. Alexander robbed no other prince of his title, nor did he ever declare himself king of kings, though he raised many both to the style and authority of kings. But Demetrius thought no man worthy of that title except his father and himself. He even ridiculed those who made use of it, and it was with pleasure he heard the sycophants at his table drinking King Demetrius; Seleucus, commander of the elephants; Ptolemy, admiral; Lysimachus, treasurer; and Agathocles the Sicilian governor of the islands. The rest of them only laughed at such extravagant instances of vanity. Lysimachus alone was angry, because Demetrius seemed to think him no better than a eunuch. For the princes of the east had generally eunuchs for their treasurers. Lysimachus, indeed, was the most violent enemy that he had; and now taking an opportunity to disparage him on account of his passion for Lamia, he said, "This was the first time he had seen a whore act in a tragedy."[1] Demetrius said in answer, "My whore is an honester woman than his Penelope."

When he was preparing to return to Athens, he wrote to the republic, that on his arrival he intended to be initiated, and to be immediately admitted, not only to the less mysteries, but even to those called intuitive. This was unlawful and unprecedented; for the less mysteries were celebrated in February, and the greater in September; and none were admitted to the intuitive till a year at least after they had attended the greater mysteries.[2] When the letters were read, Pythodorus, the torch bearer, was the only person who ventured to oppose the demand; and his opposition was entirely ineffectual. Stratocles procured a decree that the month of *Munychion* should be called and reputed the month of *Anthesterion* (Feb.), to give Demetrius an opportunity for his first initiation, which was to be performed in the ward of Agra. After which, Munychion was changed again into Boedromion (Sept.) By these means Demetrius was admitted to the greater mysteries, and to immediate inspection. Hence those strokes of satire upon Stratocles from the poet Philippides—"The man who can contract the whole year into one month;" and with respect to Demetrius being lodged in the *Parthenon*—"The man who turns the temples into inns, and brings prostitutes into the company of the virgin goddess."

But amongst the many abuses and enormities committed in their city, no one seems to have given the Athenians greater uneasiness than this. He ordered them to raise 250 talents in a very short time, and the sum was exacted with the greatest rigour. When the money was brought in, and he saw it all together, he ordered it to be given to Lamia and his other mistresses to buy soap. Thus the disgrace hurt them more than the loss, and the application more than the impost. Some, however, say that it was not to the Athenians that he behaved in this manner, but to the people of Thessaly. Besides this disagreeable tax, Lamia extorted money from many persons on her own authority, to enable her to provide an entertainment for the king. And the expense of that supper was so remarkable, that Lynceus the Samian took pains to give a description of it. For the same reason, a comic poet of those times, with equal wit and truth, called Lamia an *Helepolis*. And Demochares the Solian called Demetrius *Muthos*, that is, *fable*, because he too had his *Lamia*.[1]

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[1] The modern stage need not be put to the blush by this assertion in favour of the ancient; the reason of it was, that there were no women actors. Men in female dresses performed their parts.

[2] Plutarch in this place seems to make a difference between the intuitive and the greater mysteries, though they are commonly understood to be the same. Casaubon and Meursius think the text corrupt.

The great interest that Lamia had with Demetrius, in consequence of his passion for her, excited a spirit of envy and aversion to her, not only in the breasts of his wives but of his friends. Demetrius having sent ambassadors to Lysimachus, on some occasion or other, that prince amused himself one day with shewing them the deep wounds he had received from a lion's claws in his arms and thighs, and gave them an account of his being shut up with that wild beast by Alexander the Great, and of the battle he had with it,[2] upon which they laughed, and said, "The king, our master, too, bears on his neck the marks of a dreadful wild beast called a Lamia." Indeed, it was strange that he should at first have so great an objection against the disparity of years between him and Phila, and afterwards fall into such a lasting captivity to Lamia, though she had passed her prime at their first acquaintance. One evening, when Lamia had been playing on the flute at supper, Demetrius asked Demo, surnamed *Mania*,[3] what she thought of her. "I think her an old woman, sir," said Demo. Another time, when there was an extraordinary dessert on the table, he said to her, "You see what fine things Lamia sends me." "My mother will send you finer," answered Demo, "if you will but lie with her."

We shall mention only one story more of Lamia, which relates to her censure of the celebrated judgment of Bocchoris. In Egypt there was a young man extremely desirous of the favours of a courtesan named Thonis, but she set too high a price upon them. Afterwards he fancied that he enjoyed her in a dream, and his desire was satisfied. Thonis, upon this, commenced an action against him for the money; and Bocchoris having heard both parties, ordered the man to tell the gold that she demanded into a bason, and shake it about before her, that she might enjoy the sight of it; "For fancy," said he, "is no more than the shadow of truth." Lamia did not think this a just sentence, because the woman's desire of the gold was not removed by the appearance of it, whereas the dream cured the passion of her lover.

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[1] Fabulous history mentions a queen of Libya, who, out of rage for the loss of her own children, ordered those of other women to be brought to her, and devoured them. From whence she was called *Lamia*, from the Phoenician word *lahama*, to devour. Upon this account, Diodorus tells us, that *Lamia* became a bugbear to children. And this satisfies M. Dacier with regard to the explanation of this passage in Plutarch.

[2] Justin and Pausanias mention this, but Q. Curtius doubts the truth of it; and he probably is in the right.

[3] In English, Miss Madcap.

The change in the fortunes and actions of the subject of our narrative now turns the comic scene into tragedy. All the other kings having united their forces against Antigonus, Demetrius left Greece in order to join him, and was greatly animated to find his father preparing for war with a spirit above his years. Had Antigonus abated a little of his pretensions, and restrained his ambition to govern the world, he might have kept the pre-eminence among the successors of Alexander, not only for himself, but for his son after him. But being naturally arrogant, imperious, and no less insolent in his expressions than in his actions, he exasperated many young and powerful princes against him. He boasted, that "he could break the present league, and disperse the united armies with as much ease as a boy does a flock of birds, by throwing a stone, or making a slight noise."

He had an army of more than 70,000 foot, 10,000 horse, and 75 elephants. The enemy's infantry consisted of 64,000 men, their cavalry of 10,500; they had 400 elephants, and 120 armed chariots. When the two armies were in sight, there was a visible change in the mind of Antigonus, but rather with respect to his hopes than his resolution. In other engagements his spirits used to be high, his port lofty, his voice loud, and his expressions vaunting; insomuch that he would sometimes in the heat of the action let fall some jocular expression, to shew his unconcern and his contempt of his adversary. But at this time he was observed for the most part to be thoughtful and silent; and one day he presented his son to the army, and recommended him as his successor. What appeared still more extraordinary, was, that he took him aside into his tent, and discoursed with him there; for he never used to communicate his intentions to him in private, or to consult him in the least, but to rely entirely on his own judgment, and to give orders for the execution of what he had resolved on by himself. It is reported that Demetrius, when very young, once asked him when they should decamp, and that he answered angrily, "Are you afraid that you only shall not hear the trumpet?"

On this occasion, it is true, their spirits were depressed by ill omens. Demetrius dreamed that Alexander came to him in a magnificent suit of armour, and asked him what was to be the word in the ensuing battle? Demetrius answered, *Jupiter* and *victory*, upon which Alexander said, "I go then to your adversaries, for they are ready to receive me." When the army was put in order of battle, Antigonus *stumbled as he went out of his tent*, and falling on his face received a considerable hurt. After he had recovered himself, he stretched out his hands towards heaven, and prayed either for victory, or that he might die before he was sensible that the day was lost.

When the battle was begun, Demetrius, at the head of his best cavalry, fell upon Antiochus the son of Seleucus, and fought with so much bravery that he put the enemy to flight; but by a vain and unseasonable ambition to go upon the pursuit, he lost the victory; for he went so far that he could not get back to join his infantry, the enemy's elephants having taken up the intermediate space. Seleucus, now seeing his adversary's foot deprived of their horse, did not attack them, but rode about them as if he was going every moment to charge; intending by this manœuvre both to terrify them and to give them opportunity to change sides. The event answered his expectation. Great part separated from the main body and voluntarily came over to him; the rest were put to the rout. When great numbers were bearing down upon Antigonus, one of those that were about him said, "They are coming against you, sir." He answered, "What other object can they have? But Demetrius will come to my assistance." In this hope he continued to the last, still looking about for his son, till he fell under a shower of darts. His servants and his very friends forsook him; only Thorax of Larissa remained by the dead body.

The battle being thus decided, the kings who were victorious dismembered the kingdom of Antigonus and Demetrius like some great body, and each took a limb, thus adding to their own dominions the provinces which these two princes were possessed of before. Demetrius fled with 5000 foot and 4000 horse. And as he reached Ephesus in a short time, and was in want of money, it was expected that he would not spare the temple. However, he not only spared it himself,[1] but fearing that his soldiers might be tempted to violate it, he immediately left the place and embarked for Greece. His principal dependence was upon the Athenians; for with them he had left his ships, his money, and his wife Deidamia; and in this distress he thought he could have no safer asylum than their affection. He therefore pursued his voyage with all possible expedition; but ambassadors from Athens met him near the Cyclades, and entreated him not to think of going thither, because the people had declared by an edict that they would receive no king into their city. As for Deidamia, they had conducted her to Megara with a proper retinue, and all the respect due to her rank. This so enraged Demetrius, that he was no longer master of himself; though he had hitherto born his misfortune with sufficient calmness, and discovered no mean or ungenerous sentiment in the great change of his affairs. But to be deceived, beyond all his expectation, by the Athenians; to find by facts that their affection, so great in appearance, was only false and counterfeit, was a thing that cut him to the heart. Indeed, *excessive honours are a very indifferent proof of the regard of the people for kings and princes.* For all the value of those honours rests in their being freely given; and there can be no certainty of that, because the givers may be under the influence of fear. And fear and love often produce the same public declarations. For the same reason wise princes will not look upon statues, pictures, or divine honours, but rather consider their own actions and behaviour, and, in consequence thereof, either believe those honours real, or disregard them as the dictates of necessity. Nothing more frequently happens than that the people hate their sovereign the most at the time that he is receiving the most immoderate honours, the tribute of unwilling minds.

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[1] A striking proof that adversity is the parent of virtue!

Demetrius, though he severely felt this ill treatment, was not in a condition to revenge it; he therefore, by his envoys, expostulated with the Athenians in moderate terms, and only desired them to send him his galleys, among which there was one of 13 banks of oars. As soon as he had received them, he steered for the Isthmus, but found his affairs there in a very bad situation. The cities expelled his garrisons and were all revolting to his enemies. Leaving Pyrrhus in Greece, he then sailed to the Chersonesus, and by the ravages he committed in the country, distressed Lysimachus, as well as enriched and secured the fidelity of his own forces, which now began to gather strength and improve into a respectable army. The other kings paid no regard to Lysimachus, who, at the same time that he was much more formidable in his power than Demetrius, was not in the least more moderate in his conduct.

Soon after this, Seleucus sent proposals of marriage to Stratonice, the daughter of Demetrius by Phila. He had, indeed, already a son named Antiochus, by Apama, a Persian lady; but he thought that his dominions were sufficient for more heirs, and that he stood in need of this new alliance, because he saw Lysimachus marrying one of Ptolemy's daughters himself, and taking the other for his son Agathocles. A connection with Seleucus was a happy and unexpected turn of fortune for Demetrius.

He took his daughter, and sailed with his whole fleet to Syria. In the course of the voyage he was several times under the necessity of making land, and he touched in particular upon the coast of Cilicia, which had been given to Plistarchus, the brother of Cassander, as his share, after the defeat of Antigonus. Plistarchus, thinking himself injured by the descent which Demetrius made upon his country, went immediately to Cassander, to complain of Seleucus for having reconciled himself to the common enemy without the concurrence of the other kings. Demetrius being informed of his departure, left the sea and marched up to Quinda, where, finding 1200 talents, the remains of his father's treasures, he carried them off, embarked again without interruption, and set sail with the utmost expedition, his wife Phila having joined him by the way.

Seleucus met him at Orossus. Their interview was conducted in a sincere and princely manner, without any marks of design or suspicion. Seleucus invited Demetrius first to his pavilion; and then Demetrius entertained him in his galley of 13 banks of oars.

They conversed at their ease, and passed the time together without guards or arms, till Seleucus took Stratonice, and carried her with great pomp to Antioch.

Demetrius seized the province of Cilicia, and sent Phila to her brother Cassander, to answer the accusations brought against him by Plistarchus. Meantime, Deidamia came to him from Greece, but she had not spent any long time with him before she sickened and died; and Demetrius having accommodated matters with Ptolemy through Seleucus, it was agreed that he should marry Ptolemais, the daughter of that prince.

Hitherto Seleucus had behaved with honour and propriety; but afterwards he demanded that Demetrius should surrender Cilicia to him for a sum of money, and on his refusal to do that, angrily insisted on having Tyre and Sidon. This behaviour appeared unjustifiable and cruel. When he already commanded Asia from the Indies to the Syrian Sea, how sordid was it to quarrel for two cities with a prince who was his father-in-law, and who laboured under so painful a reverse of fortune. A strong proof how true the maxim of Plato is, *That the man who would be truly happy should not study to enlarge his estate, but to contract his desires; for he who does not restrain his avarice must for ever be poor.*

However, Demetrius, far from being intimidated, said, "Though I had lost a thousand battles as great as that of Ipsus, nothing should bring me to buy the alliance of Seleucus;" and, upon this principle, he garrisoned these cities in the strongest manner. About this time, having intelligence that Athens was divided into factions, and that Lachares, taking advantage of these, had seized the government, he expected to take the city with ease if he appeared suddenly before it. Accordingly he set out with a considerable fleet, and crossed the sea without danger; but on the coast of Attica he met with a storm, in which he lost many ships and great numbers of his men. He escaped, however, himself, and began hostilities against Athens, though with no great vigour. As his operations answered no end, he sent his lieutenants to collect another fleet, and in the meantime entered Peloponnesus, and laid siege to Messene. In one of the assaults he was in great danger, for a dart which came from an engine pierced through his jaw and entered his mouth; but he recovered, and reduced some cities that had revolted. After this he invaded Attica again, took Eleusis and Rhamnus, and ravaged the country. Happening to take a ship loaded with wheat which was bound for Athens, he hanged both the merchant and the pilot. This alarmed other merchants so much that they forbore attempting anything of that kind, so that a famine ensued; and together with the want of bread corn, the people were in want of everything else. A bushel of salt was sold for 40 *drachmas*, and a peck[1] of wheat for 300. A fleet of 150 ships, which Ptolemy sent to their relief, appeared before Ægina; but the encouragement it afforded them was of short continuance. A great reinforcement of ships came to Demetrius from Peloponnesus and Cyprus, so that he had not in all fewer than 300. Ptolemy's fleet therefore weighed anchor and steered off. The tyrant Lachares at the same time made his escape privately, and abandoned the city.

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[1] *Medius.* These measures were something more, but we give only the round quantity.

The Athenians, though they had made a decree that no man, under pain of death, should mention peace or reconciliation with Demetrius, now opened the gates nearest him, and sent ambassadors to his camp. Not that they expected any favour from him, but they were forced to take that step by the extremity of famine. In the course of it many dreadful things happened, and this is related among the rest:—A father and his son were sitting in the same room in the last despair, when a dead mouse happening to fall from the roof of the house, they both started up and fought for it. Epicurus the philosopher is said at that time to have supported his friends and disciples with beans, which he shared with them, and counted out to them daily.

In such a miserable condition was the city when Demetrius entered it. He ordered all the Athenians to assemble in the theatre, which he surrounded with his troops; and having planted his guards on each side of the stage, he came down through the passage by which the tragedians enter. The fears of the people on his appearance increased, but they were entirely dissipated when he began to speak, for neither the accent of his voice was loud, nor his expressions severe. He complained of them in soft and easy terms, and taking them again into favour, made them a present of 100,000 measures of wheat, and re-established such an administration as was most agreeable to them.

The orator Dromoclides obesrved the variety of acclamations amongst the people, and that in the joy of their hearts they endeavoured to outdo the encomiums of those that spoke from the *rostrum*. He therefore proposed a decree that the Piræus and the fort of Munychia should be delivered up to king Demetrius. After this bill was passed, Demetrius, on his own authority, put a garrison in the museum; lest, if there should be another defection amongst the people, it might keep them from other enterprises.

The Athenians thus reduced, Demetrius immediately formed a design upon Lacedæmon. King Archidamus met him at Mantinea, where Demetrius defeated him in a pitched battle; and, after he had put him to flight, he entered Laconia. There was another action almost in sight of Sparta, in which he killed 200 of the enemy, and made 500 prisoners; so that he seemed almost master of a town *which hitherto had never been taken*. But surely fortune never displayed such sudden and extraordinary vicissitudes in the life of any other prince; in no other scene of things did she so often change from low to high, from a glorious to an abject condition, or again repair the ruins she had made. Hence he is said, in his greatest adversity, to have addressed her in the words of Æschylus—

Thou gavest me life and honour, and thy hand
Now strikes me to the heart.

When his affairs seemed to be in so promising a train for power and empire, news was brought that Lysimachus, in the first place, had taken the cities he had in Asia, that Ptolemy had dispossessed him of all Cyprus, except the city of Salamis, in which he had left his children and his mother, and that this town was now actually besieged. Fortune, however, like the woman in Archilochus,

> Whose right hand offered water, while the left
> Bore hostile fire——

Though she drew him from Lacedæmon by these alarming tidings, yet soon raised him a new scene of light and hope. She availed herself of these circumstances.

After the death of Cassander, his eldest son Philip had but a short reign over the Macedonians, for he died soon after his father. The two remaining brothers were perpetually at variance. One of them, named Antipater, having killed his mother Thessalonica, Alexander, the other brother, called in the Greek princes to his assistance. Pyrrhus from Epirus, and Demetrius from Peloponnesus arrived first, and seized a considerable part of Macedonia, which he kept for his reward, and by that means became a formidable neighbour to Alexander. Demetrius no sooner received the letters than he marched his forces thither likewise, and the young prince was still more afraid of him on account of his great name and dignity. He met him, however, at Dium, and received him in the most respectful manner, but told him at the same time that his affairs did not now require his presence. Hence mutual jealousies arose, and Demetrius, as he was going to sup with Alexander upon his invitation, was informed that there was a design against his life, which was to be put in execution in the midst of the entertainment. Demetrius was not in the least disconcerted; he only slackened his pace, and gave orders to his generals to keep the troops under arms; after which he took his guards and the officers of his household, who were much more numerous than those of Alexander, and commanded them to enter the banqueting room with him, and to remain there till he arose from table. Alexander's people, intimidated by his train, durst not attack Demetrius; and he, for his part, pretending that he was not disposed to drink that evening, soon withdrew. Next day, he prepared to decamp; and, alleging that he was called off by some new emergency, desired Alexander to excuse him if he left them soon this time; and assured him that at some other opportunity he would make a longer stay. Alexander rejoiced that he was going away voluntarily, and without any hostile intentions, and accompanied him as far as Thessaly. When they came to Larissa, they renewed their invitations, but both with malignity in their hearts. In consequence of these polite manœuvres, Alexander fell into the snare of Demetrius. He would not go with a guard, lest he should teach the other to do the same. He therefore suffered that which he was preparing for his enemy, and which he only deferred for the surer and more convenient execution. He went to sup with Demetrius; and as his host rose up in the midst of the feast, Alexander was terrified, and rose up with him. Demetrius, when he was at the door, said no more to his guards than this: "Kill the man that follows me;" and then went out. Upon which, they cut Alexander in pieces, and his friends who attempted to assist him. One of them is reported to have said, as he was dying, "Demetrius is but one day beforehand with us."

The night was, as might be expected, full of terror and confusion. In the morning the Macedonians were greatly disturbed with the apprehension that Demetrius would fall upon them with all his forces; but when, instead of an appearance of hostilities, he sent a message desiring to speak with them, and vindicated what was done, they recovered their spirits, and resolved to receive him with civility: when he came, he found it unnecessary to make long speeches. They hated Antipater for the murder of his mother, and as they had no better prince at hand, they declared Demetrius king, and conducted him into Macedonia. The Macedonians who were at home proved not averse to the change; for they always remembered with horror Cassander's base behaviour to Alexander the Great; and if they had any regard left for the moderation of old Antipater, it turned all in favour of Demetrius, who had married his daughter Phila, and had a son by her to succeed him in the throne, a youth who was already grown up, and at this very time bore arms under his father.

Immediately after this glorious turn of fortune, Demetrius received news that Ptolemy had set his wife and children at liberty, and dismissed them with presents and other tokens of honour. He was informed too, that his daughter, who had been married to Seleucus, was now wife to Antiochus, the son of that prince, and declared queen of the barbarous nations in Upper Asia. Antiochus was violently enamoured of the young Stratonice, though she had a son by his father. His condition was extremely unhappy. He made the greatest efforts to conquer his passion, but they were of no avail. At last, considering that his desires were of the most extravagant kind, that there was no prospect of satisfaction for them, and that the succours of reason entirely failed, he resolved in his despair to rid himself of life, and bring it gradually to a period by neglecting all care of his person and abstaining from food. For this purpose he made sickness his pretence. His physician, Erasistratus, easily discovered that his distemper was love; but it was difficult to conjecture who was the object. In order to find it out, he spent whole days in his chamber; and whenever any beautiful person of either sex entered it, he observed with great attention, not only his looks, but every part and motion of the body which corresponds the most with the passions of the soul. When others entered he was entirely unaffected, but when Stratonice came in, as she often did, either alone or with Seleucus, he shewed all the symptoms described by Sappho, the faltering voice, the burning blush, the languid eye, the sudden sweat, the tumultuous pulse; and at length, the passion overcoming his spirits, a *deliquium* and mortal paleness.

Erasistratus concluded from these tokens that the prince was in love with Stratonice, and perceived that he intended to carry the secret with him to the grave. He saw the difficulty of breaking the matter to Seleucus; yet depending upon the affection which the king had for his son, he ventured one day to tell him, "That the young man's disorder was love; but love for which there was no remedy." The king, quite astonished, said, "How! love for which there is no remedy!" "It is certainly so," answered Erasistratus, "for he is in love with my wife." "What! Erasistratus!" said the king, "would you, who are my friend, refuse to give up your wife to my son, when you see us in danger of losing our only hope?" "Nay, would you do such a thing," answered the physician, "though you are his father, if he were in love with Stratonice?" "O my friend," replied Seleucus, "how happy should I be, if either God or man could remove his affections thither! I would give up my kingdom, so I could but keep Antiochus." He pronounced these words with so much emotion, and such a profusion of tears, that Erasistratus took him by the hand, and said, "Then there is no need of Erasistratus. You, Sir, who are a father, a husband, and a king, will be the best physician too for your family."

Upon this, Seleucus summoned the people to meet in full assembly, and told them, "It was his will and pleasure that Antiochus should intermarry with Stratonice, and that they should be declared king and queen of the Upper Provinces. "He believed," he said, "that Antiochus, who was such an obedient son, would not oppose his desire; and if the princess should oppose the marriage, as an unprecedented thing, he hoped his friends would persuade her to think, that what was agreeable to the king, and advantageous to the kingdom, was both just and honourable." Such is said to have been the cause of the marriage between Antiochus and Stratonice.

Demetrius was now master of Macedonia and Thessaly, and as he had great part of Peloponnesus too, and the cities of Megara and Athens on the other side the Isthmus, he wanted to reduce the Bœotians, and threatened them with hostilities. At first, they proposed to come to an accommodation with him on reasonable conditions; but Cleonymus the Spartan, having thrown himself in the meantime into Thebes with his army, the Bœotians were so much elated, that, at the instigation of Pisis the Thespian, who was a leading man among them, they broke off the treaty. Demetrius then drew up his machines to the walls, and laid siege to Thebes; upon which Cleonymus, apprehending the consequence, stole out: and the Thebans were so much intimidated, that they immediately surrendered. Demetrius placed garrisons in their cities, exacted large contributions, and left Hieronymus, the historian, governor of Bœotia. He appeared, however, to make a merciful use of his victory, particularly in the case of Pisis; for though he took him prisoner, he did not offer him any injury; on the contrary, he treated him with great civility and politeness, and appointed him *polemarch* of Thespiæ.

Not long after this, Lysimachus being taken prisoner by Dromichætes, Demetrius marched towards Thrace with all possible expedition, hoping to find it in a defenceless state. But, while he was gone, the Bœotians revolted again, and he had the mortification to hear on the road that Lysimachus was set at liberty. He, therefore, immediately turned back in great anger; and finding, on his return, that the Bœotians were already driven out of the field by his son Antigonus, he laid siege again to Thebes. However, as Pyrrhus had overrun all Thessaly, and was advanced as far as Thermopylæ, Demetrius left the conduct of the siege to his son Antigonus, and marched against the warrior.

Pyrrhus immediately retiring, Demetrius placed a guard of 10,000 foot and 1000 horse in Thessaly, and then returned to the siege. His first operation was to bring up his machine called *helepoles;* but he proceeded in it with great labour, and by slow degrees, by reason of its size and weight: he could scarce move it two furlongs in two months.[1] As the Bœotians made a vigorous resistance, and Demetrius often obliged his men to renew the assault, rather out of a spirit of animosity than the hope of any advantage, young Antigonus was greatly concerned at seeing such numbers fall, and said, "Why, sir, do we let these brave fellows lose their lives without any necessity?" Demetrius, offended at the liberty he took, made answer, "Why do you trouble yourself about it? Have you any provisions to find for the dead?" To shew, however, that he was not prodigal of the lives of his troops only, he took his share in the danger, and received a wound from a lance that pierced through his neck. This gave him excessive pain, yet he continued the siege till he once more made himself master of Thebes. He entered the city with such an air of resentment and severity, that the inhabitants expected to suffer the most dreadful punishments; yet he contented himself with putting thirteen of them to death, and banishing a few more. All the rest he pardoned. Thus Thebes was taken twice within ten years after its being rebuilt.

The Pythian games now approached, and Demetrius on this occasion took a very extraordinary step. As the Ætolians were in possession of the passes to Delphi, he ordered the games to be solemnized at Athens, alleging, that they could not pay their homage to Apollo in a more proper place than that where the people considered him as their patron and progenitor.

From thence he returned to Macedonia; but as he was naturally indisposed for a life of quiet and inaction, and observed besides that the Macedonians were attentive and obedient to him in time of war, though turbulent and seditious in peace, he undertook an expedition against the Ætolians. After he had ravaged the country, he left Pantauchus there with a respectable army, and with the rest of his forces marched against Pyrrhus. Pyrrhus was coming to seek him; but they happened to take different roads and missed each other. Demetrius laid waste Epirus, and Pyrrhus falling upon Pantauchus, obliged him to stand on his defence. The two generals met in the action, and both gave and received wounds. Pyrrhus, however, defeated his adversary, killed great numbers of his men, and made 5000 prisoners.

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[1] A wonderful kind of motion this for a machine that ran upon wheels; going at the rate of about twelve inches in an hour!

This battle was the principal cause of Demetrius's ruin; for Pyrrhus was not so much hated by the Macedonians for the mischief he had done them, as admired for his personal bravery; and the late battle in particular gained him great honour, insomuch that many of the Macedonians said, "That of all the kings, it was in Pyrrhus only that they saw a lively image of Alexander's valour; whereas the other princes, especially Demetrius, imitated him only in a theatrical manner, by affecting a lofty port and majestic air."

Indeed, Demetrius did always appear like a theatrical king. For *he not only affected a superfluity of ornament in wearing a double diadem, and a robe of purple interwoven with gold, but he had his shoes made of cloth of gold, with soles of fine purple.* There was a robe a long time in weaving for him, of most sumptuous magnificence. The figure of the world and all the heavenly bodies were to be represented upon it; but it was left unfinished on account of his change of fortune. Nor did any of his successors ever presume to wear it, though Macedon had many pompous kings after him.

This ostentation of dress offended a people who were unaccustomed to such sights; but his luxurious and dissolute manner of life was a more obnoxious circumstance; and what disobliged them most of all, was his difficulty of access. For he either refused to see those who applied to him, or behaved to them in a harsh and haughty manner. Though he favoured the Athenians more than the rest of the Greeks, their ambassadors waited two years at his court for an answer. The Lacedæmonians happening to send only one ambassador to him, he considered it an affront, and said in great anger, "What! have the Lacedæmonians sent no more than one ambassador?" "No," said the Spartan, acutely, in his laconic way; "one ambassador to one king."

One day, when he seemed to come out in a more obliging temper, and to be something less inaccessible, he was presented with several petitions, all which he received, and put them in the skirt of his robe. The people of course, followed him with great joy, but no sooner was he come to the bridge over the *Axius*, than he opened his robe and shook them all into the river. This stung the Macedonians to the heart; when, looking for the protection of a king, they found the insolence of a tyrant. And this treatment appeared the harder to such as had seen, or heard from those who had seen, how kind the behaviour of Philip was on such occasions. An old woman was one day very troublesome to him in the street, and begged with great importunity to be heard. He said, "He was not at leisure." "Then," cried the old woman, "you should not be a king." The king was struck with these words; and having considered the thing a moment, he returned to the palace, where, postponing all other affairs, he gave audience for several days to all who chose to apply to him, beginning with the old woman. Indeed, nothing becomes a king so much as the distribution of justice. For

"*Mars is a tyrant;*" as Timotheus expresses it; but justice, according to Pindar, "*Is the rightful sovereign of the world.*" The things which, Homer (*Il.* i. 231) tells us, kings receive from Jove, are not machines for taking towns, or ships with brazen beaks, but law and justice: these they are to guard and to cultivate. And it is not the most warlike, the most violent and sanguinary, but the justest of princes, whom he (*Od.* xix. 178) calls the disciple of Jupiter. But Demetrius was pleased with an appellation quite opposite to that which is given the king of the gods. For Jupiter is called *Pulicuo* and *Poliuchus*, the *patron* and *guardian of cities;* Demetrius is surnamed *Poliocetes*, the *destroyer of cities.* Thus, in consequence of the union of power and folly, vice is substituted in the place of virtue, and the ideas of glory and injustice are united too.

When Demetrius lay dangerously ill at Pella, he was very near losing Macedonia; for Pyrrhus, by a sudden inroad, penetrated as far as Edessa; but as soon as he recovered, he repulsed him with ease, and afterwards he came to terms with him, for he was not willing to be hindered by skirmishing for posts with Pyrrhus from the pursuit of greater and more arduous enterprises. His scheme was to recover all his father's dominions; and his preparations were suitable to the greatness of the object. For he had raised an army of 98,000 foot, and near 12,000 horse; and he was building 500 galleys in the ports of Piræus, Corinth, Chalcis, and Pella. He went himself to all these places to give directions to the workmen, and assist in the construction. All the world was surprised, not only at the number, but at the greatness of his works. For no man before his time ever saw a galley of 15 or 16 banks of oars. Afterwards, indeed, Ptolemy Philopater built one of 40 banks; its length was 280 cubits (490 feet), and its heights to the top of the prow 48 cubits (84 feet). Four hundred mariners belonged to it, exclusive of the rowers, who were no fewer than 4000; and the decks and the several interstices were capable of containing near 3000 soldiers. This, however, was mere matter of curiosity; for it differed very little from an immoveable building, and was calculated more for show than for use, as it could not be put in motion without great difficulty and danger. But the ships of Demetrius had their use as well as beauty; with all their magnificence of construction, they were equally fit for fighting, and though they were admirable for their size, they were still more so for the swiftness of their motion.

Demetrius having provided such an armament for the invasion of Asia as no man ever had before him, except Alexander the Great, Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Lysimachus united against him. They likewise joined in an application to Pyrrhus, desiring him to fall upon Macedonia, and not to look to himself as bound by the treaty with Demetrius, since that prince had entered into it, not with any regard to the advantage of Pyrrhus, or in order to avoid future hostilities, but merely for his own sake, that he might at present be at liberty to turn his arms against whom he pleased. As Pyrrhus accepted the proposal, Demetrius, while he was preparing for his voyage, found himself surrounded with war at home. For, at one instant of time, Ptolemy came with a great fleet to draw Greece off from its present master; Lysimachus invaded Macedonia from Thrace; and Pyrrhus entering it from a nearer quarter, joined in ravaging the country. Demetrius, on this occasion, left his son in Greece, and went himself to the relief of Macedonia. His first operations were intended against Lysimachus, but as he was upon his march, he received an account that Pyrrhus had taken Berœa, and the news soon spreading among his Macedonians, he could do nothing in an orderly manner, for nothing was to be found in the whole army but lamentations, tears, and expressions of resentment and reproach against their king. They were even ready to march off, under pretence of attending to their domestic affairs, but in fact to join Lysimachus.

In this case, Demetrius thought proper to get at the greatest distance he could from Lysimachus, and turn his arms against Pyrrhus. Lysimachus was of their own nation, and many of them knew him in the service of Alexander; whereas Pyrrhus was an entire stranger, and therefore he thought the Macedonians would never give him the preference. But he was sadly mistaken in his conjecture; and he soon found it out upon encamping near Pyrrhus. The Macedonians always admired his distinguished valour, and had of old been accustomed to think the best man in the field the most worthy of a crown. Besides, they received daily accounts of the clemency with which he behaved to his prisoners. Indeed, they were inclined to desert to him or any other, so they could but get rid of Demetrius. They therefore began to go off privately and in small parties at first, but afterwards there was nothing but open disorder and mutiny in the camp. At last, some of them had the assurance to go to Demetrius and bid him provide for himself by flight, for "the Macedonians (they told him) were tired of fighting to maintain his luxury." These expressions appeared modest in comparison of the rude behaviour of others. He therefore entered his tent not like a real king but a theatrical one, and having quitted his royal robe for a black one, privately withdrew. As multitudes were pillaging his tent, who not only tore it in pieces but fought for the plunder, Pyrrhus made his appearance, upon which the tumult instantly ceased, and the whole army submitted to him. Lysimachus and he then divided Macedonia between them, which Demetrius had held without disturbance for seven years.

Demetrius, thus fallen from the pinnacle of power, fled to Cassandria, where his wife Phila was. Nothing could equal her sorrow on this occasion. She could not bear to see the unfortunate Demetrius once more a private man and an exile; in her despair, therefore, and detestation of fortune, who was always more constant to him in her visits of adversity than prosperity, she took poison.

Demetrius, however, resolved to gather up the remains of his wreck, for which purpose he repaired to Greece, and collected such of his friends and officers as he found there. Menelaus, in one of his tragedies of Sophocles, gives this picture of his own fortune:

> I move on Fortune's rapid wheel: my lot
> For ever changing like the changeful moon,
> That each night varies; hardly now perceived;
> And now she shews her bright horn; by degrees
> She fills her orb with light; but when she reigns
> In all her pride, she then begins once more
> To waste her glories, till, dissolved and lost,
> She sinks again to darkness.

But this picture is more applicable to Demetrius, in his increase and wane, his splendour and obscurity. His glory seemed now entirely eclipsed and extinguished, and yet it broke out again, and shone with new splendour. Fresh forces came in, and gradually filled up the measure of his hopes. This was the first time he addressed the cities as a private man, and without any of the ensigns of royalty. Somebody seeing him at Thebes in this condition, applied to him, with propriety enough, those verses of Euripides—

> To Dirce's fountain, and Ismenus' shore
> In mortal form he moves a God no more.

When he had got into the high road of hope again, and had once more a respectable force and form of royalty about him, he restored the Thebans their ancient government and laws. At the same time the Athenians abandoned his interests, and razing out of their registers the name of Diphilus, who was then priest of the gods protectors, ordered Archons to be appointed again, according to ancient custom. They likewise sent for Pyrrhus from Macedonia, because they saw Demetrius grown stronger than they expected. Demetrius, greatly enraged, marched immediately to attack them, and laid strong siege to the city. But Crates the philosopher, a man of great reputation and authority, being sent out to him by the people, partly by his entreaties for the Athenians, and partly by representing to him that his interest lay another way, prevailed on Demetrius to raise the siege. After this, he collected all his ships, embarked his army, which consisted of 11,000 foot, besides cavalry, and sailed to Asia, in hopes of drawing Caria and Lydia over from Lysimachus. Eurydice, the sister of Phila, received him at Miletus, having brought with her Ptolemais, a daughter she had by Ptolemy, who had formerly been promised him upon the application of Seleucus. Demetrius married her with the free consent of Eurydice, and soon after attempted the cities in that quarter: many of them opened their gates to him, and many others he took by force. Among the latter was Sardis. Some of the officers of Lysimachus likewise deserted to him, and brought sufficient appointments of money and troops with them. But, as Agathocles the son of Lysimachus came against him with a great army, he marched to Phrygia, with an intention to seize Armenia, and then to try Media and the Upper Provinces, which might afford him many places of retreat upon occasion. Agathocles followed him close, and as he found Demetrius superior in all the skirmishes that he ventured upon, he betook himself to cutting off his convoys. This distressed him not a little, and, what was another disagreeable circumstance, his soldiers suspected that he designed to lead them into Armenia and Media.

The famine increased every day, and by mistaking the fords of the river Lycus he had a great number of men swept away with the stream. Yet, amidst all their distress, his troops were capable of jesting. One of them wrote upon the door of his tent the beginning of the tragedy of Œdipus with a small alteration,—

> Thou offspring of the blind old king Antigonus,
> Where dost thou lead us?

Pestilence at last followed the famine, as it commonly happens when people are under a necessity of eating anything, however unwholesome; so that, finding he had lost in all not less than 8000 men, he turned back with the rest. When he came down to Tarsus, he was desirous of sparing the country, because it belonged to Seleucus, and he did not think proper to give him any pretence to declare against him. But perceiving that it was impossible for his troops to avoid taking something when they were reduced to such extremities, and that Agathocles had fortified the passes of Mount Taurus, he wrote a letter to Seleucus containing a long and moving detail of his misfortune, and concluding with strong entreaties that he would take compassion on a prince who was allied to him, and whose sufferings were such as even an enemy might be affected with.

Seleucus was touched with pity, and sent orders to his lieutenants in those parts to supply Demetrius with everything suitable to the state of a king, and his army with sufficient provisions. But Patrocles, who was a man of understanding, and a faithful friend to Seleucus, went to that prince and represented to him, "That the expense of furnishing the troops of Demetrius with provisions was a thing of small importance in comparison of suffering Demetrius himself to remain in the country, who was always one of the most violent and enterprising princes in the world, and now was in such desperate circumstances as might put even those of the mildest dispositions on bold and unjust attempts."

Upon these representations Seleucus marched into Cilicia with a great army. Demetrius, astonished and terrified at the sudden change of Seleucus, withdrew to the strongest posts he could find upon Mount Taurus, and sent a messenger to him, begging, "That he might be suffered to make a conquest of some free nations of barbarians, and by settling amongst them as their king, put a period to his wanderings. If this could not be granted, he hoped Seleucus would at least permit him to winter in that country, and not, by driving him out naked and in want of everything, expose him in that condition to his enemies."

All these proposals had a suspicious appearance to Seleucus. He made answer, "That he might, if he pleased, spend two months of the winter in Cataonia, if he sent him his principal friends as hostages." But at the same time he secured the passes into Syria. Demetrius thus surrounded like a wild beast in the toils, was under a necessity of having recourse to violence. He therefore ravaged the country, and had the advantage of Seleucus whenever he attacked him. Seleucus once beset him with his armed chariots, and yet he broke through them, and put his enemy to the rout. After this he dislodged the corps that was to defend the heights on the side of Syria, and made himself master of the passages.

Elevated with this success, and finding the courage of his men restored, he prepared to fight a decisive battle with Seleucus. That prince was now in great perplexity. He had rejected the succours offered him by Lysimachus for want of confidence in his honour, and from an apprehension of his designs; and he was loath to try his strength with Demetrius, because he dreaded his desperate courage, as well as his usual change of fortune, which often raised him from great misery to the summit of power. In the meantime Demetrius was seized with a fit of sickness, which greatly impaired his personal vigour and entirely ruined his affairs; for part of his men went over to the enemy, and part left their colours and dispersed. In 40 days he recovered with great difficulty; and, getting under march with the remains of his army, made a feint of moving towards Cilicia. But afterwards in the night he decamped without sound of trumpet, and taking the contrary way, crossed Mount Amanus, and ravaged the country on the other side as far as Cyrrhestica.

Seleucus followed, and encamped very near him. Demetrius then put his army in motion in the night, in hopes of surprising him. Seleucus was retired to rest; and in all probability his enemy would have succeeded, had not some deserters informed him of his danger, just time enough for him to put himself in a posture of defence. Upon this he started up in great consternation, and ordered the trumpets to sound an alarm; and as he put on his sandals, he said to his friends, "What a terrible wild beast are we engaged with!" Demetrius perceiving by the tumult in the enemy's camp that his scheme was discovered, retired as fast as possible.

At break of day Seleucus offered him battle, when Demetrius, ordering one of his officers to take care of one wing, put himself at the head of the other, and made some impression upon the enemy. Meantime Seleucus quitting his horse, and laying aside his helmet, presented himself to Demetrius's hired troops with only his buckler in his hand, exhorting them to come over to him, and to be convinced at last that it was to spare them, not Demetrius, that he had been so long about the war. Upon which they all saluted him king, and ranged themselves under his banner.

Demetrius, though of all the changes he had experienced he thought this the most terrible, yet imagining that he might extricate himself from this distress as well as the rest, fled to the passes of Mount Amanus, and gaining a thick wood, waited there for the night with a few friends and attendants who followed his fortune. His intention was, if possible, to take the way to Caunus, where he hoped to find his fleet, and from thence to make his escape by sea; but knowing he had not provisions even for that day, he sought for some other expedient. Afterwards one of his friends named Sosigenes arrived with 400 pieces of gold in his purse; with the assistance of which money they hoped to reach the sea. Accordingly when night came, they attempted to pass the heights; but finding a number of fires lighted there by the enemy, they despaired of succeeding that way, and returned to their former retreat, but neither with their whole company (for some had gone off) nor with the same spirits. One of them venturing to tell him, that he thought it was best for him to surrender himself to Seleucus, Demetrius drew his sword to kill himself; but his friends interposed, and consoling him in the best manner they could, persuaded him to follow his advice, in consequence of which he sent to Seleucus and yielded himself to his discretion.

Upon this news, Seleucus said to those about him, "It is not the good fortune of Demetrius, but mine, that now saves him; and that adds to other favours this opportunity of testifying my humanity." Then, calling the officers of his household he ordered them to pitch a royal tent, and to provide everything else for his reception and entertainment in the most magnificent manner. As there happened to be in the service of Seleucus one Apollonides, who was an old acquaintance of Demetrius, he immediately sent that person to him, that he might be more at ease, and come with the greater confidence, as to a son-in-law and a friend.

On the discovery of this favourable disposition of Seleucus towards him at a first view, and afterwards, a great number of the courtiers waited on Demetrius, and strove which should pay him the most respect; for it was expected that his interest with Seleucus would soon be the best in the kingdom. But these compliments turned the compassion which his distress had excited into jealousy, and gave occasion to the envious and malevolent to divert the stream of the king's humanity from him, by alarming him with apprehensions of no insensible change, but of the greatest commotions in his army on the sight of Demetrius.

Apollonides was now come to Demetrius with great satisfaction; and others who followed to pay their court brought extraordinary accounts of the kindness of Seleucus; insomuch that Demetrius, though in the first shock of his misfortune he had thought it a great disgrace to surrender himself, was now displeased at his aversion to that step. Such confidence had he in the hopes they held out to him, when Pausanias, coming with a party of horse and foot to the number of 1000, suddenly surrounded him, and drove away such as he found inclined to favour his cause. After he had thus seized his person, instead of conducting him to the presence of Seleucus, he carried him to the Syrian Chersonesus. There he was kept, indeed, under a strong guard, but Seleucus sent him a sufficient equipage, and supplied him with money and a table suitable to his rank. He had also places of exercise and walks worthy of a king, his parks were well stored with game, and such of his friends as had accompanied him in his flight were permitted to attend him. Seleucus, too, had the complaisance often to send some of his people with kind and encouraging messages, intimating, that as soon as Antiochus and Stratonice should arrive, terms of accommodation would be hit upon, and he would obtain his liberty.

Under this misfortune, Demetrius wrote to his son, and to his officers and friends in Athens and Corinth, desiring them to trust neither his handwriting nor his seal, but to act as if he were dead, and to keep the cities and all his remaining estates for Antigonus. When the young prince was informed of his father's confinement, he was extremely concerned at it; he put on mourning, and wrote not only to the other kings, but to Seleucus himself; offering, on condition that his father was set free, to cede all the possessions they had left, and deliver himself up as a hostage. Many cities and princes joined in the request; but Lysimachus was not of that number. On the contrary, he offered Seleucus a large sum of money to induce him to put Demetrius to death. Seleucus, who looked upon him in an indifferent light before, abhorred him as a villain for his proposal; and only waited for the arrival of Antiochus and Stratonice, to make them the compliment of restoring Demetrius to his liberty.

Demetrius, who at first supported his misfortune with patience, by custom learned to submit to it with a still better grace. For some time he took the exercises of hunting and running, but he left them by degrees, and sank into indolence and inactivity. Afterwards he took to drinking and play, and spent most of his time in that kind of dissipation. Whether it was to put off the thoughts of his present condition, which he could not bear in his sober hours, and to drown reflection in the bowl; or whether he was sensible at last that this was the sort of life which, though originally the object of his desires, he had idly wandered from to follow the dictates of an absurd ambition. Perhaps he considered that he had given himself and others infinite trouble, by seeking with fleets and armies that happiness which he found when he least expected it, in ease, indulgence, and repose. For what other ends does the wretched vanity of kings propose to itself in all their wars and dangers, but to quit the paths of virtue and honour for those of luxury and pleasure; the sure consequence of their not knowing what real pleasure and true enjoyment are.

Demetrius, after three years' confinement in the Chersonesus, fell into a distemper occasioned by idleness and excess, which carried him off at the age of fifty-four. Seleucus was severely censured, and indeed was much concerned himself for his unjust suspicions of Demetrius; whereas he should have followed the example of Dromichætes, who, though a Thracian and barbarian, had treated Lysimachus, when his prisoner, with the generosity that became a king.

There was something of a theatrical pomp even in the funeral of Demetrius. For Antigonus being informed that they were bringing his father's ashes to Greece, went to meet them with his whole fleet; and finding them near the Isles of the Ægean Sea, he took the urn, which was of solid gold, on board the admiral galley. The cities at which they touched sent crowns to adorn the urn, and persons in mourning to assist at the funeral solemnity.

When the fleet approached Corinth, the urn was seen in a conspicuous position upon the stern of the vessel, adorned with a purple robe and a diadem, and attended by a company of young men well armed. Xenophantus, a most celebrated performer on the flute, sat by the urn, and played a solemn air. The oars kept time with the notes, and accompanied them with a melancholy sound, like that of mourners in a funeral procession beating their breasts in concert with the music. But it was the mournful appearance and the tears of Antigonus that excited the greatest compassion among the people as they passed. After the Corinthians had bestowed crowns and all due honours upon the remains, Antigonus carried them to Demetria and deposited them there. This was a city called after the deceased, which he had peopled from the little towns about Jolcos.

Demetrius left behind him several children—Antigonus and Stratonice, whom he had by his wife Phila; two sons of the name of Demetrius, one surnamed *The Slender*, by an Illyrian woman; the other was by Ptolemais, and came to be king of Cyrene. By Deidamia he had Alexander, who took up his residence in Egypt; and by his last wife Eurydice, he is said to have had a son named Corrhæbus. His posterity enjoyed the throne in continued succession down to Perseus (116 years), the last king of Macedon, in whose time the Romans subdued that country.

ARATUS.

THE philosopher Chrysippus, my dear Polycrates, seems to have thought the ancient proverb not quite justifiable, and therefore he delivered it, not as it really is, but what he thought it should be—

Who but a happy son will praise his sire?

Dionysidorus the Trœzenian, however, corrects him, and gives it right—

Who but unhappy sons will praise their sires?

He says, the proverb was made to silence those who, having no merit of their own, dress themselves up in the virtues of their ancestors, and are lavish in their praises. And those *in whom the virtues of their sires shine in congenial beauty*, to make use of Pindar's expression; who, like you, form their conduct after the brightest patterns in their families, may think it a great happiness to remember the most excellent of their ancestors, and often to hear or speak of them; for they assume not the honour of other men's virtues for want of merit in their own, but uniting their great actions to those of their progenitors, they praise them as the authors of their descent, and the models of their lives. For which reason, when I have written the life of Aratus, your countryman, and one of your ancestors, I shall send it to you, who reflect no dishonour upon him either in point of reputation or power. Not that I doubt your having informed yourself of his actions from the first with all possible care and exactness; but I do it that your sons, Polycrates and Pythocles, may form themselves upon the great examplars in their own family, sometimes hearing and sometimes reading what it becomes them well to imitate: for *it is the self admirer, not the admirer of virtue, that thinks himself superior to others.*

After the harmony of the pure Doric,[1] I mean the aristocracy, was broken in Sicyon, and seditions took place through the ambition of the demagogues, the city continued a long time in a distempered state. It only changed one tyrant for another, till Cleon was slain, and the administration committed to Timoclidas and Clinias, persons of the greatest reputation and authority amongst the citizens. The commonwealth seemed to be in some degree reestablished, when Timoclidas died. Abantidas, the son of Paseas, taking that opportunity to set himself up tyrant, killed Clinias, and either banished or put to death his friends and relations. He sought also for his son Aratus, who was only seven years old, with a design to despatch him. But, in the confusion that was in his house when his father was slain, the boy escaped among those that fled, and wandered about the city, in fear and destitute of help, till he happened to enter, unobserved, the house of a woman named Soso, who was sister to Abantidas, and had been married to Prophantus, the brother of Clinias. As she was a person of generous sentiments, and persuaded besides that it was by the direction of some deity that the child had taken refuge with her, she concealed him in one of her apartments till night, and then sent him privately to Argos.

Aratus, having thus escaped so imminent a danger, immediately conceived a violent and implacable hatred for tyrants, which increased as he grew up. He was educated by the friends of his family at Argos in a liberal manner; and as he was vigorous and robust, he took to gymnastic exercises, and succeeded so well as to gain the prize in the five several sorts.[2] Indeed, in his statues there is an athletic look; and amidst the strong sense and majesty expressed in his countenance, we may discover something inconsistent with the voracity and mattock of the wrestlers.[3] Hence perhaps it was that he cultivated his powers of eloquence less than became a statesman. He might indeed be a better speaker than some suppose; and there are those who judge, from his Commentaries, that he certainly was so, though they were hastily written, and attempted nothing beyond common language.

Some time after the escape of Aratus, Dinias and Aristotle the logician formed a design against Abantidas, and they easily found an opportunity to kill him, when he attended and sometimes joined in their disputations in the public halls, which they had insensibly drawn him into for that very purpose. Paseas, the father of Abantidas, then seized the supreme power, but he was assassinated by

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[1] There was a gravity, but at the same time great perfection in the Dorian music.

[2] The five exercises of the *Pentathlum* were as follows:—running, leaping, throwing the dart, boxing, and wrestling.

[3] They used to break up the ground with the mattock, by way of exercise, to improve their strength.

Nicocles, who took his place, and was the next tyrant. We are told that there was a perfect likeness between this Nicocles and Periander, the son of Cypselus; as Orontes the Persian resembled Alcmæon, the son of Amphiaraus, and a Lacedæmonian youth the great Hector. Myrtilas informs us, that the young man was crowded to death by the multitudes who came to see him when that resemblance was known.

Nicocles reigned four months, during which time he did a thousand injuries to the people, and was near losing the city to the Ætolians, who formed a scheme to surprise it. Aratus was by this time approaching to manhood, and great attention was paid him on account of his high birth and his spirit, in which there was nothing little or unenterprising, and yet it was under the correction of a gravity and solidity of judgment much beyond his years. The exiles, therefore, considered him as their principal resource; and Nicocles was not regardless of his motions, but by his private agents observed the measures he was taking. Not that he expected he would embark in so bold and dangerous an enterprise as he did, but he suspected his applications to the princes who were the friends of his father. Indeed Aratus began in that channel; but when he found that Antigonus, notwithstanding his promises, put him off from time to time, and that his hopes from Egypt and Ptolemy were too remote, he resolved to destroy the tyrant without any foreign assistance.

The first persons to whom he communicated his intentions were Aristomachus and Ecdelus. Aristomachus was an exile from Sicyon, and Ecdelus an Arcadian banished from Megalopolis. The latter was a philosopher, who in speculation never lost sight of practice, for he had studied at Athens under Arcesilaus the academician.[1] As these readily accepted his proposal, he applied to the other exiles; a few of whom joined him, because they were ashamed to give up so promising a hope; but the greatest part believed it was only Aratus's inexperience[2] that made him think of so bold an attempt, and endeavoured to prevent his proceeding.

While he was considering how to seize some post in the territories of Sicyon, from whence he might prosecute hostilities against the tyrant, a man of Sicyon arrived at Argos who had escaped out of prison. He was brother to Xenocles, one of the exiles; and being introduced by him to Aratus, he informed him, that the part of the wall which he had got over was almost level with the ground on the inside, as it joined upon a high rocky part of the city, and that on the outside it was not so high but that it might be scaled. Upon this intelligence, Aratus sent two of his servants, Sceuthus and Technon, along with Xenocles, to reconnoitre the wall; for he was resolved, if he could do it secretly, to hazard all upon one great effort, rather than lengthen out the war, and publicly engage with a tyrant, when he had no resources but those of a private man.

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[1] Arcesilaus was the disciple of Crantor, and had established the middle academy.

[2] Aratus had not yet reached the age of twenty years.

Xenocles and his companions, after they had taken the height of the wall, reported, at their return, that it was neither impracticable nor difficult, but that it was dangerous to attempt it on account of some dogs kept by a gardener, which were little indeed, but at the same time extremely fierce and furious. Aratus, however, immediately set about the work. It was easy to provide arms without suspicion; for *almost everybody went armed, by reason of the frequent robberies and the incursions of one people into the territories of another*. And as to the scaling ladders, Euphranor, who was one of the exiles, and a carpenter by trade, made them publicly; his business screening him from suspicion. Each of his friends in Argos, who had no great number of men that he could command, furnished him with ten; he armed thirty of his own servants, and hired some few soldiers of Xenophilus, who was chief captain of a band of robbers. To the latter it was given out that the design of their march to Sicyon was to carry off the king's stud; and several of them were sent before by different ways to the tower of Polygnotus, with orders to wait for him there. Caphesias was likewise sent with four others in a travelling dress. These were to go in the evening to the gardener's, and, pretending to be travellers, get a lodging there; after which, they were to confine both him and his dogs: for that part of the wall was not accessible any other way. The ladders being made to take in pieces, were packed up in corn chests, and sent before in waggons prepared for that purpose.

In the meantime some of the tyrant's spies arrived at Argos, and it was reported that they were skulking about to watch the motions of Aratus. Next morning, therefore, Aratus appeared early with his friends in the market-place, and talked with them for some time. He then went to the Gymnasium, and after he had anointed himself, took with him some young men from the wrestling ring who used to be of his parties of pleasure, and returned home. In a little time his servants were seen in the market-place, some carrying chaplets of flowers, some buying flambeaux, and some in discourse with the women who used to sing and play at entertainments. Those manœuvres deceived the spies. They laughed, and said to each other, "Certainly nothing can be more dastardly than a tyrant, since Nicocles, who is master of so strong a city, and armed with so much power, lives in fear of a young man who wastes the pittance he has to subsist on in exile in drinking and revelling even in the day-time." After these false reasonings they retired.

Aratus, immediately after he had made his meal, set out for the tower of Polygnotus, and when he had joined the soldiers there, proceeded to Nemea, where he disclosed his real intentions to his whole company. Having exhorted them to behave like brave men, and promised them great rewards, he gave *propitious Apollo* for the word, and then led them forwards towards Sicyon, governing his march according to the motion of the moon, sometimes quickening and slackening his pace, so as to have the benefit of her light by the way, and to come to the garden by the wall just after she was set. There Caphesias met him, and informed him that the dogs were let out before he arrived, but that he had secured the gardener. Most of the company were greatly dispirited at this account, and desired Aratus to quit his enterprise; but he encouraged them by promising to desist if the dogs should prove very troublesome. Then he ordered those who carried the ladders to march before, under the conduct of Ecdelus and Mnasitheus, and himself followed softly. The dogs now began to run about and bark violently at Ecdelus and his men; nevertheless they approached the wall, and planted their ladders safe. But as the foremost of them were mounting, the officer who was to be relieved by the morning guard passed by that way at the sound of the bell, with many torches and much noise. Upon this, the men laid themselves close to their ladders, and escaped the notice of this watch without much difficulty; but when the other which was to relieve it came up, they were in the utmost danger. However, that too passed by without observing them, after which, Mnasitheus and Ecdelus mounted the wall first, and having secured the way both to the right and left, they sent Technon to Aratus to desire him to advance as fast as possible.

It was no great distance from the garden to the wall, and to a tower in which was placed a great hunting dog to alarm the guard. But whether he was naturally drowsy, or had wearied himself the day before, he did not perceive their entrance. But the gardener's dog awaking him by barking below, he began to growl; and when Aratus's men passed by the tower, he barked out, so that the whole place resounded with the noise. Then the sentinel who kept watch opposite the tower called aloud to the huntsman, and asked him, "Whom the dog barked at so angrily, or whether anything new had happened?" The huntsman answered from the tower, "That there was nothing extraordinary, and that the dog was only disturbed at the torches of the guards and the noise of the bell." This encouraged Aratus's soldiers more than anything; for they imagined that the huntsman concealed the truth because he had a secret understanding with their leader, and that there were many others in the town who would promote the design. But when the rest of their companions came to scale the wall, the danger increased. It appeared to be a long affair, because the ladders shook and swung extremely if they did not mount them softly and one by one; and the time pressed, for the cocks began to crow. The country people, too, who kept the market, were expected to arrive every moment. Aratus, therefore, hastened up himself when only 40 of his company were upon the wall; and when a few more had joined him from below, he put himself at the head of his men, and marched immediately to the tyrant's palace, where the main guard was kept, and where the mercenaries passed the night under arms. Coming suddenly upon them, he took them prisoners without killing one man; and then sent to his friends in the town to invite them to come and join him. They ran to him from all quarters; and day now appearing, the theatre was filled with a crowd of people who stood in suspense; for they had only heard a rumour, and had no certainty of what was doing, till a herald came and proclaimed it in these words, "Aratus the son of Clinias calls the citizens to liberty."

Then, persuaded that the day they had long expected was come, they rushed in multitudes to the palace of the tyrant, and set fire to it. The flame was so strong that it was seen as far as Corinth, and the Corinthians, wondering what might be the cause, were upon the point of going to their assistance. Nicocles escaped out of the city by some subterranean conduits; and the soldiers having helped the Sicyonians to extinguish the fire, plundered his palace. Nor did Aratus hinder them from taking this booty; but the rest of the wealth, which the several tyrants had amassed, he bestowed upon the citizens.

There was not so much as one man killed or wounded in this action, either of Aratus's party or the enemy, fortune so conducting the enterprise as not to sully it with the blood of one citizen. Aratus recalled 80 persons who had been banished by Nicocles, and 500 of those who had been expelled by the former tyrants. The latter had long been forced to wander from place to place, some of them fully fifty years; consequently most of them returned in a destitute condition. They were now, indeed, restored to their ancient possessions; but their going into houses and lands which had found new masters laid Aratus under great difficulties. Without he saw Antigonus envying the liberty which the city had recovered, and laying schemes to enslave it again, and within he found nothing but faction and disorder. He therefore judged it best in this critical situation to join it to the Achæan league. As the people of Sicyon were Dorians, they had no objection to being called a part of the Achæan community, or to their form of government.[1] It must be acknowledged, indeed, that the Achæans at that time were no very great or powerful people. Their towns were generally small, their lands neither extensive nor fertile; and they had no harbours on their coasts, the sea for the most part entering the land in rocky and impracticable creeks. Yet none gave a better proof than this people, that *the power of Greece is invincible while good order and harmony prevail amongst her members, and she has an able general to lead her armies.* In fact, these very Achæans, though but inconsiderable in comparison with the Greeks in their flourishing times, or, to speak more properly, not equalling in their whole community the strength of one respectable city in the period we are upon, yet by good counsels and unanimity, and by hearkening to any man of superior virtue, instead of envying his merit, not only kept themselves free amidst so many powerful states and tyrants, but saved great part of Greece, or rescued it from chains.

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[1] The Dutch republic much resembles it. The Achæans, indeed, at first had two *Prætors*, whose office it was both to preside in the diet and to command in the army; but it was soon thought advisable to reduce them to one. There is this difference, too, between the Dutch Stadtholder and the Achæan Prætor, that the latter did not continue two years successively in his employment. But in other respects there is a striking similarity between the states of Holland and those of the Achæan league; and if the Achæans could have become a maritime power like the Dutch, their power would probably have been much more extensive and lasting than it was. All the cities subject to the Achæan league were governed by the great council, or general assembly of the whole nation, which was assembled twice a year—in the spring and autumn. To this assembly or diet each of the confederate cities had a right to send a number of deputies, who were elected in their respective cities by a plurality of voices. In these meetings they enacted laws, disposed of the vacant employments, declared war, made peace, concluded alliances, and, in short, provided for all the principal occasions of the commonwealth. Beside the *Prætor* they had ten great officers called *Demiurgi*, chosen by the general assembly out of the most eminent and experienced persons amongst the states. It was their office to assist the prætor with their advice. He was to propose nothing to the general assembly but what had been previously approved by their body, and in his absence the whole management of civil affairs devolved upon them.

As to his character, Aratus had something very popular in his behaviour; he had a native greatness of mind, and was more attentive to the public interest than to his own. He was an implacable enemy to tyrants; but with respect to others, he made the good of his country the sole rule of his friendship or opposition. So that he seems rather to have been a mild and moderate enemy than a zealous friend; his regards or aversions to particular men varying as the occasions of the commonwealth dictated. In short, nations and great communities with one voice re-echoed the declaration of the assemblies and theatres, that Aratus loved none but good men. With regard to open wars and pitched battles, he was indeed diffident and timorous; but *in gaining a point by stratagem, in surprising cities and tyrants, there could not be an abler man.*

To this cause we must assign it, that, after he had exerted great courage and succeeded in enterprises that were looked upon as desperate, through too much fear and caution he gave up others that were more practicable, and not of less importance. For, as amongst animals there are some that can see very clearly in the night, and yet are next to blind in the daytime, the dryness of the eye and the subtilty of its humours not suffering them to bear the light; so there is in a man a kind of courage and understanding which is easily disconcerted in open dangers and encounters, and yet resumes a happy boldness in secret enterprises. The reason of this inequality in men of parts, otherwise excellent, is their wanting the advantages of philosophy. Virtue in them is the product of nature, unassisted by science, like the fruits of the forest, which come without the least cultivation.[1] Of this there are many examples to be found.

After Aratus had engaged himself and his city in the Achæan league, he served in the cavalry, and the generals highly esteemed him for his ready obedience; for though he had contributed so much to the common cause by his name and by the forces of Sicyon, yet the Achæan commander, whether of Dima, or Tritta, or some more inconsiderable town, found him always as tractable as the meanest soldier.

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[1] This character of Aratus is perfectly agreeable to what Polybius has given us in his fourth book. Two great masters will draw with equal excellence, though their manner must be different.

When the king of Egypt made him a present of 25 talents, he received it indeed, but laid out the whole upon his fellow-citizens; relieving the necessitous with part of it, and ransoming such as were prisoners with the rest.

But the exiles whom Aratus had recalled would not be satisfied with anything less than the restitution of their estates, and gave the present possessors so much trouble that the city was in danger of being ruined by sedition. In this extremity he saw no resource except in the generosity of Ptolemy, and therefore determined to take a voyage to Egypt, and apply to him for as much money as would reconcile all parties. Accordingly he set sail for Methone, above the promontory of Malea, in hopes of taking the shortest passage; but a contrary wind sprang up, and the seas ran so high, that the pilot, unable to bear up against them, changed his course, and with much difficulty got into Adria,[1] a town which was in the enemy's hands, for Antigonus had a garrison there. To avoid this imminent danger he landed, and, with only one friend, named Timanthes, making his way as far as possible from the sea, sought for shelter in a place well covered with wood, in which he and his companion spent a very disagreeable night. Soon after he had left the ship, the governor of the fort came and inquired for him, but he was deceived by Aratus's servants, who were instructed to say he had made off in another vessel to Eubœa. However, he detained the ship and servants as a lawful prize. Aratus spent some days in this distressful situation, where one while he looked out to reconnoitre the coast, and another while he kept himself concealed; but at last, by good fortune, a Roman ship happened to put in near the place of his retreat. The ship was bound for Syria, and Aratus prevailed upon the master to land him in Caria. But he had equal dangers to combat at sea in this as in his former passages; and when he was in Caria, he had a voyage to take to Egypt, which he found a very long one. Upon his arrival, however, he was immediately admitted to audience by the king, who had long been inclined to serve him, on account of the paintings which he used to compliment him with from Greece; for Aratus, who had a taste for these things, was always collecting for him the pieces of the best masters, particularly those of Pamphilus and Melanthus;[2] for Sicyon was famed for the cultivation of the arts, particularly the art of painting, and it was believed that there only the ancient elegance was preserved without the least corruption. Hence it was, that the great Apelles, at a time when he was much admired, went to Sicyon, and gave the painters a talent, not so much for any improvement he expected, as for the reputation of having been of their school; in consequence of which, Aratus, when he restored Sicyon to liberty, and destroyed the portraits of the tyrants, hesitated a long time on coming to that of Aristratus, for it was the united work of the disciples of Melanthus, who had represented him standing in a chariot of victory; and the pencil of Apelles had contributed to the performance, as we are informed by Polemo the geographer.

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[1] Palmerius conjectures that we should read *Andria*, which he supposes to be a town in the island of *Andros*. He confirms it with this argument, that Aratus is said to have passed from hence to Eubœa, which is opposite to that island.

[2] Two of the most celebrated painters of all antiquity. Pamphilus had been brought up under Eupompus, and was the master of Apelles and Melanthus The capital pieces of Pamphilus were "A Brotherhood," "A Battle," "The Victory of the Athenians," and "Ulysses in his vessel taking leave of Calypso." Pliny tells us, that the whole wealth of a city could scarce purchase one of the pieces of Melanthus.

The piece was so admirable that Aratus could not avoid feeling the art that was displayed in it; but his hatred of tyrants soon overruled that feeling, and he ordered it to be defaced. Nealces the painter,[1] who was honoured with his friendship, is said to have implored him with tears to spare that piece; and when he found him inflexible, said, "Aratus, continue your war with tyrants, but not with everything that belongs to them. Spare at least the chariot and the victory, and I shall soon make Aristratus vanish." Aratus gave his consent, and Nealces defaced the figure of Aristratus, but did not venture to put anything in its place except a palm-tree. We are told, however, that there was still a dim appearance of the feet of Aristratus at the bottom of the chariot.

This taste for painting had already recommended Aratus to Ptolemy, and his conversation gained so much further upon him, that he made a present of 150 talents for the city; 40 of which he sent with him on his return to Peloponnesus, and he remitted the rest in the several portions and at the times that he had fixed. It was a glorious thing to apply so much money to the use of his fellow-citizens, at a time when it was common to see generals and demagogues, for much smaller sums, which they received of the kings, oppress, enslave, and betray to them the cities where they were born. But it was still more glorious by this money to reconcile the poor to the rich, to secure the commonwealth, and establish harmony amongst all ranks of people.

His moderation in the exercise of the great power he was vested with, was truly admirable. For, being appointed sole arbitrator of the claims of the exiles, he refused to act alone, and joined 15 of the citizens in the commission; with whose assistance, after much labour and attention, he established peace and friendship amongst the people. Besides the honours which the whole community conferred on him for these services, the exiles in particular erected his statue in brass, and put upon it this inscription:

Far as the pillars which Alcides rear'd,
Thy counsels and thy deeds in arms for Greece
The tongue of Fame has told. But we, Aratus,
We wanderers whom thou hast restored to Sicyon,
Will sing thy justice; place thy pleasing form,
As a benignant power with gods that save.
For thou hast given that dear equality,
And all the laws which favouring Heaven might give.

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[1] Nealces was a painter of great reputation. One of his pieces was the naval fight between the Egyptians and the Persians. As the action was upon the Nile, whose colour is like that of the sea, he distinguished it by a symbol. He drew an ass drinking on the shore, and a crocodile in the act to spring upon him. Plin. l. xxxv. c. ii.

Aratus, after such important services, was placed above envy amongst his people. But king Antigonus, uneasy at the progress he made, was determined either to gain him, or to make him obnoxious to Ptolemy. He therefore gave him extraordinary marks of his regard, though he wanted no such advances. Amongst others this was one. On occasion of a sacrifice which he offered at Corinth, he sent portions of it to Aratus at Sicyon; and at the feast which ensued, he said in full assembly, "I at first looked upon this young Sicyonian only as a man of a liberal and patriotic spirit, but now I find that he is also a good judge of the characters and affairs of princes. At first he overlooked us for the sake of foreign hopes, and the admiration he had conceived from stories of the wealth, the elephants, fleets, and the splendid court of Egypt; but since he has been upon the spot, and seen that all this pomp is merely a theatrical thing, he is come over entirely to us. I have received him to my bosom, and am determined to employ him in all my affairs. I desire, therefore, you will all consider him as a friend." The envious and malevolent took occasion from this speech to lay heavy charges against Aratus in their letters to Ptolemy, insomuch that the king sent one of his agents to tax him with his infidelity. Thus, like passionate lovers, the candidates for the first favours of kings dispute them with the utmost envy and malignity.

After Aratus was first chosen general of the Achæan league, he ravaged Locris, which lies on the other side of the Gulf of Corinth; and committed the same spoil in the territories of Calydon. It was his intention to assist the Bœotians with 10,000 men, but he came too late; they were already defeated by the Ætolians in an action near Chæronea,[1] in which Abœocritus their general and 1000 of their men were slain.

The year following,[2] Aratus, being elected general again, undertook that celebrated enterprise of recovering the citadel of Corinth, in which he consulted not only the benefit of Sicyon and Achaia, but of Greece in general, for such would be the expulsion of the Macedonian garrison, which was nothing better than a tyrant's yoke. As Chares, the Athenian general, upon a battle which he won of the king of Persia's lieutenants, wrote to the people that he had gained a victory which was sister to that of Marathon; so we may justly call this exploit of Aratus sister to that of Pelopidas the Theban and Thrasybulus the Athenian when they killed the tyrants. There is, indeed, this difference, that Aratus's enterprise was not against Greeks, but against a foreign power, which is a difference much to his honour. For the Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the two seas, joins our continent to that of Peloponnesus; and when there is a good garrison in the citadel of Corinth, which stands on a high hill in the middle, at an equal distance from the two continents, it cut off the communication with those within the Isthmus. so that there can be no passage for troops, nor any kind of commerce, either by sea or land. In short, he that is possessed of it is master of all Greece. The younger Philip of Macedon, therefore, was not jesting, but spoke a serious truth, when he called the city of Corinth *the fetters of Greece.* Hence the place was always much contended for, particularly by kings and princes.

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[1] We must take care to distinguish this battle of Chæronea from that great action in which Philip of Macedon beat the Thebans and Athenians, and which happened 66 years before Aratus was born.

[2] Polybius, who wrote from Aratus's Commentaries, tells us, there were 8 years between Aratus's first prætorship and his second, in which he took *Acrocorinth*.

Antigonus's passion for it was not less than that of love in its greatest madness; and it was the chief object of his cares to find a method of taking it by surprise when the hopes of succeeding by open force failed. When Alexander, who was master of the citadel, died of poison, that is said to have been given him through Antigonus's means, his wife Nicæa, into whose hands it then fell, guarded it with great care. But Antigonus, hoping to gain it by means of his son Demetrius, sent him to make her an offer of his hand. It was a flattering prospect to a woman somewhat advanced in years, to have such a young prince for her husband. Accordingly, Antigonus caught her by this bait. However, she did not give up the citadel, but guarded it with the same attention as before. Antigonus pretending to take no notice, celebrated the marriage with sacrifices and shows, and spent whole days in feasting the people, as if his mind had been entirely taken up with mirth and pleasure. One day, when Amœbeus was to sing in the theatre, he conducted Nicæa in person on her way to the entertainment in a litter set out with royal ornaments. She was elated with the honour, and had not the least thought of what was to ensue. But when they came to the point which bore towards the citadel, he ordered the men that bore the litter to proceed to the theatre; and bidding farewell to Amœbeus and the wedding, he walked up to the fort, much faster than could have been expected from a man of his years. Finding the gate barred, he knocked with his staff, and commanded the guard to open it. Surprised at the sight of him, they complied, and thus he became master of the place. He was not able to contain his joy on that occasion; he drank and revelled in the open streets and in the market-place, attended with female musicians, and crowned with flowers. When we see a man of his age, who had experienced such changes of fortune, carouse and indulge his transports, embracing and saluting every one he meets, we must acknowledge that *unexpected joy raises greater tumults in an unbalanced mind, and oversets sooner than either fear or sorrow.*

Antigonus having in this manner made himself master of the citadel, garrisoned it with men in whom he placed the greatest confidence, and made the philosopher Persæus governor. Whilst Alexander was living, Aratus had cast his eye upon it, as an excellent acquisition for his country; but the Achæans admitting Alexander into the league, he did not prosecute his design. Afterwards, however, a new occasion presented itself. There were in Corinth four brothers, natives of Syria, one of whom, named Diocles, served as a soldier in the garrison. The other three having stolen some of the king's money, retired to Sicyon, where they applied to one Ægias, a banker whom Aratus used to employ. Part of this gold they immediately disposed to him, and Erginus, one of the three, at several visits privately changed the rest. Thus an acquaintance was formed between him and Ægias, who one day drew him into discourse about the garrison. Erginus told him, that as he often went up to visit his brother, he had observed, on the steepest side, a small winding path cut in the rock, and leading to a part of the wall much lower than the rest. Upon this Ægias said, with an air of raillery, "Why will you, my good friend, purloin the king's treasures for so inconsiderable a sum, when you might raise yourself to opulence by one hour's service? Do not you know that if you are taken, you will as certainly be put to death for this trifling theft, as if you had betrayed the citadel?" Erginus laughed at the hint, and promised to sound his brother Diocles upon the subject; for he could not, he said, place much confidence in the other two.

A few days after this he returned, and had an interview with Aratus, at which it was agreed that he should conduct him to a part of the wall that was not above 15 feet high, and that both he and his brother Diocles should assist him in the rest of the enterprise. Aratus, on his part, promised to give them 60 talents if he succeeded; and in case they failed, and yet returned all safe to Sicyon, he engaged that each of them should have a house and one talent. As it was necessary that the 60 talents should be deposited in the hands of Ægias, for the satisfaction of Erginus, and Aratus neither had such a sum, nor chose to borrow it, because that might create some suspicion of his intentions, he took most of his plate, and his wife's jewels, and pledged them with Ægias for the money. Such was the greatness of his soul, such his passion for high achievements, that knowing that Phocion and Epaminondas were accounted the justest and most excellent of all the Greeks, for refusing great presents, and not sacrificing virtue to money, he ascended a step higher. He privately gave money, he embarked his estate in an enterprise where he alone was to expose himself for the many, who were not even apprised of his intentions in their favour. Who then can sufficiently admire his magnanimity? Who is there, even in our days, that is not fired with an ambition to imitate the man who purchased so much danger at so great an expense, who pledged the most valuable of his goods for the sake of being introduced by night amongst enemies, where he was to fight for his life, without any other equivalent than the hope of performing a great action?

This undertaking, which was dangerous enough in itself, became more so by a mistake which they committed in the beginning. Technon, one of Aratus's servants, was sent before to Diocles, that they might reconnoitre the wall together. He had never seen Diocles, but he thought he should easily know him by the marks which Erginus had given, which were curled hair, a swarthy complexion, and want of beard. He went, therefore, to the place appointed, and sat down before the city at a point called *Ornis*, to wait for Erginus and his brother Diocles. In the meantime Dionysius, their eldest brother, who knew nothing of the affair, happened to come up. He greatly resembled Diocles, and Technon, struck with his appearance, which answered the description, asked him if he had any connection with Erginus. He said he was his brother, upon which Technon, thoroughly persuaded that he was speaking to Diocles, without asking his name or waiting for any token, gave him his hand, mentioned to him the circumstances of the appointment with Erginus, and asked him many questions about it. Dionysius availed himself very artfully of the mistake, agreed to every point, and returning towards the city, held him in discourse without giving him the least cause of suspicion. They were now near the town, and he was on the point of seizing Technon, when, by good fortune, Erginus met them, and perceiving how much his friend was imposed upon, and the great danger he was in, beckoned to him to make his escape. Accordingly they both fled, and got safe to Aratus. However, Aratus did not give up his hopes, but immediately sent Erginus to Dionysius, to offer him money and entreat him to be silent; in which he succeeded so well, that he brought Dionysius along with him to Aratus. When they had him in their hands, they did not think it safe to part with him; they bound and set a guard on him in a small apartment, and then prepared for their principal design.

When every thing was ready, Aratus ordered his troops to pass the night under arms; and taking with him 400 picked men, few of whom knew the business they were going about, he led them to the gates of the city near the temple of Juno. It was then about the middle of summer, the moon at the full, and the night without the least cloud. As their arms glittered with the reflection of the moon, they were afraid that circumstances would discover them to the watch. The foremost of them were now near the walls, when clouds arose from the sea, and covered the city and its environs. The men sat down and took off their shoes, that they might make the less noise, and mount the ladders without danger of slipping. But Erginus took with him 7 young men in the habit of travellers, and getting unobserved to the gate, killed the keeper and the guard that were with him. At the same time the ladders were applied to the walls, and Aratus, with 100 men, got over with the utmost expedition. The rest he commanded to follow in the best manner they could, and having immediately drawn up his ladders, he marched at the head of his party through the town towards the citadel, confident of success, because he was not discovered.

As they advanced they met four of the watch with a light, which gave Aratus a full and timely view of them, while he and his company could not be seen by them, because the moon was still overclouded. He therefore retired under some ruined walls, and lay in ambush for them. Three out of the four were killed; but the other, after he had received a cut upon his head, ran off, crying, "That the enemy was in the city." A little after, the trumpets sounded, and the whole town was in motion on the alarm. The streets were filled with people running up and down, and so many lights were brought out, both in the lower town and the citadel, that the whole was illuminated, and a confused noise was heard from every quarter. Aratus went on, notwithstanding, and attempted the way up the rock. He proceeded in a slow and difficult manner at first, because he had lost the path, which lay deep beneath the craggy parts of the rock, and led to the wall by a great variety of windings and turnings. But at that moment the moon, as it were by miracle, is said to have dispersed the clouds, and thrown a light on the most obscure part of the path, which continued till he reached the wall at the place he wanted. Then the clouds gathered afresh, and she hid her face again.

In the meantime the 300 men whom Aratus had left by the temple of Juno had entered the city, which they found all in alarm, and full of lights. As they could not find the way Aratus had taken, nor trace him in the least, they screened themselves under the shady side of a high rock, and waited there in great perplexity and distress. By this time Aratus was engaged with the enemy on the ramparts of the citadel, and they could distinguish the cries of combatants; but as the noise was echoed by the neighbouring mountains, it was uncertain from whence it first came. Whilst they were in doubt what way to turn, Archelaus, who commanded the king's forces, took a considerable corps, and began to ascend the hill with loud shouts, and trumpets sounding, in order to attack Aratus's rear. He passed the party of the 300 without perceiving them; but he was no sooner gone by than they rose as from an ambuscade, fell upon him, and killing the first they attacked, so terrified the rest, and even Archelaus himself, that they turned their backs, and were pursued till they entirely dispersed.

When the party was thus victorious, Erginus came to them from their friends above, to inform them that Aratus was engaged with the enemy, who defended themselves with great vigour, that the wall itself was disputed, and that their general wanted immediate assistance. They bade him lead them to the place that moment, and as they ascended, they discovered themselves by their shouts. Thus their friends were encouraged, and the reflection of the full moon upon their arms made their numbers appear greater to their enemies, on account of the length of the path. In the echoes of the night, too, the shouts seemed to come from a much larger party. At last they joined Aratus, and with a united effort beat off the enemy, and took post upon the wall. At break of day the citadel was their own, and the first rays of the sun did honour to their victory. At the same time the rest of Aratus's forces arrived from Sicyon. The Corinthians readily opened their gates to them, and assisted in taking the king's soldiers prisoners.

When he thought his victory complete, he went down from the citadel to the theatre; an innumerable multitude crowding to see him, and to hear the speech that he would make to the Corinthians. After he had disposed the Achæans on each side of the avenues to the theatre, he came from behind the scenes, and made his appearance in his armour; but he was so much changed by labour and watching, that the joy and elevation which his success might have inspired, were weighed down by the extreme fatigue of his spirits. On his appearance the people immediately began to express their high sense of his services, upon which he took his spear in his right hand, and leaning his body and one knee a little against it, remained a long time in that posture silent, to receive their plaudits and acclamations, their praises of his virtue, and compliments on his good fortune.

After their first transports were over, and he perceived that he could be heard, he summoned the strength he had left, and made a speech in the name of the Achæans suitable to the great event, persuaded the Corinthians to join the league, and delivered to them the keys of their city, which they had not been masters of since the times of Philip. As to the generals of Antigonus, he sent Archelaus, who was his prisoner, free; but he put Theophrastus to death, because he refused to leave Corinth. Persæus, on the taking of the citadel, made his escape to Cenchreæ. Some time after, when he was amusing himself with disputations in philosophy, and some person advanced this position, "None but the wise man is fit to be a general:" "It is true," said he, "and the gods know it, that this maxim of Zeno's once pleased me more than all the rest; but I have changed my opinion, since I was better taught by the young Sicyonian."

Aratus immediately seized the *Heræum*, or temple of Juno, and the harbour of Lechæum, in which he took 25 of the king's ships. He took also 500 horses, and 400 Syrians, whom he sold. The Achæans put a garrison of 400 men in the citadel of Corinth, which was strengthened with 50 dogs, and as many men to keep them.

The Romans were great admirers of Philopœmen, and called him *the last of the Greeks;* not allowing that there was any great man amongst that people after him. But, in my opinion, this exploit of Aratus is the last which the Greeks have to boast of. Indeed, whether we consider the boldness of the enterprise, or the good fortune which attended it, it equals the greatest upon record. The same appears from its immediate consequences; the Megarensians revolted from Antigonus, and joined Aratus; the Trœzenians and Epidaurians too ranged themselves on the side of the Achæans.

In his first expedition beyond the bounds of Peloponnesus, Aratus overran Attica, and passing into Salamis, ravaged that island, so that the Achæan forces thought themselves escaped, as it were, out of prison, and followed him wherever he pleased. On this occasion he set the Athenian prisoners free without ransom, by which he sowed amongst them the first seeds of defection from the Macedonians. He brought Ptolemy likewise into the Achæan league, by procuring him the direction of the war both by sea and land. Such was his influence over the Achæans, that, as the laws did not allow him to be general two years together, they appointed him every other year; and in action, as well as counsel, he had always in effect the chief command; for they saw it was not wealth, or glory, or the friendship of kings, or the advantage of his own country, or anything else that he preferred to the promotion of the Achæan power. He thought that cities in their single capacity were weak, and that they could not provide for their defence without uniting and binding themselves together for the common good. As the members of the body cannot be nourished, or live, but by their connection with each other, and when separated pine and decay; so cities perish when they break off from the community to which they belonged: and, on the contrary, gather strength and power by becoming part of some great body, and enjoying the fruits of the wisdom of the whole.[1]

Observing, therefore, that all the bravest people in his neighbourhood lived according to their own laws, it gave him pain to see the Argives in slavery, and he took measures for destroying their tyrant Aristomachus.[2] Besides, he was ambitious of restoring Argos to its liberty, as a reward for the education it had afforded him, and to unite it to the Achæan league. Without much difficulty he found them hardy enough to undertake the commission, at the head of whom was Æschylus and Charimense the diviner; but they had no swords, for they were forbidden to keep arms, and the tyrant had laid great penalties on such as should be found to have any in their possession. To supply this defect, Aratus provided several daggers for them at Corinth, and having sewed them up in the pack-saddles of horses that were to carry some ordinary wares, they were by that stratagem conveyed to Argos.[3] In the meantime Charimenes, taking in another of his friends as a partner, Æschylus and his associates were so much provoked that they cast him off, and determined to do the business by themselves. But Charimenes, perceiving their intention, in resentment of the slight, informed the tyrant of their purpose, when they were to set out to put it in execution. Upon which they fled with precipitation, and most of them escaped to Corinth.

It was not long, however, before Aristomachus was despatched by one of his own servants; but before any measures could be taken to guard against tyranny, Aristippus took the reins, and proved a worse tyrant than the former. Aratus, indeed, marched immediately to Argos with all the Achæans that were able to bear arms, in order to support the citizens, whom he doubted not to find ready to assert their liberty. But they had been long accustomed to the yoke, and were willing to be slaves; insomuch that not one of them joined him, and he returned with the inconvenience of bringing a charge upon the Achæans, that they had commited acts of hostility in time of full peace; for they were summoned to answer for this injustice before the Mantineans.

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[1] We shall here give the reader an account of some laws by which the Achæan states were governed. 1. An extraordinary assembly was not to be summoned at the request of foreign ambassadors, unless they first notified in writing to the *Prætor* and *Demiurgi* the subject of their embassy. 2. No city, subject to the league, was to send any embassy to a foreign prince or state, without the consent and approbation of the general diet. 3. No member of the assembly was to accept of presents from foreign princes, under any pretence whatsoever. 4 No prince, state, or city, was to be admitted into the league, without the consent of the whole alliance. 5. The general assembly was not to sit above three days.

[2] This Aristomachus must not be confounded with him who was thrown into the sea at Cenchreæ. Between them reigned Aristippus.

[3] Polybius places this attempt for the relief of Argos under the second Aristomachus. Polyb. lib. ii.

Aratus did not appear at the trial, and Aristippus being the prosecutor, got a fine of 30 minæ laid upon the Achæans. As that tyrant both hated and feared Aratus, he meditated his death, and Antigonus entered into the scheme. They had their emissaries in almost every quarter, watching their opportunity. But *the surest guard for a prince, or other chief, is the sincere affection of his people:* for when the commons and the nobility, instead of fearing their chief magistrate, fear for him, he sees with many eyes, and hears with many ears. And here I leave the thread of my story, to describe that manner of life which Aristippus was under a necessity of leading, if he chose to keep in his hands that despotism, that state of an arbitrary sovereign, which is commonly so much envied and admired as the highest pitch of happiness.

This tyrant, who had Antigonus for his ally, who kept so large a body-guard, and had not left one of his enemies alive in the city, would not suffer his guards to do duty in the palace, but only in the vestibule and porticos about it. When supper was over, he sent away all his servants, barred the door of the hall himself, and with his mistress crept through a trap-door into a small chamber above. Upon that door he placed his bed, and slept there as a person in his anxious state of mind may be supposed to sleep. The ladder by which he went up, his mistress's mother took away, and secured in another room till morning, when she brought it again, and called up *this wonderful prince, who crept like a reptile out of his hole.* Whereas Aratus, who acquired a lasting command, not by force of arms, but by virtue, and in a way agreeable to the laws; who made his appearance without fear in a plain vest and cloak, and always shewed himself an enemy to tyrants, left an illustrious posterity among the Greeks, which flourishes at this day. But of those who have seized castles, who have maintained guards, who have fenced themselves with arms, and gates, and barricadoes, how few can we reckon up that have not, like timorous hares, died a violent death; and not one of them has left a family, or even a monument, to preserve his memory with honour.

Aratus made many attempts, both private and open, to pull down Aristippus, and rescue Argos out of his hands, but he always miscarried. Once he applied his scaling ladders, and ascended the wall with a small party, in spite of the extreme danger that threatened him. He even succeeded so far as to kill the guards that came to oppose him; but when day appeared, and the tyrant attacked him on all sides, the people of Argos, as if he had not been fighting for their liberty, and they were only presiding at the Nemean games, sat very impartial spectators of the action, without making the least motion to assist. Aratus defended himself with great courage, and though he had his thigh run through with a spear, maintained his post all day against such superior numbers.

Would his strength have permitted him to continue the combat in the night, too, he must have carried his point; for the tyrant now thought of nothing but making his escape, and had already sent most of his treasure on board his ships. However, as no one gave Aratus intelligence of this circumstance, as his water failed, and his wound disqualified him from any further efforts, he called off his men and retired.

He now despaired of succeeding by way of surprise, and therefore openly entered the territories of Argos with his army, and committed great devastations. He fought a pitched battle with Aristippus, near the river Chares, and on that occasion he was censured for deserting the action, and letting the victory slip out of his hands; for one part of his army had clearly the advantage, and was advancing fast in the pursuit, when he, without being overpowered where he acted in person, merely out of fear and diffidence, retired in great disorder to his camp. His men, on their return from the pursuit, expressed their indignation at being prevented from erecting the trophy, after they had put the enemy to flight, and killed many more men than they had lost. Aratus, wounded with these reproaches, determined to risk a second battle for the trophy. Accordingly, after his men had rested one day, he drew them out the next; but finding that the enemy's numbers were increased, and that their troops were in much higher spirits than before, he durst not venture upon an action, but retreated after having obtained a truce to carry off the dead. However, by his engaging manners, and his abilities in the administration, he obviated the consequences of his error, and added the city of Cleonæ to the Achæan league. In Cleonæ he caused the Nemean games to be celebrated, for he thought that city had the best and most ancient claim to them. The people of Argos likewise exhibited them; and on this occasion, the freedom and security which had been the privilege of the champions were first violated. The Achæans considered as enemies all that had repaired to the games at Argos, and having seized them as they passed through their territories, sold them for slaves,—so violent and implacable was their general's hatred of tyrants.

Not long after, Aratus had intelligence that Aristippus had a design upon Cleonæ, but that he was afraid of him, because he then resided at Corinth, which was very near Cleonæ. In this case he assembled his forces by proclamation, and having ordered them to take provisions for several days, marched to Cenchreæ. By this manœuvre he hoped to bring Aristippus against Cleonæ, as supposing him at a distance; and it had its effect. The tyrant immediately set out from Argos with his army; but it was no sooner dark than Aratus returned from Cenchreæ to Corinth, and having placed guards in all the roads, led on the Achæans, who followed him in such good order, and with so much celerity and pleasure, that they not only made their march, but entered Cleonæ that night, and put themselves in order of battle; nor did Aristippus gain the least knowledge of this movement.

Next morning, at break of day, the gates were opened, the trumpet sounded, and Aratus advancing at full speed, and with all the alarm of war, fell upon the enemy, and soon routed them. Then he went upon the pursuit, particularly that way which he imagined Aristippus might take, for the country had several outlets. The pursuit was continued as far as Mycenæ, and the tyrant, as Dinias tells us, was overtaken and killed by a Cretan named Tragiscus, and of his army there were above 1500 slain. Aratus, though he had gained this important victory without the loss of one man, could not make himself master of Argos, nor deliver it from slavery; for Agias and young Aristomachus entered it with the king of Macedon's troops, and held it in subjection.

This action silenced in a great measure the calumny of the enemy, and put a stop to the insolent scoffs of those who, to flatter the tyrants, had not scrupled to say, that whenever the Achæan general prepared for battle, his bowels lost their retentive faculty; that when the trumpet sounded, his eyes grew dim and his head giddy; and that when he had given the word, he used to ask his lieutenants and other officers what farther need there could be of him, since the die was cast, and whether he might not retire, and wait the event of the day at some distance. These reports had prevailed so much that the philosophers, in their inquiries in the schools, whether the palpitation of the heart and change of colour on the appearance of danger were arguments of cowardice, or only of some natural defect, some coldness in the constitution, used always to quote Aratus as an excellent general, who yet was always subject to these emotions on occasion of a battle.

After he had destroyed Aristippus, he sought means to depose Lysiades the Megalopolitan, who had assumed the supreme power in his native city. This man had something generous in his nature, and was not insensible to true honour. He had not, like most other tyrants, committed this injustice out of a love of licentious pleasure, or from a motive of avarice; but, incited when very young by a passion for glory, and unadvisedly believing the false and vain accounts of the wondrous happiness of arbitrary power, he had made it his business to usurp it. However, he soon felt it a heavy burden, and being at once desirous to gain the happiness which Aratus enjoyed, and to deliver himself from the fear of his intriguing spirit, he formed the noblest resolution that can be conceived, which was first to deliver himself from the hatred, the fears, and the guards that encompassed him, and then to bestow the greatest blessings on his country. In consequence whereof, he sent for Aratus, laid down the authority he had assumed, and joined the city to the Achæan league. The Achæans, charmed with his noble spirit, thought it not too great a compliment to elect him general. He was no sooner appointed than he discovered an ambition to raise his name above that of Aratus, and was by that means led to several unnecessary attempts, particularly to declare war against the Lacedæmonians. Aratus endeavoured to prevent it, but his opposition was thought to proceed from envy. Lysiades was chosen general a second time, though Aratus exerted all his interest to get that appointment for another, for he had the command himself only every other year. Lysiades was fortunate enough to gain that commission a third time, enjoying it alternately with Aratus. But at last avowing himself his enemy, and often accusing him to the Achæans in full council, that people cast him off; for he appeared with only an assumed character to contend against real and sincere virtue. Æsop tells us, "That the cuckoo one day asked the little birds why they avoided her; and they answered, it was because they feared she would at last prove a hawk." In like manner it happened to Lysiades. It was suspected that, as he had been once a tyrant, his laying down his power was not quite a voluntary thing, and that he would be glad to take the first opportunity to resume it.

Aratus acquired new glory in the war with the Ætolians. The Achæans pressed him to engage them on the confines of Megara; and Agis, king of the Lacedæmonians, who attended with an army, joined his instances to theirs, but he would not consent. They reproached him with want of spirit, with cowardice; they tried what the weapons of ridicule could do; but he bore all their attacks with patience, and would not sacrifice the real good of the community to the fear of seeming disgrace. Upon this principle he suffered the Ætolians to pass mount Gerania, and to enter Peloponnesus without the least resistance. But when he found that in their march they had seized Pellene, he was no longer the same man. Without the least delay, without waiting till all his forces were assembled, he advanced with those he had at hand against the enemy, who were much weakened by their late acquisition, for it had occasioned the utmost disorder and misrule. They had no sooner entered the city than the private men dispersed themselves in the houses, and began to scramble and fight for the booty, while the generals and other officers seized the wives and daughters of the inhabitants, and *each put his helmet on the head of his prize, as a mark to whom she belonged*, and to prevent her coming into the hands of another.

While they were thus employed, news was brought that Aratus was at hand, and ready to fall upon them. The consternation was such as might be expected amongst men in extreme disorder. Before they were all apprised of their danger, those that were about the gates and in the suburbs had skirmished a few moments with the Achæans, and were put to flight. And the precipitation with which they fled greatly distressed those who had assembled to support them. During this confusion, one of the captives, daughter to Epigethes, a person of great eminence in Pellene, who was remarkable for her beauty and majestic mien, was seated in the temple of Diana, where the officer whose prize she was had placed her, after having put his helmet, which was adorned with three plumes of feathers, on her head. This lady, hearing the noise and tumult, ran out suddenly to see what was the cause. As she stood at the door of the temple, and looked down upon the combatants, with the helmet still upon her head, she appeared to the citizens a figure more than human, and the enemy took her for a deity; which struck the latter with such terror and astonishment that they were no longer able to use their arms.

The Pelleneans tell us, that the statue of the goddess stands commonly untouched, and that when the priestess moves it out of the temple, in order to carry it in procession, none dare look it in the face, but, on the contrary, they turn away their eyes with great care; for it is not only a terrible and dangerous sight to mankind, but its look renders the trees barren, and blasts the fruits where it passes. They add, that the priestess carried it out on this occasion, and always turning the face directly towards the Ætolians, filled them with horror, and deprived them of their senses. But Aratus, in his Commentaries, makes no mention of any such circumstance; he only says, that he put the Ætolians to flight, and entering the town with the fugitives, dislodged them by dint of the sword, and killed 700. This action was one of the most celebrated in history: Timanthes the painter gave a very lively and excellent representation of it.

However, as many powerful states were combining against the Achæans, Aratus hastened to make peace with the Ætolians, which he not only effected with the assistance of Pantaleon, one of the most powerful men amongst them, but likewise entered into an alliance offensive and defensive. He had a strong desire to restore Athens to its liberty, and exposed himself to the severest censures of the Achæans by attempting to surprise the Piræus while there was a truce subsisting between them and the Macedonians. Aratus, indeed, in his Commentaries, denies the fact, and lays the blame upon Erginus, with whom he took the citadel of Corinth. He says, it was the peculiar scheme of Erginus to attempt that port; that, his ladder breaking, he miscarried, and was pursued; and that, to save himself, he often called upon Aratus, as if present, by which artifice he deceived the enemy, and escaped. But this defence of his wants probability to support it. It is not likely that Erginus, a private man, a Syrian, would have formed a design of such consequence, without having Aratus at the head of it, to supply him with troops, and to point out the opportunity for the attack. Nay, Aratus proved the same against himself, by making not only two or three, but many more attempts upon the Piræus. Like a person violently in love, his miscarriages did not prevail upon him to desist, for, as his hopes were disappointed only by the failure perhaps of a single circumstance, and he was always within a little of succeeding, he still encouraged himself to go on. In one repulse, as he fled over the fields of Thirasium, he broke his leg; and the cure could not be effected without several incisions; so that, for some time after, when he was called to action, he was carried into the field in a litter.

After the death of Antigonus, and Demetrius's accession to the throne, Aratus was more intent than ever on delivering Athens from the yoke, and conceived an utter contempt for the Macedonians. He was, however, defeated in a battle near Phylacia, by Bithys, the new king's general; and a strong report being spread on one side that he was taken prisoner, and on another, that he was dead, Diogenes, who commanded in the Piræus, wrote a letter to Corinth, insisting "That the Achæans should evacuate the place, since Aratus was no more." Aratus happened to be in Corinth when the letter arrived, and the messengers finding that their business occasioned much laughter and satirical discourse, retired in great confusion. The king of Macedon himself, too, sent a ship with orders "That Aratus should be brought to him in chains."

The Athenians exceeding themselves in flattery to the Macedonians, wore chaplets of flowers upon the first report of Aratus's death. Incensed at this treatment, he immediately marched out against them; and proceeded as far as the Academy. But they implored him to spare them, and he returned without doing them the least injury. This made the Athenians sensible of his virtue; and, as upon the death of Demetrius they were determined to make an attempt for liberty, they called him to their assistance. Though he was not general of the Achæans that year, and was so much indisposed besides, by long sickness, as to be forced to keep his bed, yet he caused himself to be carried in a litter, to render them his best services. Accordingly he prevailed upon Diogenes, who commanded the garrison, to give up the Piræus, Munychia, Salamis, and Sunium to the Athenians for the consideration of 150 talents, 20 of which Aratus himself furnished. Upon this the Æginetæ and Hermionians joined the Achæans, and great part of Arcadia paid contributions to the league. The Macedonians now found employment enough for their arms nearer home, and the Achæans numbering the Ætolians amongst their allies, found a great addition to their power.

Aratus still proceeded upon his old principles, and in his uneasiness to see tyranny established in a city so near him as that of Argos, sent his agents to Aristomachus, to represent "How advantageous a thing it would be for him to restore that city to liberty, and join it to the Achæan league; how noble to follow the examples of Lysiades, and command so great a people with reputation and honour, as the general of their choice, rather than one city as a tyrant, exposed to perpetual danger and hatred." Aristomachus listened to their suggestions, and desired Aratus to send him 50 talents to pay off his troops. The money was granted agreeably to his request, but Lysiades, whose commission as general was not expired, and who was ambitious to have this negotiation pass with the Achæans for his work, took an opportunity, while the money was providing, to accuse Aratus to Aristomachus, as a person that had an implacable aversion to tyrants, and to advise him rather to put the business into his hands. Aristomachus believed these suggestions, and Lysiades had the honour of introducing him to the league. But on this occasion especially the Achæan council shewed their affection and fidelity to Aratus; for, upon his speaking against

Aristomachus, they rejected him with marks of resentment. Afterwards, when Aratus was prevailed upon to manage the affair, they readily accepted the proposal, and passed a decree, by which the Argives and Philasians were admitted into the league. The year following, too, Aristomachus was appointed general.

Aristomachus finding himself esteemed by the Achæans, was desirous of carrying his arms into Laconia, for which purpose he sent for Aratus from Athens. Aratus made answer, that he utterly disapproved the expedition, not choosing that the Achæans should engage with Cleomenes,[1] whose spirit and power kept growing in proportion to the dangers he had to encounter. Aristomachus, however, was bent upon the enterprise, and Aratus yielding to his solicitations, returned to assist him in the war. Cleomenes offered him battle at Palantium, but Aratus prevented him from accepting the challenge. Hereupon Lysiades accused Aratus to the Achæans, and the year following declared himself his competitor for the command; but Aratus had the majority of votes, and was for the twelfth time declared general.

This year he was defeated by Cleomenes at Mount Lycæum; and, in his flight, being forced to wander about in the night, he was supposed to be killed. This was the second time that a report of his death spread over Greece. He saved himself, however; and having collected the scattered remains of his forces, was not satisfied with retiring unmolested: on the contrary, he availed himself in the best manner of his opportunity; and when none expected, or even thought of such a manœuvre, fell suddenly upon the Mantineans, who were allies to Cleomenes, took their city, secured it with a garrison, and declared all the strangers he found there free of the city. In short, he acquired that for the Achæans, when beaten, which they could not easily have gained when victorious.

The Lacedæmonians again entering the territories of Megalopolis, he marched to relieve that city. Cleomenes endeavoured to bring him to an engagement, but he declined it, though the Megalopolitans pressed him much to leave the matter to the decision of the sword: for, besides that he was never very fit for disputes in the open field, he was now inferior in numbers; and, at a time of life when his spirits began to fail, and his ambition was subdued, he would have had to do with a young man of the most adventurous courage. He thought, too, that, if Cleomenes, by his boldness, sought to acquire glory, it became *him*, by his caution, to keep that which he had.

One day the light infantry skirmished with the Spartans, and having driven them to their camp, entered it with them, and began to plunder. Aratus even then would not lead on the main body, but kept his men on the other side of a defile that lay between, and would not suffer them to pass. Lysiades, incensed at this order, and reproaching him with cowardice, called upon the cavalry to support the party which was in pursuit of the enemy, and not to betray the victory, nor to desert a man who was going to hazard all for his country. Many of the best men in the army followed him to the charge, which was so vigorous that he put the right wing of the Lacedæmonians to flight. But, in the ardour of his courage, and his ambition for honour, he went inconsiderately upon the pursuit, till he fell into an intricate way, obstructed with trees, and intersected with large ditches. Cleomenes attacked him in this ground, and slew him, after he had maintained the most glorious of all combats, the combat for his people, almost at their own doors. The rest of the cavalry fled, and turning back upon the main body, put the infantry in disorder, so that the rout became general.

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[1] Some authors write, that Cleomenes, at the instigation of the Ætolians, had built a fortress in the territory of the Megalopolitans, called *Athenæum*; which the Achæans considered as an open rupture, and therefore declared in a general assembly, that the Lacedæmonians should be considered as enemies.

This loss was principally ascribed to Aratus, for he was thought to have abandoned Lysiades to his fate. The Achæans, therefore, retired in great anger, and obliged him to follow them to Ægium. There it was decreed in full council that he should be supplied with no more money, nor have any mercenaries maintained; and that if he would go to war, he must find resources for it himself. Thus ignominiously treated, he was inclined to give up the seal and resign his command immediately; but, upon more mature consideration, he thought it better to bear the affront with patience. Soon after this he led the Achæans to Orchomenus, where he gave battle to Megistonus, father-in-law to Cleomenes, killed 300 of his men, and took him prisoner.

It had been customary with him to take the command every other year, but when his turn came, and he was called upon to resume it, he absolutely refused, and Timoxenus was appointed general. The reason commonly given for his rejecting that commission was his resentment against the people for the late dishonour they had done him; but the real cause was the bad posture of the Achæan affairs. Cleomenes no longer advanced by insensible steps; he had no measures now to keep with the magistrates at home, nor anything to fear from their opposition; for he had put the *Ephori* to death, distributed the lands in equal portions, and admitted many strangers citizens of Sparta. After he had made himself absolute master by these means at home, he marched into Achaia, and insisted upon being appointed general of the league. Aratus, therefore, is highly blamed, when affairs were in such a tempestuous state, for giving up the helm to another pilot, when he ought rather to have taken it by force to save the community from sinking, or, if he thought the Achæan power beyond the possibility of being retrieved, he should have yielded to Cleomenes, and not have brought Peloponnesus into a state of barbarism again with Macedonian garrisons, nor filled the citadel of Corinth with Illyrian and Gaulish arms. For this was making those men to whom he had shewn himself superior, both in his military and political capacity, and whom he vilified so much in his Commentaries, masters of his cities, under the softer but false name of allies. It may be said, perhaps, that Cleomenes wanted justice, and was tyrannically inclined; let us grant it for a moment: yet he was a descendant of the Heraclidæ, and his country was Sparta, the meanest citizen of which should have been preferred as general of the league to the first of the Macedonians, at least by those who set any value on the dignity of Greece. Besides, Cleomenes asked for the command among the Achæans,[1] only to make their cities happy in his services, in return for the honour of the title; whereas Antigonus, though declared commander-in-chief both by sea and land, would not accept the commission till he was paid with the citadel of Corinth; in which he perfectly resembled Æsop's hunter,[2] for he would not ride the Achæans, though they offered their backs, and though by embassies and decrees they courted him to do it, till he had first bridled them by his garrison, and by the hostages which they were obliged to deliver to him.

It is true, Aratus labours to justify himself by the necessity of affairs. But Polybius assures us, that long before that necessity existed, he had been afraid of the daring spirit of Cleomenes, and had not only treated with Antigonus in private, but drawn in the Megalopolitans to propose it to the general assembly of the Achæans, that Antigonus should be invited to their assistance; for, whenever Cleomenes renewed his depredations, the Megalopolitans were the first that suffered by them. Phylarchus gives the same account; but we should not have afforded him much credit, if he had not been supported by the testimony of Polybius; for such is his fondness for Cleomenes that he cannot speak of him but in an enthusiastic manner, and, as if he were pleading a cause rather than writing a history, he perpetually disparages the one and vindicates the other.

The Achæans having lost Mantinea, which Cleomenes now took a second time, and being, moreover, defeated in a great battle at Hecatombœum, were struck with such terror, that they immediately invited Cleomenes to Argos, with a promise of making him general. But Aratus no sooner perceived that he was on the march, and had brought his army as far as Lerma, than his fears prevailed, and he sent ambassadors to desire him to come to the Achæans as friends and allies, with 300 men only. They were to add, that if he had any distrust of the Achæans, they would give him hostages. Cleomenes told them, they did but insult and mock him with such a message, and returning immediately, wrote a letter to the Achæan council, full of complaints and invectives against Aratus. Aratus wrote another against Cleomenes in the same style; and they proceeded to such gross abuse as not to spare even the characters of their wives and families.

Upon this Cleomenes sent a herald to declare war against the Achæans; and in the meantime the city of Sicyon was near being betrayed to him. Disappointed of his expectation there, he turned against Pellene, dislodged the Achæan garrison, and secured the town for himself. A little after this, he took Pheneum and Penteleum; and it was not long before the people of Argos adopted his interest, and the Phliasians received his garrison; so that scarce anything remained firm to the Achæans of the dominions they had acquired. Aratus saw nothing but confusion about him; all Peleponnesus was in a tottering condition; and the cities everywhere excited by innovators to revolt. Indeed, none were quiet or satisfied with their present circumstances. Even among the Sicyonians and Corinthians many were found to have a correspondence with Cleomenes, having been long disaffected to the administration and the public utility, because they wanted to get the power into their own hands. Aratus was invested with full authority to punish the delinquents. The corrupt members of Sicyon he cut off; but by seeking for such in Corinth, in order to put them to death, he exasperated the people already sick of the same distemper, and weary of the Achæan government.[1] On this occasion they assembled in the temple of Apollo and sent for Aratus, being determined either to kill him, or take him prisoner, before they proceeded to an open revolt. He came leading his horse, as if he had not the least mistrust or suspicion. When they saw him at the gate, a number of them rose up, and loaded him with reproaches. But he, with a composed countenance and mild address, bade them sit down again, and not, by standing in the way and making such a disorderly noise, prevent other citizens who were at the door from entering. At the same time that he said this, he drew back step by step, as if he was seeking somebody to take his horse. Thus he got out of the crowd, and continued to talk, without the least appearance of confusion, to such of the Corinthians as he met, and desired them to go to the temple, till he insensibly approached the citadel. He then mounted his horse, and without stopping any longer at the fort than to give his orders to Cleopater the governor, to keep a strict guard upon it, he rode off to Sicyon, followed by no more than thirty soldiers, for the rest had left him and dispersed.

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[1] Perhaps Aratus was apprehensive that Cleomenes would endeavour to make himself absolute amongst the Achæans, as he was already in Lacedæmon. There was a possibility, however, of his behaving with honour as general of the Achæans; whereas, from Antigonus nothing could be expected but chains.

[2] Horace gives us this fable of *Æsop's*; but, before *Æsop*, the poet Stesichorus is said to have applied it to the Himerians, when going to raise a guard for Phalaris.

The Corinthians, soon apprised of his flight, went in pursuit of him, but failing in their design, they sent for Cleomenes, and put the city into his hands. He did not, however, think this advantage equal to his loss in their suffering Aratus to escape. As soon as the inhabitants of that district on the coast called *Acte* had surrendered their towns, he shut up their citadel with a wall of circumvallation, and a pallisadoed entrenchment.

In the meantime many of the Achæans repaired to Aratus at Sicyon, and a general assembly was held, in which he was chosen commander-in-chief, with an unlimited commission. He now first took a guard, and it was composed of his fellow-citizens. He had conducted the Achæan administration 33 years; he had been the first man in Greece, both in power and reputation; but he now found himself abandoned, indigent, persecuted, without anything but one plank to trust to in the storm that had shipwrecked his country. For the Ætolians had refused the assistance which he requested, and the city of Athens, though well inclined to serve him, was prevented by Euclides and Micion.

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[1] What wonder, when they saw Aratus unfaithful to his first principles, and going to bring them again under the Macedonian yoke.

Aratus had a house and valuable effects at Corinth. Cleomenes would not touch anything that belonged to him, but sent for his friends and agents, and charged them to take the utmost care of his affairs, as remembering that they must give an account to Aratus. To Aratus himself he privately sent Tripylis, and afterwards his father-in-law, Megistonus, with great offers, and among the rest a pension of 12 talents, which was double the yearly allowance he had from Ptolemy. For this, he desired to be appointed general of the Achæans, and to be joined with him in the care of the citadel of Corinth. Aratus answered, "That he did not now govern affairs, but they governed him." As there appeared an insincerity in this answer, Cleomenes entered the territories of Sicyon, and committed great devastations. He likewise blocked up the city for three months together, all which time Aratus was debating with himself whether he should surrender the citadel to Antigonus, for he would not send him succours on any other condition.

Before he could take his resolution, the Achæans met in council at Ægium, and called him to attend it. As the town was invested by Cleomenes, it was dangerous to pass. The citizens entreated him not to go, and declared they would not suffer him to expose himself to an enemy who was watching for his prey. The matrons and their children, too, hung upon him, and wept for him as for a common parent and protector. He consoled them, however, as well as he could, and rode down to the sea, taking with him ten of his friends, and his son, who was now approaching to manhood. Finding some vessels at anchor, he went on board, and arrived safe at Ægium. There he held an assembly, in which it was decreed that Antigonus should be called in, and the citadel surrendered to him. Aratus sent his own son amongst the other hostages, which the Corinthians so much resented, that they plundered his goods, and made a present of his house to Cleomenes.

As Antigonus was now approaching with his army, which consisted of 20,000 foot, all Macedonians, and of 1400 horse, Aratus went with the Achæan magistrates by sea, and without being discovered by the enemy, met him at Pegæ, though he placed no great confidence in Antigonus, and distrusted the Macedonians. For he knew that his greatness had been owing to the mischiefs he had done them, and that he had first risen to the direction of affairs in consequence of his hatred to old Antigonus. But seeing an indispensable necessity before him, such an occasion as those who seemed to command are forced to obey, he faced the danger. When Antigonus was told that Aratus was come in person, he gave the rest a common welcome, but received him in the most honourable manner; and finding him upon trial to be a man of probity and prudence, took him into his most intimate friendship, for Aratus was not only serviceable to the king in great affairs, but in the hours of leisure his most agreeable companion. Antigonus, therefore, though young, perceiving in him such a temper, and such other qualities as fitted him for a prince's friendship, preferred him not only to the rest of the Achæans, but even to the Macedonians that were about him, and continued to employ him in every affair of consequence. Thus the thing which the gods announced by the entrails of one of the victims was accomplished; for it is said, that when Aratus was sacrificing not long before, their appeared in the liver two gall-bladders enclosed in the same caul, upon which the diviner declared that two enemies, who appeared the most irreconcileable, would soon be united in the strictest friendship. Aratus then took little notice of the saying, for *he never put much faith in victims, nor indeed in predictions from anything else, but used to depend upon his reason.* Some time after, however, when the war went on successfully, Antigonus made an entertainment at Corinth, at which, though there was a numerous company, he placed Aratus next above him. They had not sat long before Antigonus called for a cloak. At the same time he asked Aratus, "Whether he did not think it very cold," and he answered, "It was extremely cold." The king then desired him to sit nearer, and the servants who brought the cloak put it over the shoulders of both. This putting Aratus in mind of the victim, he informed the king both of the sign and the prediction.

While they were at Pegæ, they took oaths of mutual fidelity, and then marched against the enemy. There were several actions under the walls of Corinth, in which Cleomenes had fortified himself strongly, and the Corinthians defended the place with great vigour.

In the meantime, Aristotle, a citizen of Argos, and friend of Aratus, sent an agent to him privately, with an offer of bringing that city to declare for him, if he would go thither in person with some troops. Aratus having acquainted Antigonus with this scheme, embarked 1500 men and sailed immediately with them from the Isthmus to Epidaurus. But the people of Argos, without waiting for his arrival, had attacked the troops of Cleomenes, and shut them up in the citadel. Cleomenes having notice of this, and fearing that the enemy, if they were in possession of Argos, might cut off his retreat to Lacedæmon, left his post before the citadel of Corinth the same night, and marched to the succour of his men. He reached it before Aratus, and gained some advantage over the enemy; but Aratus arriving soon after, and the king appearing with his army, Cleomenes retired to Mantinea.

Upon this all the cities joined the Achæans again. Antigonus made himself master of the citadel of Corinth; and the Argives having appointed Aratus their general, he persuaded them to give Antigonus the estates of the late tyrants and all the traitors. That people put Aristomachus to the torture at Cenchreæ,[1] and afterwards drowned him in the sea. Aratus was much censured on this occasion for permitting a man to suffer unjustly who was not of a bad character, with whom he formerly had connections, and who, at his persuasion, had abdicated the supreme power, and brought Argos to unite itself to the Achæan league. There were other charges against Aratus, namely, that at his instigation the Achæans had given the city of Corinth to Antigonus, as if it had been no more than an ordinary village; that they had suffered him to pillage Orchomenus and place in it a Macedonian garrison; that they had made a decree that their community should not send a letter or an embassy to another king without the consent of Antigonus; that they were forced to maintain and pay the Macedonians; and that they had sacrifices, libations, and games, in honour of Antigonus—the fellow-citizens of Aratus setting the example, and receiving Antigonus into their city, on which occasion Aratus entertained him in his house. For all these things they blamed Aratus, not considering that when he had once put the reins in the hands of that prince, he was necessarily carried along with the tide of regal power: no longer master of anything but his tongue, and it was dangerous to use that with freedom. For he was visibly concerned at many circumstances of the king's conduct, particularly with respect to the statues. Antigonus erected anew those of the tyrants which Aratus had pulled down, and demolished those he had set up in memory of the brave men that surprised the citadel of Corinth. That of Aratus only was spared, notwithstanding his intercession for the rest. In the affair of Mantinea,[1] too, the behaviour of the Achæans was not suitable to the Grecian humanity; for having conquered it by means of Antigonus, they put the principal of the inhabitants to the sword; some of the rest they sold, or sent in fetters to Macedonia; and they made slaves of the women and children. Of the money thus raised they divided a third part amongst themselves, and gave the rest to the Macedonians. But this had its excuse in the law of reprisals, for, however shocking it may appear for men to sacrifice to their anger those of their own nation and kindred, yet in necessity, as Simonides says, it seems rather a proper alleviation than a hardship, to give relief to a mind inflamed and aching with resentment. But as to what Aratus did afterwards with respect to Mantinea, it is impossible to justify him upon a plea either of propriety or necessity; for Antigonus having made a present of that city to the Argives, they resolved to re-people it, and appointed Aratus to see it done, in virtue of which commission, as well as that of general, he decreed that it should no more

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[1] Plutarch seems here to have followed Phylarchus. Polybius tells us that Aristomachus deserved greater punishment than he suffered, not only for his extreme

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cruelty when tyrant of Argos, but also for his abandoning the Achæans in their distress, and declaring for their enemies.

[1] The Mantineans had applied to the Achæans for a garrison to defend them against the Lacedæmonians. In compliance with their request, the Achæans sent them 300 of their own citizens, and 200 mercenaries. But the Mantineans soon after changing their minds, in the most perfidious manner massacred that garrison. They deserved, therefore, all that they are here said to have suffered; but Polybius makes no mention of the principal inhabitants being put to death; he only says, their goods were plundered, and some of the people sold for slaves.

be called Mantinea, but Antigonea, which name it still bears. Thus, by his means, Mantinea, the amiable Mantinea, as Homer calls it, was no more; and in the place of it we have a city which took its name from the man who ruined its inhabitants.

Some time after this, Cleomenes being overthrown in a great battle near Sellasia,[1] quitted Sparta, and sailed to Egypt. As for Antigonus, after the kindest and most honourable behaviour to Aratus, he returned to Macedonia. In his sickness there, which happened soon after his arrival, he sent Philip, then very young, but already declared his successor, into Peloponnesus; having first instructed him above all things to give attention to Aratus, and through him to treat with the cities, and make himself known to the Achæans. Aratus received him with great honour, and managed him so well, that he returned to Macedonia full of sentiments of respect for his friend, and in the most favourable disposition for the interests of Greece.

After the death of Antigonus, the Ætolians despised the inactivity of the Achæans: for, accustomed to the protection of foreign arms, and sheltering themselves under the Macedonian power, they sunk into a state of idleness and disorder. This gave the Ætolians room to attempt a footing in Peloponnesus. By the way they made some booty in the country about Patræ and Dyme, and then proceeded to Messene, and laid waste its territories. Aratus was incensed at this insolence, but he perceived that Timoxenus, who was then general, took slow and dilatory measures, because his year was almost expired. Therefore, as he was to succeed to the command, he anticipated his commission by five days, for the sake of assisting the Messenians. He assembled the Achæans, but they had now neither exercise nor courage to enable them to maintain the combat, and consequently he was beaten in a battle which he fought at Caphyæ. Being accused of having ventured too much on this occasion,[2] he became afterwards so cold, and so far abandoned his hopes for the public, as to neglect the opportunities which the Ætolians gave him, and suffered them to roam about Peloponnesus in a bacchanalian manner, committing all the excesses that insolence could suggest.

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[1] Cleomenes had entrenched himself so strongly near Sellasia, in a narrow pass between the mountains Eva and Olympus, that Antigonus did not think proper to attack him there. It is not easy to comprehend what could induce Cleomenes to come out of these entrenchments and risk a pitched battle. His troops were not so numerous as the enemy's by one-third; and he was supplied with all sorts of provisions from Sparta; what then could make him hazard a battle, the event of which was to decide the fate of Lacedæmon? Polybius, indeed, seems to insinuate the cause of this proceeding; for he tells us, that Ptolemy, king of Egypt, who had promised to assist him in this war, acquainted him that he was not in a condition to make good his engagements. And as Cleomenes did not choose to try the other alternative, that of suing to Antigonus for a peace, he risked all upon the event of that day.

[2] Aratus was accused in this assembly, first of having taken the command upon him before his time. In the next place, he was blamed for having dismissed the Achæan troops, while the Ætolians were still in the heart of Peloponnesus. The third article against him was, his venturing a battle with so few troops, when he might have made, with great ease, a safe retreat to the neighbouring towns, and there reinforced his army. The last and heaviest charge against him was, that after he had resolved to give the enemy battle, he did not, in the whole action, take one step that became a general of any experience; for he sent the cavalry and light-armed foot to attack the enemy's rear, after their front had gained the advantage; whereas he ought to have encountered the front at first with the advantage of having them on the declivity, in which case his heavy-armed infantry would have done him great service

The Achæans were now obliged to stretch out their hands again towards Macedonia, and brought Philip to interfere in the affairs of Greece. They knew the regard he had for Aratus, and the confidence he placed in him, and hoped on that account to find him tractable and easy in all their affairs. But the king now first began to listen to Apelles, Megalacus, and other courtiers, who endeavoured to darken the character of Aratus, and prevailed upon him to support the contrary party, by which means Eperatus was elected general of the Achæans. Eperatus, however, soon fell into the greatest contempt amongst them, and as Aratus would not give any attention to their concerns, nothing went well. Philip finding that he had committed a capital error, turned again to Aratus, and gave himself up entirely to his direction. As his affairs now prospered, and his power and reputation grew under the culture of Aratus, he depended entirely on him for the farther increase of both. Indeed, it was evident to all the world, that Aratus had excellent talents, not only for guiding a commonwealth, but a kingdom too; for there appeared a tincture of his principles and manners in all the conduct of this young prince. Thus the moderation with which he treated the Spartans,[1] after they had offended him, his engaging behaviour to the Cretans, by which he gained the whole island in a few days, and the glorious success of his expedition against the Ætolians, gained Philip the honour of knowing how to follow good counsel, and Aratus that of being able to give it.

On this account the courtiers envied him still more; and as they found that their private engines of calumny availed nothing, they began to try open battery, reviling and insulting him at table with the utmost effrontery and lowest abuse. Nay, once they threw stones at him, as he was retiring from supper to his tent. Philip, incensed at such outrage, fined them 20 talents, and upon their proceeding to disturb and embroil his affairs, put them to death.

But afterwards he was carried so high by the flow of prosperity as to discover many disorderly passions. The native badness of his disposition broke through the veil he had put over it, and by degrees his real character appeared. In the first place he greatly injured young Aratus by corrupting his wife; and the commerce was a long time secret, because he lived under his roof, where he had

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However, he endeavoured to prove that the loss of the battle was not his fault, adding, that if he had been wanting in any of the duties of an able general, he asked pardon, and hoped that, in regard of his past services, they would not censure him with rigour. This submission of his changed the minds of the whole assembly, and the people began to vent their rage upon his accusers.

[1] The Spartans had killed one of their *Ephori*, and some others of their citizens who were in the interest of Philip, and some of his counsellors advised him to revenge the affront with rigour. But he said that, as the Spartans now belonged to the Achæan league, they were accountable to it; and that it ill became him to treat them with severity who were his allies, when his predecessor had extended his clemency to them, though enemies.

been received under the sanction of hospitality. In the next place, he discovered a strong aversion to commonwealths, and to the cities that were under that form of government. It was easy to be seen, too, that he wanted to shake off Aratus. The first suspicions of his intentions arose from his behaviour with respect to the Messenians. There were two factions amongst them which had raised a sedition in the city. Aratus went to reconcile them; but Philip getting to the place a day before him, added stings to their mutual resentments. On the one hand, he called the magistrates privately, and asked them whether they had not laws to restrain the rabble: and on the other, he asked the demagogues whether they had not hands to defend them against tyrants. The magistrates, thus encouraged attacked the chiefs of the people, and they in their turn came with superior numbers, and killed the magistrates, with near 200 more of their party.

After Philip had engaged in these detestable practices, which exasperated the Messenians still more against each other, Aratus, when he arrived, made no secret of his resentment, nor did he restrain his son in the severe and disparaging things he said to Philip. The young man had once a particular attachment to Philip, which in those days they distinguished by the name of love; but on this occasion, he scrupled not to tell him, "That after such a base action, instead of appearing agreeable, he was the most deformed of humankind."

Philip made no answer, though anger evidently was working in his bosom, and he often muttered to himself while the other was speaking. However, he pretended to bear it with great calmness, and affecting to appear the man of subdued temper and refined manners, gave the elder Aratus his hand, and took him from the theatre to the castle of Ithome,[1] under pretence of sacrificing to Jupiter and visiting the place. This fort, which is as strong as the citadel of Corinth, were it garrisoned, would greatly annoy the neighbouring country, and be almost impregnable. After Philip had offered his sacrifice there, and the diviner came to shew him the entrails of the ox, he took them in both hands, and shewed them to Aratus and Demetrius of Pharitæ, sometimes turning them to one, and sometimes to the other, and asking them, "What they saw in the entrails of the victim; whether they warned him to keep this citadel, or to restore it to the Messenians?" Demetrius smiled, and said, "If you have the soul of a diviner, you will restore it; but, if that of a king, you will hold the bull by both his horns." By which he hinted that he must have Peloponnesus entirely in subjection, if he added Ithome to the citadel of Corinth. Aratus was a long time silent, but upon Philip's pressing him to declare his opinion, he said, "There are many mountains of great strength in Crete, many castles in Bœotia and Phocis in lofty situations, and many impregnable places in Acarnania, both on the coast and within land. You have seized none of these, and yet they all pay you a voluntary obedience. Robbers, indeed, take to rocks and precipices for security; but for a king there is no such fortress as honour and humanity. These are the things that have opened to you the Cretan Sea, these have unbarred the gates of Peleponnesus. In short, by these it is that, at so early a period in life, you are become general of the one, and sovereign of the other." Whilst he was yet speaking, Philip returned the entrails to the diviner, and taking Aratus by the hand, drew him along, and said, "Come on, then, let us go as we came," intimating that he had overruled him, and deprived him of such an acquisition as the city would have been.

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[1] In the printed text it is *Ithomata*, which agrees with the name this fort has in Polybius; but one of the manuscripts gives us *Ithome*, which is the name Strabo gives it.

From this time Aratus began to withdraw from court, and by degrees to give up all correspondence with Philip. He refused also to accompany him in his expedition into Epirus, though applied to for that purpose; choosing to stay at home, lest he should share in the disrepute of his actions. But, after Philip had lost his fleet with great disgrace in the Roman war, and nothing succeeded to his wish, he returned to Peloponnesus, and tried once more what art could do to impose upon the Messenians. When he found his designs were discovered, he had recourse to open hostilities, and ravaged the country. Aratus then saw all his meanness, and broke with him entirely. By this time, too, he perceived that he had dishonoured his son's bed; but though the injury lay heavy on him, he concealed it from his son, because he could only inform him that he was abused, without being able to help him to the means of revenge. There seemed to be a great and unnatural change in Philip, who, of a mild and sober young prince, became a libidinous and cruel tyrant: but in fact, it was not a change of disposition, it was only discovering in a time of full security, the vices which his fears had long concealed. That his regard for Aratus had originally a great mixture of fear and reverence, appeared even in the method he took to destroy him. For though he was very desirous of effecting that cruel purpose, because he neither looked upon himself as an absolute prince, or a king, or even a freeman, while Aratus lived, yet he would not attempt anything against him in the way of open force, but desired Phaurion, one of his friends and generals, to take him off in a private manner in his absence. At the same time he recommended poison. That officer accordingly having formed an acquaintance with him, gave him a dose, not of a sharp or violent kind, but such a one as causes lingering heats and a slight cough and gradually brings the body to decay. Aratus was not ignorant of the cause of his disorder, but knowing that it availed nothing to discover it to the world, he bore it quietly and in silence, as if it had been an ordinary distemper. Indeed, when one of his friends came to visit him in his chamber, and expressed his surprise at seeing him spit blood, he said, "Such, Cephalon, are the fruits of royal friendship."

Thus died Aratus at Ægium, after he had been seventeen times general of the Achæans. That people were desirous of having him buried there, and would have thought it an honour to give him a magnificent funeral, and a monument worthy of his life and character. But the Sicyonians considered it as a misfortune to have him interred anywhere but amongst them and therefore persuaded the Achæans to leave the disposal of his body entirely to them. As there was an ancient law that had been observed with religious care, against burying any person within their walls, and they were afraid to transgress it on this occasion, they sent to inquire of the priestess of Apollo at Delphi, and she returned this answer—

Seek you what funeral honours you shall pay
To your departed prince, the small reward
For liberty restored and glory won?
Bid Sicyon, fearless, rear the sacred tomb.
For the vile tongue that dares with impious breath
Offend Aratus, blasts the face of Nature,
Pours horror on the earth, the seas, and skies.

This oracle gave great joy to all the Achæans, particularly the people of Sicyon. They changed the day of mourning into a festival, and adorning themselves with garlands and white robes, brought the corpse with songs and dances from Ægium to Sicyon. There they selected the most conspicuous ground, and interred him as the founder and deliverer of their city. The place is still called *Aratium;* and there they offer two yearly sacrifices, the one on the fifth of the month Dæsius—the Athenians call it Anthesterion (Feb.)—which was the day he delivered the city from the yoke of tyrants, and on which occasion they call the festival *Soteria;* the other on his birth-day. The first sacrifice was offered by the priest of Jupiter *the Preserver*, and the second by the son of Aratus, who, on that occasion, wore a girdle, not entirely white but half purple. The music was sung to the harp by the choir that belonged to the theatre. The procession was led up by the master of the *Gymnasium*, at the head of the boys and young men; the senate followed crowned with flowers, and such of the other citizens as chose to attend. Some small marks of the ceremonies observed on those days still remain, but the greatest part is worn out by time and other circumstances.

Such was the life and character that history has given us of the elder Aratus. And as to the younger, Philip, who was naturally wicked, and delighted to add insolence to cruelty, gave him potions, not of the deadly kind, but such as deprived him of his reason; insomuch that he took up inclinations that were shocking and monstrous, and delighted in things that not only dishonoured but destroyed him. Death, therefore, which took him in the flower of his age, was considered not as a misfortune, but a deliverance. The vengeance, however, of Jupiter, the patron of hospitality and friendship, visited Philip for his breach of both, and pursued him through life; for he was beaten by the Romans, and forced to yield himself to their discretion; in consequence of which, he was stripped of all the provinces he had conquered, gave up all his ships, except five, obliged himself to pay 1000 talents, and deliver his son as a hostage. He even held Macedonia and its dependencies only at the mercy of the conquerors. Amidst all these misfortunes, he was possessed only of one blessing—a son of superior virtue—and him he put to death in his envy and jealousy of the honours the Romans paid him. He left his crown to his other son, Perseus, who was believed not to be his, but a supposititious child, born of a sempstress named Gnothænium. It was over him that Paulus Æmilius triumphed, and in him ended the royal race of Antigonus; whereas the posterity of Aratus remained to our days, and still continues in Sicyon and Pellene.

PYRRHUS.

SOME historians write, that Phæton was the first king after the deluge who reigned over the Thresprotians and Molossians, and that he was one of those who came with Pelasgus into Epirus. Others say, that Deucalion and Pyrrha, after they had built the temple of Dodona,[1] settled among the Molossians. In after times Neoptolemus,[2] the son of Achilles, taking his people with him, possessed himself of the country, and left a succession of kings after him, called *Pyrrhidæ;* for in his infancy he was called Pyrrhus; and he gave that name to one of his legitimate sons whom he had by Lanassa, the daughter of Cleodes, son of Hyllus. From that time Achilles had divine honours in Epirus, being styled there Aspetos (*i.e.* the Inimitable). After these first kings, those that followed became entirely barbarous, and both their power and their actions sunk into the utmost obscurity. Tharrytas is the first whom history mentions as remarkable for polishing and improving his cities with Grecian customs,[3] with letters and good laws. Alcetas was the son of Tharrytas, Arybas of Alcetas; and of Arybas and Troias his queen was born Æacides. He married Phthia, the daughter of Menon the Thessalian, who acquired great reputation in the Lamian war, and, next to Leosthenes, was the most considerable of the confederates. By Phthia, Æacides had two daughters named Deidamia and Troias, and a son named Pyrrhus.

But the Molossians, rising against Æacides, deposed him, and brought in the sons of Neoptolemus.[4] On this occasion the friends of Æacides were taken and slain: only Androclides and Angelus escaped with his infant son, though he was much sought after by his enemies, and carried him off with his nurses and a few necessary attendants. His train rendered their flight difficult and slow, so that they were soon overtaken. In this extremity they put the child in the hands of Androcleon, Hippias, and Neander, three active young men whom they could depend upon, and ordered them to make the best of their way to Megaræ, a town in Macedonia; while they themselves, partly by entreaty and partly by force, stopped the course of the pursuers till evening; when, having with much difficulty got clear of them, they hastened to join those who carried the young prince. At sunset they thought themselves near the summit of their hopes, but they met with a sudden disappointment. When they came to the river that runs by the town, it looked rough and dreadful; and upon trial, they found it absolutely unfordable; for the current being swelled by the late rains, was very high and boisterous, and darkness added to the horror. They now despaired of getting the child and his nurses over without some other assistance, when, perceiving some of the inhabitants of the place on the other side, they begged of them to assist their passage, and held up Pyrrhus towards them. But though they called out loud and entreated earnestly, the stream ran so rapidly and made such a roaring, that they could not be heard. Some time was spent, while they were crying out on one side, and listening to no purpose on the other. At last one of Pyrrhus's company thought of peeling off a piece of oak bark, and of expressing upon it, with the tongue of a buckle, the necessities and fortunes of the child. Accordingly he put this in execution, and having rolled the piece of bark about a stone, which was made use of to give force to the motion, he threw it on the other side. Some say he bound it fast to a javelin and darted it over. When the people on the other side had read it, and saw there was not a moment to lose, they cut down trees and made a raft of them, and crossed the river upon it. It happened that the first man who reached the bank was named Achilles. He took Pyrrhus in his arms and conveyed him over, while his companions performed the same service for his followers.

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[1] Probably it was only a druidical kind of temple.

[2] Between Deucalion's flood and the times of Neoptolemus, there was a space of about 340 years.

[3] Justin does not ascribe the civilizing of the Molossians to Tharrytas, but to Arybas the son of Alcetas I., who had himself been polished and humanized by his education at Athens.

[4] This Neoptolemus was the brother of Arybas.

Pyrrhus and his train, having thus got safe over and escaped the pursuers, continued their route, till they arrived at the court of Glaucias, king of Illyria. They found the king sitting in his palace with the queen, his consort,[1] and laid the child at his feet in the posture of a suppliant. The king, who stood in fear of Cassander, the enemy of Æacides, remained a long time silent, considering what part he should act. While Pyrrhus, of his own accord creeping closer to him, took hold of his robe, and raising himself up to his knees, by this action first excited a smile and afterwards compassion; for he thought he saw a petitioner before him begging his protection with tears. Some say it was not Glaucias, but the altar of the domestic gods which he approached, and that he raised himself up by embracing it, from which it appeared to Glaucias that heaven interested itself in the infant's favour. For this reason he put him immediately in the hands of the queen, and ordered her to bring him up with his own children. His enemies demanding him soon after, and Cassander offering 200 talents to have him delivered up, Glaucias refused to do it; and when he came to be twelve years old, conducted him into Epirus at the head of an army, and placed him upon the throne.

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[1] Justin calls this princess Beroa, and says she was of the family of the Æacidæ, which must have been the reason of their seeking refuge for Pyrrhus in that court.

Pyrrhus had an air of majesty rather terrible than august. *Instead of teeth in his upper jaw he had one continued bone, marked with small lines resembling the divisions of a row of teeth.* It was believed that he cured the swelling of the spleen by sacrificing a white cock, and with his right foot gently pressing the part affected, the patients lying upon their backs for that purpose. There was no person, however poor or mean, refused this relief if requested. He received no reward, except the cock for sacrifice, and this present was very agreeable to him. It is also said, that the great toe of that foot had a divine virtue in it, for after his death, when the rest of his body was consumed, that toe was found entire and untouched by the flames.

When he was about 17 years of age, and seemed to be quite established in his kingdom, he happened to be called out of his own territories to attend the nuptials of one of Glaucias's sons, with whom he had been educated. On this occasion the Molossians, revolting again, drove out his friends, pillaged his treasures, and put themselves once more under Neoptolemus. Pyrrhus having thus lost the crown, and being in want of everything, applied himself to Demetrius, the son of Antigonus, who had married his sister Deidamia. That princess, when very young, had been promised to Alexander, the son of Roxana (by Alexander the Great); but that family being unfortunately cut off, she was given, when she came to be marriageable, to Demetrius. In the great battle of Ipsus, where all the kings of the earth were engaged,[1] Pyrrhus accompanied Demetrius; and, though but young, bore down all before him, and highly distinguished himself among the combatants. Nor did he forsake Demetrius when unsuccessful, but kept for him those cities of Greece with which he was entrusted; and when the treaty was concluded with Ptolemy, he went to Egypt as a hostage. There, both in hunting and other exercises, he gave Ptolemy proofs of his strength and indefatigable abilities. Observing that among Ptolemy's wives Berenice was she who had the greatest power, and was most eminent for virtue and understanding, he attached himself most to her; for he had a particular art of making his court to the great, while he overlooked those that were below him. And as in his whole conduct he paid great attention to decency, temperance, and prudence, Antigone, who was daughter to Berenice by her first husband Philip, was given him, in preference to many other young princes.

On this account he was held in greater honour than ever; and Antigone proving an excellent wife, procured him men and money, which enabled him to recover his kingdom of Epirus. At his arrival there, his subjects received him with open arms, for

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[1] He says all the kings of the earth were engaged, because Lysimachus, Seleucus, Ptolemy, Cassander, Antigonus, and Demetrius were there in person. The battle was fought B.C. 300.

Neoptolemus was become obnoxious to the people, by reason of his arbitrary and tyrannical government. Nevertheless, Pyrrhus, apprehending that Neoptolemus might have recourse to some of the other kings, came to an agreement with him, and associated him in the kingdom. But in process of time there were some who privately sowed dissension and jealousies between them. Pyrrhus's chief quarrel with Neoptolemus is said to have taken its rise as follows: It had been a custom for the kings of Epirus to hold an assembly at Passaron, a place in the province of the Molossians; where, after sacrificing to Jupiter *the warrior*, mutual oaths were taken by them and their subjects. The kings were sworn *to govern according to law*, and the people, *to defend the crown according to law*. Both the kings met on this occasion, attended by their friends, and after the ceremony great presents were made on all sides. Gelon, who was very cordially attached to Neoptolemus, among the rest, paid his respects to Pyrrhus, and made him a present of two yoke of oxen.[1] Myrtilus, one of this prince's cupbearers, begged them of him; but Pyrrhus refused him, and gave them to another. Gelon perceiving that Myrtilus took the disappointment extremely ill, invited him to sup with him. After supper he solicited him to embrace the interest of Neoptolemus, and to poison Pyrrhus. Myrtilus seemed to listen to his suggestions with satisfaction, but discovered the whole to his master. Then, by his order, he introduced to Gelon the chief cupbearer Alexicrates, as a person who was willing to enter into the conspiracy; for Pyrrhus was desirous to have more than one witness to so black an enterprise. Gelon being thus deceived, Neoptolemus was deceived with him; and, thinking the affair in great forwardness, could not contain himself, but in the excess of his joy mentioned it to his friends. One evening, in particular, being at supper with his sister Cadmia, he discovered the whole design, thinking nobody else within hearing. And, indeed, there was none in the room but Phænarete the wife of Samon, chief keeper of Neoptolemus's cattle; and she lay upon a couch with her face turned towards the wall, and seemed to be asleep. She heard, however, the whole without being suspected, and went the next day to Antigone, the wife of Pyrrhus, and related to her all that she had heard Neoptolemus say to his sister. This was immediately laid before Pyrrhus, who took no notice of it for the present. But, on occasion of a solemn sacrifice, he invited Neoptolemus to supper, and took that opportunity to kill him. For he was well assured that all the leading men in Epirus were strongly attached to him, and wanted him to remove Neoptolemus out of the way; that, no longer satisfied with a small share of the kingdom, he might possess himself of the whole, and, by following his genius, rise to great attempts. And, as they had now a strong suspicion besides, that Neoptolemus was practising against him, they thought this was the time to prevent him by giving him the fatal blow.

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[1] This present was characteristic of the simplicity of ancient times.

In acknowledgment of the obligations he had to Berenice and Ptolemy, he named his son by Antigone *Ptolemy*, and called the city which he built in the Chersonese of Epirus, Berenicia. From this time he began to conceive many great designs, but his first hopes laid hold of all that was near home, and he found a plausible pretence to concern himself in the affairs of Macedonia. Antipater, the eldest son of Cassander, had killed his mother Thessalonica, and expelled his brother Alexander. Alexander sent to Demetrius for succour, and implored likewise the assistance of Pyrrhus. Demetrius, having many affairs upon his hands, could not presently comply; but Pyrrhus came and demanded, as the reward of his services, the city of Nymphæa,[1] and all the maritime coast of Macedonia, together with Ambracia, Acarnania, and Amphilocia, which were some of the countries that did not originally belong to the kingdom of Macedon. The young prince agreeing to the conditions, Pyrrhus possessed himself of these countries, and secured them with his garrisons; after which, he went on conquering the rest for Alexander, and driving Antipater before him.

King Lysimachus was well inclined to give Antipater assistance, but he was so much engaged with his own affairs, that he could not find time for it. Recollecting, however, that Pyrrhus would refuse nothing to his friend Ptolemy, he forged letters in Ptolemy's name, enjoining him to evacuate Macedonia, and to be satisfied with 300 talents from Antipater. But Pyrrhus no sooner opened the letters than he perceived the forgery. For instead of the customary salutation, *The father to his son greeting*, they began with *King Ptolemy to King Pyrrhus greeting*. He inveighed against Lysimachus for the fraud, but listened, notwithstanding, to proposals of peace; and the three princes met to offer sacrifices on the occasion, and to swear upon the altar to the articles. A boar, a bull, and a ram being led up as victims, the ram dropped down dead of himself. The rest of the company laughed at the accident; but Theodotus the diviner advised Pyrrhus not to swear, declaring that the Deity presignified the death of one of the kings; upon which he refused to ratify the peace.

Alexander's affairs were thus advantageously settled;[2] nevertheless Demetrius came. But it soon appeared that he came now unrequested, and that his presence excited rather fear than gratitude. When they had been a few days together, in mutual distrust they laid snares for each other; but Demetrius finding the first opportunity, was beforehand with Alexander, killed him, and got himself proclaimed king of Macedon.

He had for a long time had subjects of complaint against Pyrrhus, on account of the inroads which he had made into Thessaly. Besides, that *ambition to extend their dominions*, which *is a distemper*

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[1] Dacier thinks Apollonia might be called Nymphæa from Nymphæum, a celebrated rock in its neighbourhood. Palmerius would read Tymphæa, that being the name of a town in those parts. There was a city called Nymphæum in the Tauric Chersonesus, but that could not be meant here.

[2] Alexander was murdered soon after.

natural to kings, rendered their neighbourhood mutually alarming. These jealousies increased after the death of Deidamia. At last, each having possessed himself of part of Macedonia, and having one object in view, the gaining of the whole, this produced of course new causes of contention. Demetrius marched against the Ætolians and reduced them. After which he left Pantauchus among them with a considerable force, and went himself to seek Pyrrhus. Pyrrhus, as soon as he was apprised of his design, went to meet him; but taking a wrong route, they inadvertently passed each other. Demetrius entered Epirus, and committed great ravages; and Pyrrhus, falling in with Pantauchus, gave him battle. The dispute was warm and obstinate on both sides, especially where the generals fought. For Pantauchus, who in dexterity, courage, and strength, stood foremost among the officers of Demetrius, and withal was a man of a high and ambitious spirit, challenged Pyrrhus to the combat. And Pyrrhus, who was behind none of the princes of his time in valour and renown, and who was desirous to appropriate to himself the honours of Achilles, rather by his sword than by kindred, advanced through the first lines against Pantauchus. They began with the javelin; and then coming to the sword, exhausted all that art or strength could supply. Pyrrhus received one wound, and gave his adversary two, one in the thigh, and the other in the neck, by which he overpowered him, and brought him to the ground; but could not kill him outright, because he was rescued by his friends. The Epirots, elated with their prince's victory, and admiring his valour, broke into and dispersed the Macedonian phalanx, and pursuing the fugitives, killed great numbers of them, and took 5000 prisoners.

This battle did not so much excite the resentment and hatred of the Macedonians against Pyrrhus for what they suffered, as it inspired them with an esteem of his abilities and admiration of his valour. This furnished subject of discourse to all those who were witnesses of his exploits, or were engaged against him in the action. For he recalled to their minds the countenance, the swiftness, and motion of Alexander the Great: in Pyrrhus they thought they saw the very image of his force and impetuosity. And while the other kings represented that hero only in their purple robes, in the number of guards, the bend of the neck, and the lofty manner of speaking, the king of Epirus represented him in deeds of arms and personal achievements. And of his great skill in ordering and drawing up an army, we have proofs in the writings he left behind him. It is also said, that Antigonus being asked, "Who was the greatest general?" answered, "Pyrrhus would be, if he lived to be old." Antigonus, indeed, spoke only of the generals of his time; but Hannibal said that, of all the world had ever beheld, the first in genius and skill was Pyrrhus, Scipio the second, and himself the third: as we have written in the life of Scipio.[1] This was the only science he applied himself to; this was the subject of his thoughts and conversation; for he considered it as a royal study, and looked upon other arts as mere trifling amusements. And it is reported that when he was asked, "Whether he thought Python or Cæphisias the best musician?" "Polyperchon," said he, "is the general;" intimating that this was the only point which it became a king to inquire into or know.

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[1] This is differently related in the life of Flaminius. There it is said that Hannibal placed Alexander first, Pyrrhus second, and himself the third.

In the intercourse of life he was mild and not easily provoked, but ardent and quick to repay a kindness. For this reason he was greatly afflicted at the death of Æropus. "His friend," he said, "had only paid the tribute to nature, but he blamed and reproached himself for putting off his acknowledgments, till, by these delays, he had lost the opportunity of making any return. For those that owe money can pay it to the heirs of the deceased; but when a return of kindnesses is not made to a person in his lifetime, it grieves the heart that has any goodness and honour in it." When some advised him to banish a certain ill-tongued Ambracian, who abused him behind his back—"Let the fellow stay here," said he, "and speak against me to a few, rather than ramble about, and give me a bad character to all the world." And some young men having taken great liberties with his character in their cups, and being afterwards brought to answer for it, he asked them "Whether they really had said such things?" "We did, sir," answered one of them, "and should have said a great deal more if we had had more wine;" upon which he laughed and dismissed them.

After the death of Antigone, *he married several wives for the purposes of interest and power*—namely, the daughter of Autoleon, king of the Pæonians; Bircenna, the daughter of Bardyllis, king of the Illyrians; and Lanassa, the daughter of Agathocles of Syracuse, who brought him in dowry the isle of Corcyra, which her father had taken. By Antigone he had a son named Ptolemy; by Lanassa he had Alexander; and by Bircenna, his youngest son Helenus. All these princes had naturally a turn for war, and he quickened their martial ardour by giving them a suitable education from their infancy. For it is said, when he was asked by one of them, who was yet a child, "To which of them he would leave his kingdom?" he said, "To him who has the sharpest sword." This was very like that tragical legacy of Œdipus to his sons—

The sword's keen point the inheritance shall part.[1]

After the battle Pyrrhus returned home distinguished with glory, and still more elevated in his sentiments. The Epirots having given him on this occasion the name of Eagle, he said, "If I am an eagle, you have made me one; for it is upon your arms, upon your wings, that I have risen so high."

Soon after, having intelligence that Demetrius lay dangerously ill, he suddenly entered Macedonia,[2] intending only an inroad to pillage the country. But he was very near seizing the whole, and taking the kingdom without a blow. For he pushed forward as far as Edessa without meeting with any resistance; on the contrary, many of the inhabitants repaired to his camp and joined him. The danger awaked Demetrius, and made him act above his strength. His friends, too, and officers quickly assembled a good body of troops, and moved forward with great spirit and vigour against Pyrrhus. But as he came only with a design to plunder, he did not stand to receive them. He lost, however, a considerable number of men in his retreat, for the Macedonians harassed his rear all the way.

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[1] Phenissæ Euripides, ver. 68.

[2] In the third year of Olympiad 123, B.C. 284.

Demetrius, though he had driven out Pyrrhus with so much ease, was far from slighting and despising him afterwards. But as he meditated great things, and had determined to attempt the recovery of his paternal kingdom with an army of 100,000 men and 500 sail of ship, he thought it not prudent either to embroil himself with Pyrrhus, or to leave behind him so dangerous a neighbour. And as he was not at leisure to continue the war with him, he concluded a peace that he might turn his arms with more security against the other kings.[1] The designs of Demetrius were soon discovered by this peace, and by the greatness of his preparations. The kings were alarmed, and sent ambassadors to Pyrrhus, with letters expressing their astonishment that he neglected his opportunity to make war upon Demetrius. They represented with how much ease he might drive him out of Macedonia, thus engaged as he was in many troublesome enterprises; instead of which, he waited till Demetrius had despatched all his other affairs, and was grown so much more powerful as to be able to bring the war to his own doors and to put him under the necessity of fighting for the altars of his gods and the sepulchres of his ancestors in Molossia itself; and this too, when he had just been deprived by Demetrius of the isle of Corcyra, together with his wife. For Lanassa having her complaints against Pyrrhus, for paying more attention to his other wives, though barbarians, than to her, had retired to Corcyra; and wanting to marry another king, invited Demetrius to receive her hand, knowing him to be more inclined to marriage than any of the neighbouring princes. Accordingly he sailed to the island, married Lanassa, and left a garrison in the city.

The kings, at the same time that they wrote these letters to Pyrrhus, took the field themselves to harass Demetrius, who delayed his expedition and continued his preparations. Ptolemy put to sea with a great fleet, and drew off many of the Grecian cities. Lysimachus entered the upper Macedonia from Thrace, and ravaged the country. And Pyrrhus taking up arms at the same time, marched against Berœa, expecting that Demetrius would go to meet Lysimachus, and leave the lower Macedonia unguarded, which fell out accordingly. The night before he set out, he dreamed that Alexander the Great had called him, and that when he came to him, he found him sick in bed, but was received with many obliging expressions of friendship, and a promise of sudden assistance. Pyrrhus said, "How can you, sir, who are sick, be able to assist me?" Alexander answered, "I will do it with my name;" and, at the same time, he mounted a Nisæan horse,[1] and seemed to lead the way.

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[1] Seleucus, Ptolemy, and Lysimachus

Pyrrhus, greatly encouraged by this vision, advanced with the utmost expedition, and having traversed the intermediate countries, came before Berœa and took it. There he fixed his head-quarters, and reduced the other cities by his generals. When Demetrius received intelligence of this, and perceived, moreover, a spirit of mutiny among the Macedonians in his camp, he was afraid to proceed farther, lest, when they came in sight of a Macedonian prince, and one of an illustrious character too, they should revolt to him. He, therefore, turned back, and led them against Pyrrhus, who was a stranger, and the object of their hatred. Upon his encamping near Berœa, many inhabitants of that place mixed with his soldiers, and highly extolled Pyrrhus. They represented him as a man invincible in arms, of uncommon magnanimity, and one who treated those who fell into his hands with great gentleness and humanity. There were also some of Pyrrhus's emissaries, who, pretending themselves Macedonians, observed to Demetrius's men, that then was the time to get free from his cruel yoke, and to embrace the interest of Pyrrhus, who was a popular man and who loved a soldier. After this, the greatest part of the army was in a ferment, and they cast their eyes around for Pyrrhus. It happened that he was then without his helmet; but, recollecting himself, he soon put it on again, and was immediately known by his lofty plume and his crest of goat's horns.[2] Many of the Macedonians now ran to him, and begged him to give them the word; while others crowned themselves with branches of oak, because they saw them worn by his men. Some had even the confidence to tell Demetrius, that the most prudent part he could take would be to withdraw and lay down the government. As he found the motions of the army agreeable to this sort of discourse, he was terrified and made off privately, disguised in a mean cloak and a common Macedonian hat. Pyrrhus upon this became master of the camp without striking a blow, and was proclaimed king of Macedonia.

Lysimachus made his appearance soon after, and pretending that he had contributed equally to the flight of Demetrius, demanded his share of the kingdom. Pyrrhus, as he thought himself not sufficiently established among the Macedonians, but rather in a dubious situation, accepted the proposal, and they divided the cities and provinces between them. This partition seemed to be of service for the present, and prevented their going directly to war;

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[1] Nisæa was a province near the Caspian Sea, which, Strabo tells us, was famous for its breed of horses. The kings of Persia used to provide themselves there. STRABO lib xi.

[2] Alexander the Great is represented on his medals with such a crest. The goat, indeed, was the symbol of the kingdom of Macedon. The prophet Daniel uses it as such. The original of that symbol may be found in Justin.

but soon after, they found it the beginning of perpetual complaints and quarrels instead of a perfect reconciliation; for how is it possible that they whose ambition is not to be terminated by seas and mountains and uninhabitable deserts, whose thirst of dominion is not to be confined by the bounds that part Europe and Asia, should, when so near each other, and joined in one lot, sit down contented and abstain from mutual injuries? Undoubtedly they are always at war in their hearts, having the seeds of perfidy and envy there. As for the names of Peace and War, they apply them occasionally, like money, to their use, not to the purposes of justice. And they act with much more probity when they professedly make war, than when they sanctify a short truce and cession of mutual injuries with the names of justice and friendship. Pyrrhus was a proof of this. For, opposing Demetrius again when his affairs began to be a little re-established, and checking his power, which seemed to be recovering, as if it were from a great illness, he marched to the assistance of the Grecians, and went in person to Athens. He ascended into the citadel, and sacrificed to the goddess; after which he came down into the city the same day, and thus addressed the people—"I think myself happy in this testimony of the kind regard of the Athenians, and of the confidence they put in me. I advise them, however, as they tender their safety, never to admit another king within their walls, but to shut their gates against all that shall desire it."[1]

Soon after this he concluded a peace with Demetrius; and yet Demetrius was no sooner passed into Asia, than Pyrrhus, at the instigation of Lysimachus, drew off Thessaly from its allegiance, and attacked his garrisons in Greece. He found, indeed, the Macedonians better subjects in time of war than in peace, besides that he himself was more fit for action than repose. At last Demetrius being entirely defeated in Syria, Lysimachus, who had nothing to fear from that quarter, nor any other affairs to engage him, immediately turned his forces against Pyrrhus, who lay in quarters at Edessa. Upon his arrival he fell upon one of the king's convoys, and took it, by which he greatly distressed his troops for want of provisions. Besides this, he corrupted the principal Macedonians by his letters and emissaries, reproaching them for choosing for their sovereign a stranger whose ancestors had always been subject to the Macedonians, while they expelled the friends and companions of Alexander. As the majority listened to these suggestions, Pyrrhus, fearing the event, withdrew with his Epirots and auxiliary forces, and so lost Macedonia in the same manner he had gained it. Kings, therefore, have no reason to blame the people for changing for interest, since in that they do but imitate their masters, who are patterns of treachery and perfidiousness, and who think that man most capable of serving them who pays the least regard to honesty.

When Pyrrhus had thus retired into Epirus, and left Macedonia, he had a fair occasion given him by fortune to enjoy himself in quiet and to govern his own kingdom in peace. But he was persuaded, that neither to annoy others nor to be annoyed by them was a life unsufferably languishing and tedious. Like Achilles, he could not endure inaction;

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[1] The Athenians followed his advice, and drove out Demetrius's garrison.

He pined in dull repose: his heart indignant
Bade the scene change to war, to wounds, and death.

His anxiety for fresh employment was relieved as follows:—The Romans were then at war with the Tarentines. The latter were not able to support the dispute, and yet the bold and turbulent harangues of their leading men would not suffer them to put an end to it. They resolved, therefore, to call in Pyrrhus, and put their forces under his command; there being no other prince who had then so much leisure, or was so able a general. The oldest and most sensible of the citizens opposed this measure, but were overborne by the noise and violence of the multitude; and when they saw this, they no longer attended in assemblies. But there was a worthy man named Meton, who, on the day that the decree was to be ratified, after the people had taken their seats, came into the assembly with an air of *intoxication, having, like persons in that condition, a withered garland upon his head, a torch in his hand, and a woman playing on the flute before him.* As no decorum can well be observed by a crowd of people in a free state, some clapped their hands, others laughed, but nobody pretended to stop him. On the contrary, they called upon the woman to play, and him to come forward and sing. Silence being made, he said, "Men of Tarentum, you do extremely well to suffer those who have a mind to it, to play and be merry while they may; and if you are wise, you will all now enjoy the same liberty, for you must have other business and other kind of life when Pyrrhus once enters your city." This address made a great impression upon the Tarentines, and a whisper of assent ran through the assembly. But some, fearing that they should be delivered up to the Romans if peace were made, reproached the people with so tamely suffering themselves to be made a jest of, and insulted by a drunkard; and then, turning upon Meton, they thrust him out. The decree thus being confirmed, they sent ambassadors to Epirus, not only in the name of the Tarentines, but of the other Greeks in Italy, with presents to Pyrrhus, and orders to tell him, "That they wanted a general of ability and character. As for troops, he would find a large supply of them upon the spot, from the Lucanians, the Messapians, the Samnites, and Tarentines, to the amount of 20,000 horse and 350,000 foot." These promises not only elevated Pyrrhus but raised in the Epirots a strong inclination to the war.

There was then at the court of Pyrrhus a Thessalian named Cineas, a man of sound sense, and who, having been a disciple of Demosthenes, was the only orator of his time that presented his hearers with a lively image of the force and spirit of that great master. This man had devoted himself to Pyrrhus, and in all the embassies he was employed in, confirmed that saying of Euripides,

> The gates that steel exclude, resistless eloquence shall enter.

This made Pyrrhus say, "That Cineas had gained him more cities by his address, than he had won by his arms;" and he continued to heap honours and employments upon him. Cineas now seeing Pyrrhus intent upon his preparations for Italy, took an opportunity, when he saw him at leisure, to draw him into the following conversation:—"The Romans have the reputation of being excellent soldiers, and have the command of many warlike nations: if it please Heaven that we conquer them, what use, sir, shall we make of our victory?" "Cineas," replied the king,"your question answers itself. When the Romans are once subdued, there is no town, whether Greek or barbarian, in all the country, that will dare oppose us; but we shall immediately be masters of all Italy, whose greatness, power, and importance no man knows better than you." Cineas, after a short pause, continued, "But after we have conquered Italy, what shall we do next, sir?" Pyrrhus not yet perceiving his drift, replied, "There is Sicily very near, and stretches out her arms to receive us; a fruitful and populous island, and easy to be taken. For Agathocles was no sooner gone, than faction and anarchy prevailed among her cities, and every thing is kept in confusion by her turbulent demagogues." "What you say, my prince," said Cineas, "is very probable; but is the taking of Sicily to conclude our expeditions?" "Far from it," answered Pyrrhus; "for if Heaven grant us success in this, that success shall only be the prelude to greater things. Who can forbear Libya and Carthage, then within reach? which Agathocles, even when he fled in a clandestine manner from Syracuse, and crossed the sea with a few ships only, had almost made himself master of. And when we have made such conquest, who can pretend to say, that any of our enemies, who are now so insolent, will think of resisting us?" "To be sure," said Cineas, "they will not; for it is clear that so much power will enable you to recover Macedonia, and to establish yourself uncontested sovereign of Greece. But when we have conquered all, what are we to do then?" "Why, then, my friend," said Pyrrhus, laughing, "we will take our ease, and drink and be merry." Cineas, having brought him thus far, replied, "And what hinders us from drinking and taking our ease now, when we have already those things in our hands, at which we propose to arrive through seas of blood, through infinite toils and dangers, through innumerable calamities which we must both cause and suffer?"

This discourse of Cineas gave Pyrrhus pain, but produced no reformation. He saw the certain happiness which he gave up, but was not able to forego the hopes that flattered his desires. In the first place, therefore, he sent Cineas to Tarentum with 3000 foot, from whence there arrived, soon after, a great number of galleys, transports, and flat-bottomed boats, on board of which he put 20 elephants, 3000 horse, 20,000 foot, 2000 archers, and 500 slingers. When all was ready, he set sail; but as soon as he was got into the midst of the Ionian, he was attacked by a violent wind at N., which was unusual at that season. The storm raged terribly, but by the skill and extraordinary efforts of his pilots and mariners, his ship made the Italian shore, with infinite labour and beyond all expectation. The rest of the fleet could not hold their course, but were dispersed far and wide. Some of the ships were quite beaten off from the coast of Italy, and driven into the Libyan and Sicilian sea; others, not being able to double the cape of Japygia, were overtaken by the night; and a great and boisterous sea driving them upon a difficult and rocky shore, they were all in the utmost distress. The king's ship indeed, by its size and strength, resisted the force of the waves while the wind blew from the sea, but that coming about and blowing directly from the shore, the ship, as she stood with her head against it, was in danger of opening by the shocks she received. And yet to be driven off again into a tempestuous sea, while the wind continually shifted from point to point, seemed the most dreadful case of all. In this extremity, Pyrrhus threw himself overboard, and was immediately followed by his friends and guards, who strove which should give him the best assistance. But the darkness of the night, and the roaring and resistance of the waves which beat upon the shore, and were driven back with equal violence, rendered it extremely difficult to save him. At last, by daybreak, the wind being considerably fallen, with much trouble he got ashore, greatly weakened in body, but with a strength and firmness of mind which bravely combated the distress. At the same time the Messapians, on whose coast he was cast, ran down to give him all the succour in their power. They also met with some other of his vessels that had weathered the storm, in which were a small number of horse, not quite 2000 foot, and two elephants. With these Pyrrhus marched to Tarentum.

When Cineas was informed of this, he drew out his forces, and went to meet him. Pyrrhus, upon his arrival at Tarentum, did not choose to have recourse to compulsion at first, nor to do anything against the inclination of the inhabitants, till his ships were safely arrived, and the greatest part of his forces collected. But, after this, seeing the Tarentines, so far from being in a condition to defend others, that they would not even defend themselves, except they were driven to it by necessity; and that *they sat still at home, and spent their time about the baths or in feasting and idle talk, as expecting that he would fight for them;* he shut up the places of exercise and the walks, where they used, as they sauntered along, to conduct the war with words. He also put a stop to their unseasonable entertainments, revels, and diversions. Instead of these, he called them to arms, and in his musters and reviews was severe and inexorable; so that many of them quitted the place; for, *being unaccustomed to be under command, they called that a slavery which was not a life of pleasure.*

He now received intelligence that Lævinus, the Roman consul, was coming against him with a great army, and ravaging Lucania by the way. And though the confederates were not come up, yet, looking upon it as a disgrace to sit still and see the enemy approach still nearer, he took the field with the troops he had. But first he sent a herald to the Romans, with proposals, before they came to extremities, to terminate their differences amicably with the Greeks in Italy, by taking him for the mediator and umpire. Lævinus answered, "That the Romans neither accepted Pyrrhus as a mediator nor feared him as an enemy." Whereupon, he marched forward, and encamped upon the plain between the cities of Pandosia and Heraclea; and having notice that the Romans were near, and lay on the other side of the river Siris, he rode up to the river to take a view of them. When he saw the order of their troops, the appointment of their watches, and the regularity of their whole encampment, he was struck with admiration, and said to a friend who was by, "Megacles, the disposition of these barbarians has nothing of the barbarian in it; we shall see whether the rest will answer it." He now became solicitous for the event, and determining to wait for the allies, set a guard upon the river to oppose the Romans if they should endeavour to pass it. The Romans, on their part, hastening to prevent the coming up of those forces which he had resolved to wait for, attempted the passage. The infantry took to the fords, and the cavalry got over wherever they could, so that the Greeks were afraid of being surrounded, and retreated to their main body.

Pyrrhus, greatly concerned at this, ordered his foot-officers to draw up the forces, and to stand to their arms; while he advanced with the horse, who were about 3000, in hopes of finding the Romans yet busied in the passage, and dispersed without any order. But when he saw a great number of shields glittering above the water, and the horse preserving their ranks as they passed, he closed his own ranks and began the attack. Besides his being distinguished by the beauty and lustre of his arms, which were of very curious fabric, he performed acts of valour worthy the great reputation he had acquired. For, though he exposed his person in the hottest of the engagement, and charged with the greatest vigour, he was never in the least disturbed, nor lost his presence of mind; but gave his orders as coolly as if he had been out of the action, and moved to this side or that, as occasion required, to support his men where he saw them maintaining an unequal fight.

Leonatus of Macedon observed an Italian horseman very intent upon Pyrrhus, changing his post as he did, and regulating all his motions by his. Whereupon he rode up, and said to him, "Do you see, sir, that barbarian upon the black horse with white feet? He seems to meditate some great and dreadful design. He keeps you in his eye, full of fire and spirit; he singles you out, and takes no notice of anybody else. Therefore be on your guard against him." Pyrrhus answered, "It is impossible, Leonatus, to avoid our destiny. But neither this nor any other Italian shall have much satisfaction in engaging with me." While they were yet speaking, the Italian levelled his spear, and spurred his horse against Pyrrhus. He missed the king, but ran his horse through, as

Leonatus did the Italian's the same moment, so that both horses fell together. Pyrrhus was carried off by his friends, who gathered round him and killed the Italian, who fought to the very last. This brave man had the command of a troop of horse, Ferentum was the place of his birth, and his name Oplacus.

This made Pyrrhus more cautious. And now seeing his cavalry give ground, he sent his infantry orders to advance, and formed them as soon as they came up. Then giving his robe and his arms to Megacles, one of his friends, he disguised himself in his, and proceeded to the charge. The Romans received him with great firmness, and the success of the battle remained long undecided. It is even said, that each army was broken and gave way seven times, and rallied as often. He changed his arms very seasonably, for that saved his life; but at the same time it had nearly ruined his affairs, and lost him the victory. Many aimed at Megacles, but the man who first wounded him and brought him to the ground was named Dexous. Dexous seized his helmet and his robe, and rode up to Lævinus, shewing the spoils, and crying out that he had slain Pyrrhus. The spoils having passed from rank to rank, as it were in triumph, the Roman army shouted for joy, while that of the Greeks was struck with grief and consternation. This held till Pyrrhus, apprized of what had happened, rode about the army uncovered, stretching out his hand to his soldiers, and giving them to know him by his voice. At last the Romans were worsted, chiefly by means of the elephants. For the horses, before they came near them, were frightened, and ran back with their riders; and Pyrrhus commanding his Thessalian cavalry to fall upon them while in this disorder, they were routed with great slaughter. Dionysius writes, that near 15,000 Romans fell in this battle; but Hieronymus makes the number only 7000. On Pyrrhus's side, Dionysius says, there were 13,000 killed, Hieronymus not quite 4000. Among these, however, were the most valuable of his friends and officers, whose services he had made great use of, and in whom he had placed the highest confidence.

Pyrrhus immediately entered the Roman camp, which he found deserted. He gained over many cities which had been in alliance with Rome, and laid waste the territories of others. Nay, he advanced to within 37 miles of Rome itself. The Lucanians and the Samnites joined him after the battle, and were reproved for their delay, but it was plain that he was greatly elevated and delighted with having defeated so powerful an army of Romans with the assistance of the Tarentines only.

The Romans, on this occasion, did not take the command from Lævinus, though Caius Fabricius is reported to have said, "That the Romans were not overcome by the Epirots, but Lævinus by Pyrrhus;" intimating, that the defeat was owing to the inferiority of the general, not of his troops. Then raising new levies, filling up their legions, and talking in a lofty and menacing tone about the war, they struck Pyrrhus with amazement. He thought proper therefore, to send an embassy to them first, to try whether they were disposed to peace; being satisfied that to take the city, and make an absolute conquest, was an undertaking of too much difficulty to be effected by such an army as his was at that time, whereas, if he could bring them to terms of accommodation, and conclude a peace with them, it would be very glorious for him after such a victory.

Cineas, who was sent with this commission, applied to the great men, and sent them and their wives presents in his master's name. But they all refused them, the women as well as the men declaring, "That when Rome had publicly ratified a treaty with the king, they should then on their parts be ready to give him every mark of their friendship and respect." And though Cineas made a very engaging speech to the senate, and used many arguments to induce them to close with him, yet they lent not a willing ear to his propositions, notwithstanding that Pyrrhus offered to restore without ransom the prisoners he had made in the battle, and promised to assist them in the conquest of Italy, desiring nothing in return but their friendship for himself and security for the Tarentines. Some, indeed, seemed inclined to peace, urging that they had already lost a great battle, and had a still greater to expect, since Pyrrhus was joined by several nations in Italy. There was then an illustrious Roman, Appius Claudius by name, who, on account of his great age and the loss of his sight, had declined all attendance to public business. But when he heard of the embassy from Pyrrhus, and the report prevailed that the senate was going to vote for the peace, he could not contain himself, but ordered his servants to take him up, and carry him in his chair through the forum to the senate-house. When he was brought to the door, his sons and son-in-law received him, and led him into the senate. A respectful silence was observed by the whole body on his appearance; and he delivered his sentiments in the following terms: "Hitherto I have regarded my blindness as a misfortune; but now, Romans, I wish I had been as deaf as I am blind. For then I should not have heard of your shameful counsels and decrees, so ruinous to the glory of Rome. Where now are your speeches so much echoed about the world, that if Alexander the Great had come into Italy when we were young, and your fathers in the vigour of their age, he would not now be celebrated as invincible, but either by his flight or his fall would have added to the glory of Rome? You now show the vanity and folly of that boast, while you dread the Chaonians and Molossians, who were ever a prey to the Macedonians, and tremble at the name of Pyrrhus, who has all his life been paying his court to one of the guards of that Alexander. At present he wanders about Italy, not so much to succour the Greeks here as to avoid his enemies at home; and he promises to procure us the empire of this country with those forces which could not enable him to keep a small part of Macedonia. Do not expect, then, to get rid of him by entering into alliance with him. That step will only open a door to many invaders. For who is there that will not despise you, and think you an easy conquest, if Pyrrhus not only escapes unpunished for his insolence, but gains the Tarentines and Samnites as a reward for insulting the Romans?"

Appius had no sooner done speaking, than they voted unanimously for the war, and dismissed Cineas with this answer—"That when Pyrrhus had quitted Italy, they would enter upon a treaty of friendship and alliance with him if he desired it; but while he continued there in a hostile manner, they would prosecute the war against him with all their force, though he should have defeated a thousand Lævinuses."

It is said, that Cineas, while he was upon this business, took great pains to observe the manners of the Romans, and to examine into the nature of their government. And when he had learned what he desired by conversing with their great men, he made a faithful report of all to Pyrrhus; and told him, among the rest, "That the senate appeared to him an assembly of kings; and as to the people, they were so numerous, that he was afraid he had to do with a Lernæan hydra. For the Consul had already an army on foot twice as large as the former, and had left multitudes behind in Rome of a proper age for enlisting, and sufficient to form many such armies."

After this, Fabricius came ambassador to Pyrrhus to treat about the ransom and exchange of prisoners. Fabricius, as Cineas informed Pyrrhus, was highly valued by the Romans for his probity and martial abilities, but he was extremely poor. Pyrrhus received him with particular distinction, and privately offered him gold; not for any base purpose; but he begged him to accept of it as a pledge of friendship and hospitality. Fabricius refusing the present, Pyrrhus pressed him no farther; but the next day, wanting to surprise him, and knowing that he had never seen an elephant, he ordered the biggest he had to be armed and placed behind a curtain in the room where they were to be in conference. Accordingly this was done, and, upon a sign given, the curtain drawn; and the elephant raising his trunk over the head of Fabricius, made a horrid and frightful noise. Fabricius turned about without being in the least discomposed, and said to Pyrrhus smiling, "*Neither your gold yesterday, nor your beast to-day, has made any impression upon me.*"

In the evening, the conversation at table turned upon many subjects, but chiefly upon Greece and the Grecian philosophers. This led Cineas to mention Epicurus,[1] and to give some account of the opinions of his sect concerning the gods and civil government. He said, they placed the chief happiness of man in pleasure, and avoided all concern in the administration of affairs as the bane of a happy life; and that they attributed to the Deity neither benevolence nor anger, but maintained that, far removed from the care of human affairs, he passed his time in ease and inactivity, and was totally immersed in pleasure. While he was yet speaking, Fabricius cried out, "O heavens! may Pyrrhus and the Samnites adopt these opinions as long as they are at war with the Romans!" Pyrrhus admiring the noble sentiments and principles of Fabricius, was more desirous than ever of establishing a friendship with Rome, instead of continuing the war. And taking Fabricius aside, he pressed him to mediate a peace, and then go and settle at his court, where he should be his most intimate companion, and the chief of his generals. Fabricius answered in a low voice, "That, sir, would be no advantage to you; for those who now honour and admire you, should they once have experience of me, would rather choose to be governed by me than you." Such was the character of Fabricius.

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[1] Epicurus was then living. The doctrines of that philosopher were greatly in vogue in Rome, just before the ruin of the commonwealth

Pyrrhus, far from being offended at this answer, or taking it like a tyrant, made his friends acquainted with the magnanimity of Fabricius, and entrusted the prisoners to him only, on condition that if the senate did not agree to a peace, they should be sent back, after they had embraced their relations and celebrated the Saturnalia.

After this, Fabricius being consul (B.C. 227), an unknown person came to his camp, with a letter from the king's physician, who offered to take off Pyrrhus by poison, and so end the war without any further hazard to the Romans, provided that they gave him a proper compensation for his services. Fabricius detested the man's villany; and, having brought his colleague into the same sentiments, sent despatches to Pyrrhus without losing a moment's time, to caution him against the treason. The letter ran thus:—

"Caius Fabricius and Quintus Æmilius, consuls, to king Pyrrhus, health.—It appears that you judge very ill both of your friends and enemies; for you will find by this letter which was sent to us, that you are at war with men of virtue and honour, and trust knaves and villains. Nor is it out of kindness that we give you this information; but we do it lest your death should bring a disgrace upon us, and we should seem to have put a period to the war by treachery when we could not do it by valour."

Pyrrhus having read the letter, and detected the treason, punished the physician; and, to shew his gratitude to Fabricius and the Romans, he delivered up the prisoners without ransom, and sent Cineas again to negotiate a peace. The Romans, unwilling to receive a favour from an enemy, or a reward for not consenting to an ill thing, did indeed receive the prisoners at his hands, but sent him an equal number of Tarentines and Samnites. As to peace and friendship, they would not hear any proposals about it, till Pyrrhus should have laid down his arms, drawn his forces out of Italy, and returned to Epirus in the same ships in which he came.

His affairs now requiring another battle, he assembled his army, and marched and attacked the Romans near Asculum. The ground was very rough and uneven, and marshy also towards the river, so that it was extremely inconvenient for the cavalry, and quite prevented the elephants from acting with the infantry. For this reason he had a great number of men killed and wounded, and might have been entirely defeated, had not night put an end to the battle. Next day, contriving by an act of generalship to engage upon even ground, where his elephants might come at the enemy, he seized in time that difficult post where they fought the day before. Then he planted a number of archers and slingers among his elephants, thickened his other ranks, and moved forward in good order, though with great force and impetuosity, against the Romans.

The Romans, who had not now the advantage of ground for attacking and retreating as they pleased, were obliged to fight upon the plain man to man. They hastened to break the enemy's infantry before the elephants came up, and made prodigious efforts with their swords against the pikes; not regarding themselves or the wounds they received, but only looking where they might strike and slay. After a long dispute, however, the Romans were forced to give way, which they did first where Pyrrhus fought in person, for they could not resist the fury of his attack. Indeed, it was the force and weight of the elephants which put them quite to the rout. The Roman valour being of no use against those fierce creatures, the troops thought it wiser to give way, as to an overwhelming torrent or an earthquake, than to fall in a fruitless opposition, when they could gain no advantage, though they suffered the greatest extremities. And they had not far to fly before they gained their camp. Hieronymus says the Romans lost 6000 men in the action, and Pyrrhus, according to the account in his own Commentaries, lost 3500. Nevertheless, Dionysius does not tell us that there were two battles at Asculum, nor that it was clear that the Romans were defeated; but that the action lasted till sunset, and then the combatants parted unwillingly, Pyrrhus being wounded in the arm with a javelin, and the Samnites having plundered his baggage; and that the number of the slain, counting the loss on both sides, amounted to above 15,000 men. When they had all quitted the field, and Pyrrhus was congratulated on the victory, he said, "*Such another victory and we are undone.*" For he had lost great part of the forces which he brought with him, and all his friends and officers, except a very small number. He had no others to send for to supply their place, and he found his confederates were very cold and spiritless; whereas the Romans filled up their legions with ease and despatch from an inexhaustible fountain which they had at home; and their defeats were so far from discouraging them, that indignation gave them fresh strength and ardour for the war.

Amidst these difficulties, new hopes, as vain as the former, offered themselves to Pyrrhus, and enterprises which distracted him in the choice. On one side ambassadors came from Sicily, who proposed to put Syracuse, Agrigentum, and the city of the Leontines in his hands, and desired him to drive the Carthaginians out of the island, and free it from tyrants; and on the other side, news was brought him from Greece that Ptolemy Ceraunus was slain in battle by the Gauls, and that this would be a seasonable juncture for him to offer himself to the Macedonians, who wanted a king.[1] On this occasion he complained greatly of fortune for offering him two such glorious opportunities of action at once; and afflicted to think that in embracing the one he must necessarily give up the other, he was a long time perplexed and doubtful which to fix upon. At last the expedition to Sicily appearing to him the more important, by reason of its nearness to Africa, he determined to go thither, and immediately despatched Cineas before him, according to custom, to treat with the cities in his behalf. He placed, however, a strong garrison in Tarentum, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the people, who insisted that he should either fulfil the purpose he came for, by staying to assist them effectually in the Roman war, or, if he would be gone, to leave their city as he found it. But he gave them a severe answer, ordered them to be quiet and wait his time, and so set sail.

When he arrived in Sicily he found everything disposed agreeably to his hopes. The cities readily put themselves in his hands; and wherever force was necessary, nothing at first made any considerable resistance to his arms. But with 30,000 foot, 2500 horse, and 200 sail of ships, he advanced against the Carthaginians, drove them before him, and ruined their province. Eryx was the strongest city in those parts, and the best provided with men for its defence; yet he resolved to take it by storm. As soon as his army was in readiness to give the assault, he armed himself at all points; and, advancing towards the walls, made a vow to Hercules of games and sacrifices in acknowledgment of the victory, if in that day's action he should distinguish himself before the Greeks in Sicily, in a manner that became his great descent and his fortunes. Then he ordered the signal to be given by sound of trumpet; and having driven the barbarians from the walls with his missive weapons, he planted the scaling-ladders, and was himself the first that mounted.

There he was attacked by a crowd of enemies, some of whom he drove back, others he pushed down from the wall on both sides; but the greatest part he slew with the sword, so that there was quite a rampart of dead bodies around him. In the meantime he himself received not the least harm, but appeared to his enemies in the awful character of some superior being; shewing on this occasion, that *Homer spoke with judgment and knowledge when he represented valour as the only virtue which discovers a divine energy*, and those enthusiastic transports which raise a man above himself. When the city was taken, he offered a magnificent sacrifice to Hercules, and exhibited a variety of shows and games.

Of all the barbarians, those above Messena, who were called Mamertines, gave the Greeks the most trouble, and had subjected many of them to tribute. They were a numerous and warlike people, and thence had the appellation of Mamertines, which in the

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[1] Ptolemy Ceraunus was slain three years before, during the consulate of Lævinus. After him the Macedonians had several kings in quick succession. All, therefore, that the letters could import must be, that the Macedonians would prefer Pyrrhus to Antigonus, who at present was in possession.

Latin tongue signifies martial. But Pyrrhus seized the collectors of the tribute, and put them to death; and having defeated the Mamertines in a set battle, he destroyed many of their strongholds.

The Carthaginians were now inclined to peace, and offered him both money and ships, on condition that he granted them his friendship. But, having farther prospects, he made answer, that there was only one way to peace and friendship, which was, for the Carthaginians to evacuate Sicily, and make the Libyan sea the boundary between them and the Greeks. Elated with prosperity and his present strength, he thought of nothing but pursuing the hopes which first drew him into Sicily.

His first object now was Africa. He had vessels enough for his purpose, but he wanted mariners. And in the collecting of them he was far from proceeding with lenity and moderation; on the contrary, he carried it to the cities with a high hand and with great rigour, seconding his orders for a supply with force, and severely chastising those who disobeyed them. This was not the conduct which he had observed at first; for then he was gracious and affable to an extreme, placed an entire confidence in the people, and avoided giving them the least uneasiness. By these means he had gained their hearts. But now turning from a popular prince into a tyrant, his austerity drew upon him the imputation both of ingratitude and perfidiousness. Necessity, however, obliged them to furnish him with what he demanded, though they were little disposed to it. But what chiefly alienated their affection, was his behaviour to Thonon and Sostratus, two persons of the greatest authority in Syracuse. These were the men who first invited him into Sicily, who, upon his arrival, immediately put their city into his hands, and who had been the principal instruments of the great things he had done in the island. Yet his suspicions would neither let him take them with him nor leave them behind him. Sostratus took the alarm and fled. Whereupon Thonon was seized by Pyrrhus, who alleged that he was an accomplice with Sostratus, and put him to death. Then his affairs ran to ruin, not gradually and by little and little, but all at once. And the violent hatred which the cities conceived for him, led some of them to join the Carthaginians, and others the Mamertines. While he thus saw nothing around him but cabals, seditions, and insurrections, he received letters from the Samnites and Tarentines, who, being quite driven out of the field, and with difficulty defending themselves within their walls, begged his assistance. This afforded a handsome pretence for his departure, without its being called a flight and an absolute giving up his affairs in Sicily. But the truth was, that no longer being able to hold the island, he quitted it like a shattered ship, and threw himself again into Italy. It is reported that, as he sailed away, he looked back upon the isle, and said to those about him, "What a field we leave the Carthaginians and Romans to exercise their arms in!" and his conjecture was soon verified.

The barbarians rose against him as he set sail; and being attacked by the Carthaginians on his passage, he lost many of his ships: with the remainder he gained the Italian shore. The Mamertines, to the number of 10,000, had got thither before him; and though they were afraid to come to a pitched battle, yet they attacked and harassed him in the difficult passes, and put his whole army in disorder. He lost two elephants, and a considerable part of his rear was cut in pieces. But he immediately pushed from the van to their assistance, and risked his person in the boldest manner against men trained by long practice to war, who fought with a spirit of resentment. In this dispute he received a wound in the head, which forced him to retire a little out of the battle, and animated the enemy still more. One of them, therefore, who was distinguished both by his size and arms, advanced before the lines, and with a loud voice called upon him to come forth if he was alive. Pyrrhus, incensed at this, returned with his guards, and with a visage so fierce with anger and so besmeared with blood that it was dreadful to look upon, made his way through the battalions, notwithstanding their remonstrances. Thus rushing upon the barbarian, he prevented his blow, and gave him such a stroke on the head with his sword, that with the strength of his arm and the excellent temper of the weapon he cleaved him quite down, and in one moment the parts fell asunder. The achievement stopped the course of the barbarians, who were struck with admiration and amazement at Pyrrhus, as at a superior being. He made the rest of his march, therefore, without disturbance, and arrived at Tarentum with 20,000 foot and 3000 horse. Then taking with him the best troops that he found there, he advanced immediately against the Romans, who were encamped in the country of the Samnites.

The affairs of the Samnites were run to ruin, and their spirits sunk, because they had been beaten in several battles by the Romans. There remained also in their hearts some resentment against Pyrrhus, on account of his leaving them to go to Sicily, so that few of them repaired to his standard. The forces that he had he divided into two bodies, one of which he detached into Lucania, to keep one of the consuls[1] employed, and hinder him from assisting his colleague; with the other corps he marched in person against the other consul, Manius Curius, who lay safely entrenched near the city of Beneventum, and declined fighting, as well in expectation of the succours from Lucania, as on account of his being deterred from action by the augurs and soothsayers.

Pyrrhus hastening to attack him before he could be joined by his colleague, took the choicest of his troops and the most warlike of his elephants, and pushed forward in the night to surprise his camp. But as he had a long circuit to take, and the roads were entangled with trees and bushes, his lights failed, and numbers of his men lost their way. Thus the night escaped. At daybreak he was discovered by the enemy descending from the heights, which caused no small disorder in their camp. Manius, however, finding the sacrifices auspicious, and the time pressing, issued out of his trenches, attacked the vanguard of the enemy, and put them to flight. This spread a consternation through their whole army, so that many of them were killed, and some of the elephants taken. On the other hand, the success led Manius to try a pitched battle. Engaging, therefore, in the open field, one of his wings defeated that of the enemy's, but the others were borne down by the elephants, and driven back to the trenches. In this exigency he called for those troops that were left to guard the camp, who were all fresh men and well armed. These, as they descended from their advantageous situation, pierced the elephants with their javelins, and forced them to turn their backs; and those creatures rushing upon their own battalions, threw them into the greatest confusion and disorder. This put the victory in the hands of the Romans, and empire together with the victory. For, by the courage exerted and the great actions performed this day, they acquired a loftiness of sentiment and enlargement of power, with the reputation of being invincible, which soon gained them all Italy and Sicily a little after.

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[1] Aulus Cornelius Lentulus.

Thus Pyrrhus fell from his hopes of Italy and Sicily, after he had wasted six years in these expeditions. It is true he was not successful; but amidst all his defeats he preserved his courage unconquerable, and was reputed to excel in military experience and personal prowess all the princes of his time. But what he gained by his achievements he lost by vain hopes; his desire of something absent never suffered him effectually to persevere in a present pursuit. Hence it was that Antigonus compared him to a gamester who makes many good throws at dice, but knows not how to make the best of his game.

He returned to Epirus with 8000 foot and 500 horse; but not having funds to maintain them, he sought for a war which might answer that end. And being joined by a body of Gauls, he threw himself into Macedonia, where Antigonus, the son of Demetrius, reigned at that time. His design was only to pillage and carry off booty; but having taken many cities, and drawn over 2000 of Antigonus's men, he enlarged his views, and marched against the king. Coming up with him in a narrow pass, he put his whole army in disorder. The Gauls, however, who composed Antigonus's rear, being a numerous body, made a gallant resistance. The dispute was sharp, but at last most of them were cut in pieces; and they who had the charge of the elephants being surrounded, delivered up both themselves and the beasts. After so great an advantage, Pyrrhus, following his fortune rather than any rational plan, pushed against the Macedonian phalanx, now struck with terror and confusion at their loss. And perceiving that they refused to engage with him, he stretched out his hand to their commanders and other officers, at the same time calling them all by their names, by which means he drew over the enemy's infantry. Antigonus, therefore, was forced to fly; he persuaded, however, some of the maritime towns to remain under his government.

Amidst so many instances of success, Pyrrhus, concluding that his exploit against the Gauls was far the most glorious, consecrated the most splendid and valuable of the spoils in the temple of Minerva Itonis, with this inscription:

> These spoils that Pyrrhus on the martial plain
> Snatch'd from the vanquish'd Gaul, Itonian Pallas,
> He consecrates to thee.—If from his throne
> Antigonus deserted fled, and ruin
> Pursued the sword of Pyrrhus—'tis no wonder—
> From Æacus he sprung.

After the battle he soon recovered the cities. When he had made himself master of Ægæ, among other hardships put upon the inhabitants, he left among them a garrison drafted from those Gauls who served under him. *The Gauls of all men are the most covetous of money;* and they were no sooner put in possession of the town than they broke open the tombs of the kings who were buried there, plundered the treasures, and insolently scattered their bones. Pyrrhus passed the matter very slightly over; whether it was that the affairs he had upon his hands obliged him to put off the inquiry, or whether he was afraid of the Gauls, and did not dare to punish them. The connivance, however, was much censured by the Macedonians.

His interest was not well established among them, nor had he any good prospect of its security, when he began to entertain new visionary hopes; and, in ridicule of Antigonus, he said, "He wondered at his impudence in not laying aside the purple, and taking the habit of a private person."

About this time Cleonymus the Spartan came to entreat him that he would march to Lacedæmon, and he lent a willing ear to his request. Cleonymus was of the blood royal; but as he seemed to be of a violent temper and inclined to arbitrary power, he was neither loved nor trusted by the Spartans, and Areus was appointed to the throne. This was an old complaint which he had against the citizens in general. But to this we must add, that when advanced in years he had married a young woman of great beauty, named Chelidonis, who was of the royal family, and daughter to Leotychides. Chelidonis entertained a violent passion for Acrotatus the son of Areus, who was both young and handsome, which rendered the match not only uneasy but disgraceful to Cleonymus, who was miserably in love; for there was not a man in Sparta who did not know how much he was despised by his wife. These domestic misfortunes, added to his public ones, provoked him to apply to Pyrrhus, who marched to Sparta with 25,000 foot, 2000 horse, and 24 elephants. These great preparations made it evident at one view, that Pyrrhus did not come to gain Sparta for Cleonymus, but Peloponnesus for himself. He made, indeed, very different professions to the Lacedæmonians, who sent an embassy to him at Megalopolis; for he told them he was only come to set free the cities which were in subjection to Antigonus; and, what is more extraordinary, that he fully intended, if nothing happened to hinder it, to send his younger sons to Sparta for a Lacedæmonian education, that they might, in this respect, have the advantage of all other kings and princes.

With these pretences he amused those that came to meet him on his march; but as soon as he set foot in Laconia, he began to plunder and ravage it. And upon the ambassadors representing that he commenced hostilities without a previous declaration of war, he said, "And do we not know that you Spartans never declare beforehand what measures you are going to take?" to which a Spartan, named Mandricidas, made answer in this laconic dialect, "If thou art a god, thou wilt do us no harm, because we have done thee none; if thou art a man, perhaps we may find a better man than thee."

In the meantime he moved towards Lacedæmon, and was advised by Cleonymus to give the assault immediately upon his arrival. But Pyrrhus, as we are told, fearing that his soldiers would plunder the city if they took it by night, put him off, and said, they would proceed to the assault the next day. For he knew there were but few men within the city, and those unprepared, by reason of his sudden approach; and that Areus the king was absent, being gone to Crete to succour the Gortynians. The contemptible idea which Pyrrhus conceived of its weakness and want of men, was the principal thing which saved the city. For supposing that he should not find the least resistance, he ordered his tents to be pitched, and sat quietly down; while the *helots* and friends of Cleonymus busied themselves in adorning and preparing his house, in expectation that Pyrrhus would sup with him there that evening.

Night being come, the Lacedæmonians resolved, in the first place, to send off their women to Crete, but they strongly opposed it; and Archidamia entering the senate with a sword in her hand, complained of the mean opinion they entertained of the women, if they imagined they would survive the destruction of Sparta. In the next place, they determined to draw a trench parallel to the enemy's camp, and at each end of it to sink waggons into the ground as deep as the naves of the wheels, that so being firmly fixed, they might stop the course of the elephants. *As soon as the work was begun, both matrons and maids came and joined them; the former with their robes tucked up, and the latter in their under garments only, to assist the older sort of men.* They advised those that were intended for the fight to repose themselves, and in the meantime they undertook to finish the third part of the trench, which they effected before morning. This trench was in breadth 6 cubits, in depth 4, and 800 feet long, according to Phylarchus. Hieronymus makes it less.

At daybreak the enemy was in motion, whereupon the women armed the youth with their own hands, and gave them the trench in charge, exhorting them to guard it well, and representing "How delightful it would be to conquer in the view of their country, or how glorious to expire in the arms of their mothers and their wives, when they had met their deaths as became Spartans." As for Chelidonis, she retired into her own apartment with a rope about her neck, determined to end her days by it, rather than fall into the hands of Cleonymus if the city was taken.

Pyrrhus now pressed forward with his infantry against the Spartans, who waited for him under a rampart of shields. But, besides that the ditch was scarce passable, he found that there was no firm footing on the sides of it for his soldiers, because of the looseness of the fresh earth. His son Ptolemy seeing this, fetched a compass about the trench with 2000 Gauls and a select body of Chaonians, and endeavoured to open a passage on the quarter of the waggons. But these were so deep fixed and close locked, that they not only obstructed their passage, but made it difficult for the Spartans to come up and make a close defence. The Gauls were now beginning to drag out the wheels and draw the waggons into the river, when young Acrotatus perceiving the danger, traversed the city with 300 men, and by the advantage of some hollow ways surrounded Ptolemy, not being seen till he began the attack upon his rear. Ptolemy was now forced to face about and stand upon the defensive. In the confusion many of his soldiers running foul upon each other, either tumbled into the ditch or fell under the waggons. At last, after a long dispute and great effusion of blood, they were entirely routed. The old men and the women saw this exploit of Acrotatus; and as he returned through the city to his post, covered with blood, bold and elated with his victory, he appeared to the Spartan women taller and more graceful than ever, and they could not help envying Chelidonis such a lover. Nay, some of the old men followed, and cried out, "Go, Acrotatus, and enjoy Chelidonis; and may your offspring be worthy of Sparta."

The dispute was more obstinate where Pyrrhus fought in person. Many of the Spartans distinguished themselves in the action, and among the rest, Phyllius made a glorious stand. He slew numbers that endeavoured to force a passage, and when he found himself ready to faint with the many wounds he had received, he gave up his post to one of the officers that was near him, and retired to die in the midst of his own party, that the enemy might not get his body in their power.

Night parted the combatants; and Pyrrhus, as he lay in his tent, had this dream. He thought he darted lightning upon Lacedæmon, which set all the city on fire, and that the sight filled him with joy. The transport awaking him, he ordered his officers to put their men under arms; and to some of his friends he related his vision, from which he assured himself that he should take the city by storm. The thing was received with admiration and a general assent; but it did not please Lysimachus. He said, that as no foot is to tread on places that are struck by lightning, so the Deity by this might presignify to Pyrrhus that the city should remain inaccessible to him. Pyrrhus answered, "*These visions may serve as amusements for the vulgar, but there is not anything in the world more uncertain and obscure.* While, then, you have your weapons in your hands, remember, my friends,

"The best of omens is the cause of Pyrrhus."[1]

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[1] Parody of a line in Hector's speech, Il. xii.

So saying, he arose, and, as soon as it was light, renewed the attack. The Lacedæmonians stood upon their defence with an alacrity and spirit above their strength; and the women attended, supplying them with arms, giving bread and drink to such as wanted it, and taking care of the wounded. The Macedonians then attempted to fill up the ditch, bringing great quantities of materials, and throwing them upon the arms and bodies of the dead. The Lacedæmonians, on their part, redoubled their efforts against them. But all on a sudden Pyrrhus appeared on that side of the trench where the waggons had been planted to stop the passage, advancing at full speed towards the city. The soldiers who had the charge of that post cried out, and the women fled with loud shrieks and wailings. In the meantime Pyrrhus was rushing on, and overthrowing all that opposed him. But his horse receiving a wound in the belly from a Cretan arrow, ran away, and, plunging in the pains of death, threw him upon steep and slippery ground. As his friends pressed towards him in great confusion, the Spartans come boldly up, and making good use of their arrows drove them all back. Hereupon Pyrrhus put an entire stop to the action, thinking the Spartans would abate their vigour, now they were almost all wounded, and such great numbers killed. But the fortune of Sparta, whether she was satisfied with the trial she had of the unassisted valour of her sons, or whether she was willing to shew her power to retrieve the most desperate circumstances, just as the hopes of the Spartans were beginning to expire, brought to their relief from Corinth Aminius the Phocean, one of Antigonus's officers, with an army of strangers; and they had no sooner entered the town, but Areus their king arrived from Crete with 2000 men more. The women now retired immediately to their houses, thinking it needless to concern themselves any farther in the way; the old men too, who, notwithstanding their age, had been forced to bear arms, were dismissed, and the new supplies put in their place.

These two reinforcements to Sparta served only to animate the courage of Pyrrhus, and make him more ambitious to take the town. Finding, however, that he could effect nothing, after a series of losses and ill success he quitted the siege, and began to collect booty from the country, intending to pass the winter there. But fate is unavoidable. There happened at that time a strong contention at Argos, between the parties of Aristeas and Aristippus; and as Aristippus appeared to have a connection with Antigonus, Aristeas, to prevent him, called in Pyrrhus. Pyrrhus, whose hopes grew as fast as they were cut off; who, if he met with success, only considered it as a step to greater things, and if with disappointment, endeavoured to compensate it by some new advantage, would neither let his victories nor losses put a period to his disturbing both the world and himself. He began his march, therefore, immediately for Argos. Areus, by frequent ambushes, and by possessing himself of the difficult passes, cut off many of the Gauls and Molossians who brought up his rear. In the sacrifice which Pyrrhus had offered, the liver was found without a head, and the diviner had thence forewarned him that he was in danger of losing some person that was dear to him. But in the hurry and disorder of this unexpected attack, he forgot the menace from the victim, and ordered his son Ptolemy with some of his guards to the assistance of the rear, whilst he himself pushed on, and disengaged his main body from those dangerous passages. In the meantime Ptolemy met with a very warm reception; for he was engaged by a select party of Lacedæmonians, under the command of Evalcus. In the heat of action, a Cretan of Aptera, named Orœsus, a man of remarkable strength and swiftness, came up with the young prince, as he was fighting with great gallantry, and with a blow on the side laid him dead on the spot. As soon as he fell, his party turned their backs and fled. The Lacedæmonians pursued them, and in the ardour of victory insensibly advancing into the open plain, got at a great distance from their infantry. Pyrrhus, who by this time had heard of the death of his son, and was greatly afflicted at it, drew out his Molossian horse, and charging at the head of them, satiated himself with the blood of the Lacedæmonians. He always, indeed, appeared great and invincible in arms, but now, in point of courage and force, he outdid all his former exploits. Having found out Evalcus, he spurred his horse against him; but Evalcus inclining a little on one side, aimed a stroke at him which had like to have cut off his bridle hand. It happened, however, only to cut the reins, and Pyrrhus seizing the favourable moment ran him through with his spear. Then springing from his horse he fought on foot and made a terrible havoc of those brave Lacedæmonians who endeavoured to protect the body of Evalcus. The great loss which Sparta suffered was now owing purely to the ill-timed ambition of her leaders; for the war was at an end before the engagement.

Pyrrhus, having thus sacrificed to the manes of his son, and celebrated a kind of funeral games for him, found that he had vented much of his grief in the fury of the combat, and marched more composed to Argos. Finding that Antigonus kept the high grounds adjoining to the plain, he encamped near the town of Nauplia. Next day he sent a herald to Antigonus, with a challenge in abusive terms to come down into the field, and fight with him for the kingdom. Antigonus said, "Time is the weapon that I use, as much as the sword; and if Pyrrhus is weary of his life, there are many ways to end it." To both the kings there came ambassadors from Argos, entreating them to retire, and so prevent that city from being subjected to either, which had a friendship for them both. Antigonus agreed to the overture, and sent his son to the Argives as a hostage. Pyrrhus at the same time promised to retire, but sending no hostage, he was much suspected.

Amidst these transactions, Pyrrhus was alarmed with a great and tremendous prodigy. For the heads of the sacrifice-oxen, when severed from the bodies, were seen to thrust out their tongues, and lick up their own gore. And in Argos the priestess of Apollo Lyceus ran about the streets, crying out that she saw the city full of dead carcasses and blood, and an eagle joining in the fight, and then immediately vanishing.

In the dead of night Pyrrhus approached the walls, and finding the gate called *Diamperes* opened to him by Aristeas, he was not discovered till his Gauls had entered and seized the market-place. But the gate not being high enough to receive the elephants, they were forced to take off their towers; and having afterwards put them on again in the dark, it could not be done without noise and loss of time, by which means they were discovered. The Argives ran into the citadel called *Aspis*,[1] and other places of defence, and sent to call in Antigonus. But he only advanced towards the walls to watch his opportunity for action, and contented himself with sending in some of his principal officers and his son with considerable succours.

At the same time Areus arrived in the town with 1000 Cretans, and the most active of his Spartans. All these troops being joined, fell at once upon the Gauls, and put them in great disorder. Pyrrhus entered at a place called *Cylarabis*,[2] with great noise and loud shouts, which were echoed by the Gauls; but he thought their shouts were neither full nor bold, but rather expressive of terror and distress. He therefore advanced in great haste, pushing forward his cavalry, though they marched in danger, by reason of the drains and sewers of which the city was full. Besides, in this nocturnal war, it was impossible either to see what was done, or to hear the orders that were given. The soldiers were scattered about, and lost their way among the narrow streets; nor could the officers rally them in that darkness, amidst such a variety of noises, and in such strait passages, so that both sides continued without doing anything, and waited for daylight.

At the first dawn Pyrrhus was concerned to see the Aspis full of armed men; but his concern was changed into consternation, when among the many figures in the market-place he beheld a wolf and a bull in brass represented in act to fight. For he recalled an old oracle which had foretold, "That it was his destiny to die when he should see a wolf encountering a bull." The Argives say, these figures were erected in memory of an accident which happened among them long before. They tell us, that when Danaus first entered their country, as he passed through the district of Thyreatis, by the way of Pyramia which leads to Argos, he saw a wolf fighting with a bull. Danaus imagined that the wolf represented him; for, being a stranger, he came to attack the natives as the wolf did the bull. He therefore stayed to see the issue of the fight, and the wolf proving victorious, he offered his devotions to Apollo Lyceus, and then assaulted and took the town, Gelanor, who was then king, being deposed by a faction. Such is the history of those figures.

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[1] There was an annual feast at Argos in honour of Juno, called *Junonia*, and also *Hecatombia*, from the hecatomb of oxen then offered. Among other games, this prize was proposed for the youth. In a place of considerable strength above the theatre a brazen buckler was nailed to the wall, and they were to try their strength in plucking it off. The victor was crowned with a myrtle garland, and had the buckler (in Greek, *Aspis*) for his pains. Hence the name of the fort. Not only the youth of Argos, but strangers were admitted to the contest, as appears from Pindar.

[2] Cylarabis was a place of exercise near one of the gates of Argos. PAUSAN.

Pyrrhus, quite dispirited at the sight, and perceiving at the same time that nothing succeeded according to his hopes, thought it best to retreat. Fearing that the gates were too narrow, he sent orders to his son Helenus, who was left with the main body without the town, to demolish part of the wall, and assist the retreat if the enemy tried to obstruct it. But the person whom he sent, mistaking the order in the hurry and tumult, and delivering it quite in a contrary sense, the young prince entered the gates with the rest of the elephants and the best of his troops, and marched to assist his father. Pyrrhus was now retiring; and while the market-place afforded room both to retreat and fight, he often faced about and repulsed the assailants. But when from that broad place he came to crowd into the narrow street leading to the gate, he fell in with those who were advancing to his assistance. It was in vain to call out to them to fall back; there were but few that could hear him; and such as did hear, and were most disposed to obey his orders, were pushed back by those who came pouring in behind. Besides, the largest of the elephants was fallen in the gateway on his side, and lying there and braying in a horrible manner, he stopped those who would have got out. And among the elephants already in the town, one named Nicon, striving to take up his master, who was fallen off wounded, rushed against the party that was retreating, and overturned both friends and enemies promiscuously, till he found the body. Then he took it up with his trunk, and carrying it on his two tusks, returned in great fury, and trod all before him. When they were thus pressed and crowded together, not a man could do anything singly, but the whole multitude, like one close compacted body, rolled this way and that all together. They exchanged but few blows with the enemy either in front or rear, and the greatest harm they did was to themselves. For if any man drew his sword or levelled his pike, he could not recover the one or put up the other; the next person, therefore, whoever he happened to be, was necessarily wounded, and thus many of them fell by the hands of each other.

Pyrrhus, seeing the tempest rolling about him, took off the plume with which his helmet was distinguished, and gave it to one of his friends. Then, trusting to the goodness of his horse, he rode in amongst the enemy who were harassing his rear; and it happened that he was wounded through the breast-plate with a javelin. The wound was rather slight than dangerous, but he turned against the man who gave it, who was an Argive man of no note, the son of a poor old woman. This woman, among others, looking upon the fight from the roof of a house, beheld her son thus engaged. Seized with terror at the sight, she took up a large tile with both hands, and threw it at Pyrrhus. The tile fell upon his head, and, notwithstanding his helmet, crushed the lower vertebræ of his neck. Darkness, in a moment, covered his eyes, his hands let go the reins, and he fell from his horse by the tomb of Licymnius.[1] The crowd that was about did not know him, but one Zopyrus, who served under Antigonus, and two or three others coming up, knew him and dragged him into a porch that was at hand, just as he was beginning to recover from the blow. Zopyrus had drawn his Illyrian blade to cut off his head, when Pyrrhus opened his eyes, and gave him so fierce a look that he was struck with terror. His hands trembled, and between his desire to give the stroke and the confusion he was in, he missed his neck, but wounded him in the head and chin, so that it was a long time before he could separate the head from the body.

By this time the thing was generally known, and Alcyoneus, the son of Antigonus, came hastily up and asked for the head, as if he wanted only to look upon it. But as soon as he had got it, he rode off with it to his father, and cast it at his feet as he was sitting with his friends. Antigonus looking upon the head, and knowing it, thrust his son from him and struck him with his staff, calling him an impious and barbarous wretch. Then putting his robe before his eyes, he wept in remembrance of the fate of his grandfather Antigonus[2] and that of his father Demetrius—two instances in his own house of the mutability of fortune. As for the head and body of Pyrrhus, he ordered them to be laid in magnificent attire on the funeral pile and burned. After this, Alcyoneus having met with Helenus in great distress and a mean garb, addressed him in a courteous manner, and conducted him to his father, who thus expressed himself on the occasion: "In this, my son, you have acted much better than before; but still you are deficient; for you should have taken off that mean habit, which is a greater disgrace to us who are victorious than it is to the vanquished."

Then he paid his respects to Helenus in a very obliging manner, and sent him to Epirus with a proper equipage. He gave also the same kind reception to the friends of Pyrrhus, after he had made himself master of his whole camp and army.

CLEOMENES.

AFTER Agis was put to death, Leonidas intended the same fate for his brother Archidamus; but that prince saved himself by a timely retreat. However, his wife Agiatis, who was newly brought to bed, was forced by the tyrant from her own house, and given to his son Cleomenes. Cleomenes was not quite come to years of maturity, but his father was not willing that any other man should have the lady; for she was daughter to Gylippus, and heiress to his great estate; and in beauty, as well as happiness of temper and conduct, superior to all the women of Greece. She left nothing unattempted to prevent her being forced into this match, but found all her efforts ineffectual. Therefore, when she was married to Cleomenes, she made him a good and affectionate wife, though she hated his father. Cleomenes was passionately fond of her from the first, and his attachment to his wife made him sympathize with her on the mournful remembrance of Agis. He would often ask her for the history of that unfortunate prince, and listen with great attention to her account of his sentiments and designs.

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[1] There is something strikingly contemptible in the fate of this ferocious warrior. What reflections may it not afford to those scourges of mankind, who, to extend their power and gratify their pride, tear out the vitals of human society! How unfortunate that they do not recollect their own personal insignificance, and consider, while they are disturbing the peace of the earth, that they are beings whom an old woman may kill with a stone!

[2] Antigonus the First was killed at the battle of Ipsus, and Demetrius the First long kept a prisoner by his son-in-law Seleucus

Cleomenes was ambitious of glory, and had a native greatness of mind. Nature had, moreover, disposed him to temperance and simplicity of manners as much as Agis, but he had not his calmness and moderation. His spirit had an ardour in it; and there was an impetuosity in his pursuits of honour, or whatever appeared to him under that character. He thought it was most glorious to reign over a willing people; but, at the same time, he thought it not inglorious to subdue their reluctances, and bring them against their inclinations into what was good and salutary.

He was not satisfied with the prevailing manners and customs of Sparta. He saw that ease and pleasure were the great objects with the people: that the king paid but little regard to public concerns, and, if nobody gave him any disturbance, chose to spend his time in the enjoyments of affluence and luxury; that individuals, entirely actuated by self-interest, paid no attention to the business of the state any farther than they could turn it to their own emolument. And what rendered the prospect still more melancholy, it appeared dangerous to make any mention of training the youth to strong exercises and strict temperance, to persevering fortitude and universal equality, since the proposing of these things cost Agis his life.

It is said too, that Cleomenes was instructed in philosophy, at a very early period of life, by Sphærus the Borysthenite,[1] who came to Lacedæmon, and taught the youth with great diligence and success. Sphærus was one of the principal disciples of Zeno the Citiean;[2] and it seems that he admired that strength of genius he found in Cleomenes, and added fresh incentives to his love of glory. We are informed that, when Leonidas of old was asked, "What he thought of the poetry of Tyrtæus?" he said, "I think it well calculated to excite the courage of our youth; for the enthusiasm with which it inspires them makes them fear no danger in battle." So the Stoic philosophy[3] may put persons of great and fiery spirits upon enterprises that are too desperate; but, in those of a grave and mild disposition, it will produce all the good effects for which it was designed.

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[1] This Sphærus was born towards the end of the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and flourished under that of Euergetes. Diogenes Laertius has given us a catalogue of his works, which were considerable. He was the scholar of Zeno, and afterwards of Cleanthus.

[2] He was so called to distinguish him from Zeno of Elea, a city of Laconia, who flourished about two hundred years after the death of Zeno the Citiean. Citium, of which the elder Zeno was a native, was a town in Cyprus.

[3] From its tendency to inspire a contempt of death, and a belief in the agency of Providence.

When Leonidas died, and Cleomenes came to the crown, he observed that all ranks of men were utterly corrupted. The rich had an eye only to private profit and pleasure, and utterly neglected the public interest. The common people, on account of the meanness of their circumstances, had no spirit for war, or ambition to instruct their children in the Spartan exercises. Cleomenes himself had only the name of king, while the power was in the hands of the *Ephori*. He, therefore, soon began to think of changing the present posture of affairs. He had a friend called Xenares, united to him by such an affection as the Spartans called *inspiration*. Him he first sounded; inquiring of him what kind of prince Agis was; by what steps, and with what associates, he came into the way he took. Xenares at first consented readily enough to satisfy his curiosity, and gave him an exact narrative of the proceedings. But when he found that Cleomenes interested himself deeply in the affair, and took such an enthusiastic pleasure in the new schemes of Agis, as to desire to hear them again and again, he reproved his distempered inclinations, and at last entirely left his company. However, he did not acquaint any one with the cause of their misunderstanding; but only said, "Cleomenes knew very well." As Xenares so strongly opposed the king's project, he thought others must be as little disposed to come into it; and therefore he concerted the whole matter by himself. In the persuasion that he could more easily effect his intended change in time of war than of peace, he embroiled his country with the Achæans, who had indeed given sufficient occasion of complaint: for Aratus, who was the leading man among them, had laid it down as a principle, from the beginning of his administration, to reduce all Peloponnesus to one body. This was the end he had in view in his numerous expeditions, and in all the proceedings of government, during the many years he held the reins in Achaia. And, indeed, he was of opinion, that this was the only way to secure Peloponnesus against its enemies without. He had succeeded with most of the states of that peninsula; the Lacedæmonians and Eleans, and such of the Arcadians as were in the Lacedæmonian interest, were all that stood out. Upon the death of Leonidas, he commenced hostilities against the Arcadians, particularly those who bordered upon the Achæans; by this means designing to try how the Lacedæmonians stood inclined. As for Cleomenes, he despised him as a young man without experience.

The *Ephori*, however, sent Cleomenes to seize Athenæum[1] near Belbina. This place is one of the keys of Laconia, and was then in dispute between the Spartans and Megalopolitans. Cleomenes accordingly took it and fortified it. Aratus made no remonstrance, but marched by night to surprise Tegea and Orchomenus. However, the persons who had promised to betray those places to him found their hearts fail them when they came to the point; and he retired, undiscovered as he thought. Upon this, Cleomenes wrote to him, in a familiar way, desiring to know, "Whether he marched the night before." Aratus answered, "That, understanding his design to fortify Belbina, the intent of his last motion was to prevent that measure." Cleomenes humourously replied, "I am satisfied with the account of your march; but should be glad to know where those torches and ladders were marching." Aratus could not help laughing at the jest; and he asked what kind of man this young prince was? Democrates, a Lacedæmonian exile, answered, "If you design doing anything against the Spartans, you must do it quickly, before the spurs of this cockerel be grown."

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[1] A temple of Minerva

Cleomenes, with a few horse and 3000 foot, was now posted in Arcadia. The *Ephori*, apprehensive of a war, commanded him home; and he obeyed. But finding that, in consequence of this retreat, Aratus had taken Caphyæ, they ordered him to take the field again. Cleomenes made himself master of Methydrium, and ravaged the territories of Argos. Whereupon the Achæans marched against him with 20,000 foot and 1000 horse, under the command of Aristomachus. Cleomenes met him at Palantinus, and offered him battle. But Aratus, intimidated by this instance of the young prince's spirit, dissuaded the general from engaging, and retreated. This retreat exposed Aratus to reproach among the Achæans, and to scorn and contempt among the Spartans, whose army consisted not of more than 5000 men. Cleomenes elevated with his success, began to talk in a higher tone among the people, and bade them remember an expression of one of their ancient kings, who said, "*The Lacedæmonians seldom inquired the number of their enemies, but the place where they could be found.*"

After this, he went to the assistance of the Eleans, against whom the Achæans had now turned their arms. He attacked the latter at Lycæum, as they were upon the retreat, and put them entirely to the rout; not only spreading terror through their whole army, but killing great numbers, and making many prisoners. It was even reported among the Greeks, that Aratus was of the number of the slain. Aratus, availing himself in the best manner of the opportunity, with the troops that attended him in his flight, marched immediately to Mantinea, and coming upon it by surprise, took it, and secured it for the Achæans.

The Lacedæmonians, greatly dispirited at this loss, opposed Cleomenes in his inclination for the war. He therefore bethought himself of calling Archidamus, the brother of Agis, from Messene, to whom, in the other family, the crown belonged; for he imagined that the power of the *Ephori* would not be so formidable when the kingly government, according to the Spartan constitution, was complete, and had its proper weight in the scale. The party that had put Agis to death perceiving this, and dreading vengeance from Archidamus, if he should be established on the throne, took this method to prevent it. They joined in inviting him to come privately to Sparta, and even assisted him in his return; but they assassinated him immediately after. Whether it was against the consent of Cleomenes, as Phylarchus thinks, or whether his friends persuaded him to abandon that unhappy prince, we cannot take upon us to say. The greatest part of the blame, however, fell upon those friends who, if he gave his consent, were supposed to have teased him into it.

By this time he was resolved to carry his intended changes into immediate execution, and therefore he bribed the *Ephori* to permit him to renew the war. He gained also many others by the assistance of his mother Cratesiclea, who liberally supplied him with money, and joined in his schemes of glory. Nay, it is said, that, though disinclined to marry again, for her son's sake she accepted a man who had great interest and authority among the people.

One of his first operations was, the going to seize Leuctra, which is a place within the dependencies of Megalopolis. The Achæans hastened to its relief, under the command of Aratus; and a battle was fought under the walls, in which part of the Lacedæmonian army was beaten. But Aratus stopping the pursuit at a defile which was in the way, Lysiadas,[1] the Megalopolitan, offended at the order, encouraged the cavalry under his command to pursue the advantage they had gained; by which means he entangled them among vineyards, ditches, and other inclosures, where they were forced to break their ranks, and fell into great disorder. Cleomenes, seeing his opportunity, commanded the Tarentines and Cretans to fall upon them; and Lysiadas, after great exertions of valour, was defeated and slain. The Lacedæmonians, thus encouraged, returned to the action with shouts of joy, and routed the whole Achæan army. After a considerable carnage, a truce was granted the survivors, and they were permitted to bury their dead; but Cleomenes ordered the body of Lysiadas to be brought to him. He clothed it in robes of purple, and put a crown upon its head; and, in this attire, he sent it to the gates of Megalopolis. This was that Lysiadas who restored liberty to the city in which he was an absolute prince, and united it to the Achæan league.

Cleomenes, greatly elated with this victory, thought, if matters were once entirely at his disposal in Sparta, the Achæans would no longer be able to stand before him. For this reason he endeavoured to convince his father-in-law, Megistonus, that the yoke of the *Ephori* ought to be broken, and an equal division of property to be made; by means of which equality, Sparta would resume her ancient valour, and once more rise to the empire of Greece. Megistonus complied, and the king then took two or three other friends into the scheme.

About that time, one of the *Ephori* had a surprising dream, as he slept in the temple of Pasiphæ. He thought that, in the court where the *Ephori* used to sit for the despatch of business, four chairs were taken away, and only one left. And as he was wondering at the change, he heard a voice from the sanctuary, which said "This is best for Sparta." The magistrate related this vision of his to Cleomenes, who at first was greatly disconcerted, thinking that some suspicion had led him to sound his intentions. But when he found that there was no fiction in the case he was the more confirmed in his purpose; and taking with him such of the citizens as he thought most likely to oppose it, he marched against Heræa and Alsæa, two cities belonging to the Achæan league, and took them. After this, he laid in a store of provisions at Orchomenus, and then besieged Mantinea. At last he so harassed the Lacedæmonians by a variety of long marches, that most of them desired to be left in Arcadia; and he returned to Sparta with the mercenaries only. By the way he communicated his design to such of them as he believed most attached to his interest, and advanced slowly, that he might come upon the *Ephori* as they were at supper.

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[1] In the text it is mentioned as *Lydiadas*. But Polybius calls him *Lysiadas*: and so also does Plutarch in another place.

When he approached the town, he sent Euryclidas before him to the hall where those magistrates used to sup, upon pretence of his being charged with some message relative to the army. He was accompanied by Thericion and Phœbis, and two other young men who had been educated with Cleomenes, and whom the Spartans call *Samothracians.* These were at the head of a small party. While Euryclidas was holding the *Ephori* in discourse, the others ran upon them with their drawn swords. They were all slain but Agesilaus, and he was then thought to have shared the same fate; for he was the first man that fell; but in a little time he conveyed himself silently out of the room, and crept into a little building, which was the temple of FEAR. The temple was generally shut up, but then happened to be open. When he was got in, he immediately barred the door. The other four were despatched outright; and so were above ten more who came to their assistance. Those who remained quiet received no harm; nor were any hindered from departing the city. Nay, Agesilaus himself was spared, when he came the next day out of the temple.

The Lacedæmonians have not only temples dedicated to FEAR, but also to DEATH, to LAUGHTER, and many of the passions. Nor do they pay homage to *Fear*, as one of the noxious and destroying demons, but they consider it as the best cement of society. Hence it was that the *Ephori* (as Aristotle tells us), when they entered upon their office, caused *proclamation to be made, that the people should shave the upper lip, and be obedient to the laws*, that they might not be under the necessity of having recourse to severity. As for the shaving of the upper lip, in my opinion, all the design of that injunction is, to teach the youth obedience in the smallest matters. And it seems to me, that the ancients did not think that valour consists in the exemption from fear; but on the contrary, in the fear of reproach, and the dread of infamy; for those who stand most in fear of the law act with the greatest intrepidity against the enemy; and they who are most tender of their reputation look with the least concern upon other dangers. Therefore one of the poets said well,

> Ingenuous shame resides with fear.

Hence Homer makes Helen say to her father-in-law, Priam,

> Before thy presence, father, I appear,
> With conscious shame and reverential fear.

And, in another place, he says, the Grecian troops

> With fear and silence on their chiefs attend.

For reverence, in vulgar minds, is generally the concomitant of fear. And, therefore, the Lacedæmonians placed the temple of FEAR near the hall where the *Ephori* used to eat, to shew that their authority was nearly equal to the regal.

Next day Cleomenes proscribed 80 of the citizens, whom he thought it necessary to expel; and he removed all the seats of the *Ephori* except one, in which he designed to sit himself, to hear causes and despatch other business. Then he assembled the people, in order to explain and defend what he had done. His speech was to this effect:—"The administration was put by Lycurgus into the hands of the kings and the senate, and Sparta was governed by them a long time, without any occasion for other magistrates. But as the Messenian war was drawn out to a great length, and the kings, having the armies to command, had not leisure to attend to the decision of causes at home, they pitched upon some of their friends to be left as their deputies for that purpose under the title of *Ephori*, or *inspectors*. At first they behaved as substitutes and as servants to the kings; but, by little and little, they got the power into their own hands, and insensibly erected their office into an independent magistracy.[1] A proof of this is a custom which has obtained till this time, that when the *Ephori* sent for the king, he refused to hearken to the first and second message, and did not attend them till they sent a third. Asteropus was the first of the *Ephori* who raised their office to that height of authority many ages after their creation. While they kept within the bounds of moderation, it was better to endure than to remove them; but when, by their usurpations, they destroyed the ancient form of government; when they deposed some kings, put others to death without any form of trial, and threatened those princes who desired to see the divine constitution of their country in its original lustre, they became absolutely insupportable. Had it been possible, without the shedding of blood, to have exterminated those pests which they had introduced into Lacedæmon, such as *luxury, superfluous expense, debts, usury, and those more ancient evils, poverty and riches,* I should then have thought myself the happiest of kings. In curing the distempers of my country, I should have been considered as the physician whose lenient hand heals without giving pain. But for what necessity has obliged me to do I have the authority of Lycurgus, who, though neither king nor magistrate, but only a private man, took upon him to act as a king,[1] and appeared publicly in arms. The consequence of which was, that Charilaus, the reigning prince, in great consternation, fled to the altar. But being a mild and patriotic king, he soon entered into the designs of Lycurgus, and accepted his new form of government. Therefore the proceedings of Lycurgus are an evidence that it is next to impossible to new model a constitution without the terror of an armed force. For my own part, I have applied that remedy with great moderation; only ridding myself of such as opposed the true interest of Lacedæmon. Among the rest, I shall make a distribution of all the lands, and clear the people of their debts. Among the strangers I shall select some of the best and ablest, that they may be admitted citizens of Sparta, and protect her with their arms; and that we may no longer see Laconia a prey to the Ætolians and Illyrians for want of a sufficient number of inhabitants concerned for its defence."

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[1] When the authority of the kings was grown too enormous, Theopompus found it necessary to curb it by the institution of the *Ephori*. But they were not as Cleomenes says; they were, in the first establishment, ministers to the kings.

When he had finished his speech, he was the first to surrender his own estate into the public stock. His father-in-law Megistonus, and his other friends, followed his example. The rest of the citizens did the same, and then the land was divided. He even assigned lots for each of the persons whom he had driven into exile, and declared that they should all be recalled when tranquillity had once more taken place. Having filled up the number of citizens out of the best of the inhabitants of the neighbouring countries, he raised a body of 4000 foot, *whom he taught to use the two-handed pike, instead of the javelin, and to hold their shields by a handle, and not by a ring as before.* Then he applied himself to the education of the youth, and formed them with all the strictness of the Lacedæmonian discipline; in the course of which he was much assisted by Sphærus. Their schools of exercise and their refectories were soon brought into that good order which they had of old, some being reduced to it by compulsion, but the greatest part coming voluntarily into that noble training peculiar to Sparta. However, to prevent any offence that might be taken at the name of monarchy, he made his brother Euclidas his partner in the throne; and this was *the only time that the Spartans had two kings of the same family.*

He observed that the Achæans, Aratus, and the principal men among them, were persuaded that the late change had brought the Spartan affairs into a doubtful and unsettled state; and that he would not quit the city while it was in such a ferment. He therefore thought it would be both to its honour and utility to show the enemy how readily his troops would obey him; in consequence of which he entered the Megalopolitan territories, where he spread desolation, and made a very considerable booty. In one of his last marches he seized a company of comedians who were on the road from Messene; upon which he built a stage in the enemy's country,

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curgus never assumed or aspired to authority; and Cleomenes mentions this only to take off the odium from himself.

proposed a prize of 40 *minæ* to the best performer, and spent one day in seeing them. Not that he set any great value on such diversions, but he did it by way of insult upon the enemy, to shew his superiority by this mark of contempt; *for among the Grecian and royal armies, his was the only one which had not a train of players, jugglers, singers, and dancers, of both sexes. No intemperance or buffoonery, no public shows or feasts, except on the late occasion, were ever seen in his camp.* The young men passed the greatest part of their time in the exercises, and the old men in teaching them. The hours of leisure were amused with cheerful discourse, which had all the smartness of Laconic repartee.

The king himself was the best teacher. Plain and simple in his equipage and diet, assuming no manner of pomp above a common citizen, he set a glorious example of sobriety. This was no small advantage to his affairs in Greece. When the Greeks addressed themselves to other kings, they did not so much admire their wealth and magnificence, as execrate their pride and spirit of ostentation, their difficulty of access, and harshness of behaviour to all who had business at their courts. But when they applied to Cleomenes, who not only bore the title, but had all the great qualities of a king, they saw no purple or robes of state, no rich carriages, no gauntlet of pages nor door-keepers to be run. Nor had they their answer, after great difficulties, from the mouth of secretaries: but *they found him in an ordinary habit, ready to meet them and offer them his hand.* He received them with a cheerful countenance, and entered into their business with the utmost ease and freedom. This engaging manner gained their hearts, and they declared he was the only worthy descendant of Hercules.

His common supper was short and truly Laconic. There were only couches for three people; but when he entertained ambassadors or strangers, two more couches were added, and the table was a little better furnished by the servants. Not that any curious dessert was added; only *the dishes were larger, and the wine more generous,* for he blamed one of his friends for setting nothing before strangers but the coarse cake and black broth which they ate in their common refectories. "When we have strangers to entertain," he said, "we need not be such very exact Lacedæmonians." *After supper a three-legged stand was brought in, upon which were placed a brass bowl full of wine, two silver pots that held about a pint and a half a-piece, and a few cups of the same metal. Such of the guests as were inclined to drink made use of these vessels, for the cup was not pressed upon any man against his will. There was no music or other extrinsic amusement; nor was any such thing wanted. He entertained his company very agreeably with his own conversation; sometimes asking questions, and sometimes telling stories. His serious discourse was perfectly free from moroseness, and his mirth from petulance and rusticity.* The arts which other princes used of drawing men to their purpose by bribery and corruption he looked upon as both iniquitous and impolitic. But to engage and fix people in his interest by the charms of conversation, without fraud or guile, appeared to him an honourable method, and worthy of a king. For he thought this the true difference between a hireling and a friend—that the one is gained by money, and the other by an obliging behaviour.

The Mantineans were the first who applied for his assistance. They admitted him into their city in the night, and having with his help expelled the Achæan garrison, put themselves under his protection. He re-established their laws and ancient form of government, and retired the same day to Tegea. From thence he fetched a compass through Arcadia, and marched down to Pheræ in Achaia; intending by this movement either to bring the Achæans to a battle, or make them look upon Aratus in a mean light, for giving up the country, as it were, to his destroying sword.

Hyperbates was indeed general at that time, but Aratus had all the authority. The Achæans assembled their forces, and encamped at Dymeæ, near Hecatombœum, upon which Cleomenes marched up to them, though it was thought a rash step for him to take post between Dymeæ, which belonged to the enemy, and the Achæan camp. However, he boldly challenged the Achæans, and indeed forced them to battle, in which he entirely defeated them, killed great numbers upon the spot, and took many prisoners. Lango was his next object, from which he expelled an Achæan garrison, and then put the town into the hands of the Eleans.

When the Achæan affairs were in this ruinous state, Aratus, who used to be general every other year, refused the command, though they pressed him strongly to accept it. But certainly it was wrong, when such a storm was raging, to quit the helm, and leave the direction to another. The first demands of Cleomenes appeared to the Achæan deputies moderate enough; afterwards he insisted on having the command himself. In other matters, he said, he should not differ with them, for he would restore them both the prisoners and their lands. The Achæans agreed to a pacification on these conditions, and invited Cleomenes to Lerna, where a general assembly of their state was to be held. But Cleomenes hastening his march too much, heated himself, and then very imprudently drank cold water; the consequence of which was, that he threw up a great quantity of blood, and lost the use of his speech. He therefore sent the Achæans the most respectable of the prisoners, and, putting off the meeting, retired to Lacedæmon.

This ruined the affairs of Greece. Had it not been for this, she might have recovered out of her present distress, and have maintained herself against the insolence and rapaciousness of the Macedonians. Aratus either feared or distrusted Cleomenes, or envied his unexpected success. He thought it intolerable that a young man, newly sprung up, should rob him at once of the honour and power which he had been in possession of for 33 years, and come into a government which had been growing so long under his auspices. For this reason, he first tried what his interest and powers of persuasion would do to keep the Achæans from closing with Cleomenes; but they were prevented from attending to him, by their admiration of the great spirit of Cleomenes, and their opinion that the demands of the Spartans were not unreasonable, who only desired to bring Peloponnesus back to its ancient model. Aratus then undertook a thing which would not have become any man in Greece, but in him was particularly dishonourable, and unworthy of all his former conduct, both in the cabinet and the field. He called Antigonus into Greece and filled Peloponnesus with Macedonians, though in his youth he had expelled them, and rescued the citadel of Corinth out of their hands. He was even an enemy to all kings, and was equally hated by them. Antigonus in particular, he loaded with a thousand reproaches, as appears from the writings he has left behind him.[1] He boasts that he had encountered and overcome innumerable difficulties in order to deliver Athens from a Macedonian garrison; and yet he brought those very Macedonians, armed as they were, into his own country, into his own house, and even into the women's apartment. At the same time he could not bear that a Spartan king, a descendant of Hercules, who wanted only to restore the ancient polity of his country, to correct its broken harmony, and bring it back to the sober Doric tone which Lycurgus had given it[2]—he could not bear that such a prince should be declared general of the Sicyonians and Triccæans.[3] While he avoided the coarse cake and short cloak, and, what he thought the greatest grievance in the whole system of Cleomenes, the abolishing of riches and the making poverty a more supportable thing, he made Achaia truckle to the diadem and purple of Macedonians and of Asiatic grandees. To shun the appearance of submission to Cleomenes, he offered sacrifices to the divinity of Antigonus, and with a garland on his head, sung pæans in honour of a rotten Macedonian. These things we say not in accusation of Aratus (for in many respects he was a great man and worthy of Greece), we mean only to point out with compassion the weakness of human nature, which, in dispositions the best formed to virtue, can produce no excellence without some taint of imperfection.

When the Achæans assembled again at Argos, and Cleomenes came down from Tegea to meet them, the Greeks entertained great hopes of peace. But Aratus, who had already settled the principal points with Antigonus, fearing that Cleomenes, either by his obliging manner of treating, or by force, would gain all he wanted of the people, proposed, "That he should take 300 hostages for the security of his person, and enter the town alone; or if he did not approve of that proposal, should come to the place of exercise without the walls, called Cyllarabium,[4] and treat there at the head of his army." Cleomenes remonstrated that these proceedings were very unjust.

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[1] Aratus wrote a history of the Achæans and of his own conduct.

[2] The music, like the architecture of the Dorians, was remarkable for its simplicity.

[3] This probably should be Tritæans. Tritæ was a city of Phocis, and comprehended in the league; but Tricca, which was in Thessaly, could hardly be so.

[4] From Cyllarbus, the son of Sthenelus.

He said, "They should have made him these proposals at first, and not now, when he was come to their gates, distrust and shut him out." He therefore wrote the Achæans a letter on this subject, almost filled with complaints of Aratus; and the applications of Aratus to the people were little more than invectives against the king of Sparta. The consequence of this was, that the latter quickly retired, and sent a herald to declare war against the Achæans. This herald, according to Aratus, was sent, not to Argos, but to Ægium,[1] in order that the Achæans might be entirely unprepared. There were at this time great commotions among the members of the Achæan league, and many towns were ready to fall off; for the common people hoped for an equal distribution of lands, and to have their debts cancelled, while the better sort in general were displeased at Aratus, and some of them highly provoked at his bringing the Macedonians into Peloponnesus.

Encouraged by these misunderstandings, Cleomenes entered Achaia, where he first took Pellene by surprise, and dislodged the Achæan garrison. Afterwards he made himself master of Pheneum and Penteleum. As the Achæans were apprehensive of a revolt at Corinth and Sicyon, they sent a body of cavalry and some mercenaries from Argos to guard against any measures tending that way, and went themselves to celebrate the Nemean games at Argos. Upon this, Cleomenes hoping, what really proved the case, that if he could come suddenly upon the city while it was filled with multitudes assembled to partake of the diversions, he should throw all into the greatest confusion, marched up to the walls by night, and seized the quarter called Aspis, which lay above the theatre, notwithstanding its difficulty of access. This struck them with such terror that not a man thought of making any resistance; they agreed to receive a garrison, and gave twenty of the citizens as hostages for their acting as allies to Sparta, and following the standard of Cleomenes as their general.

This action added greatly to the fame and authority of that prince; for the ancient kings of Sparta, with all their endeavours, could never fix Argos in their interest; and Pyrrhus, one of the ablest generals in the world, though he forced his way into the town, could not hold it, but lost his life in the attempt, and had great part of his army cut in pieces. Hence the despatch and keenness of Cleomenes were the more admired, and they who before had laughed at him for declaring he would tread in the steps of Solon and Lycurgus, in the cancelling of debts, and in an equal division of property, were now fully persuaded that he was the sole cause of all the change in the spirit and success of the Spartans. In both respects they were so contemptible before and so little able to help themselves, that the Ætolians made an inroad into Laconia, and carried off 50,000 slaves. On which occasion, one of the old Spartans said "the enemy had done them a kindness, in taking such a heavy charge off their hands." Yet they had no sooner returned to their primitive customs and discipline, than, as if Lycurgus himself had restored his polity, and invigorated it with his presence, they had given the most extraordinary instances of valour and obedience to their magistrate, in raising Sparta to its ancient superiority in Greece, and recovering Peloponnesus.

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[1] This was a maritime town of Achaia, on the Corinthian Bay. The intention of Cleomenes was to take it by surprise before the inhabitants could have intelligence of the war.

Cleonæ and Phlius[1] came in the same tide of success with Argos. Aratus was then making an inquisition at Corinth into the conduct of such as were reported to be in the Lacedæmonian interest. But when the news of their late losses reached him, and he found that the city was falling off to Cleomenes, and wanted to get rid of the Achæans, he was not a little alarmed. In this confusion he could think of no better expedient than that of calling the citizens to council, and, in the meantime, he stole away to the gate. A horse being ready for him there, he mounted and fled to Sicyon. The Corinthians were in such haste to pay their compliments to Cleomenes, that, Aratus tells us, they killed or spoiled all their horses. He acquaints us also, that Cleomenes highly blamed the people of Corinth for suffering him to escape. Nevertheless, he adds that Megistonus came to him on the part of that prince, and offered to give him large sums if he would deliver up the citadel of Corinth, where he had an Achæan garrison. He answered, "That affairs did not then depend upon him, but he must be governed by their circumstances." So Aratus himself writes.

Cleomenes, in his march from Argos, added the Treszenians, the Epidaurians, and Hermionians to the number of his friends and allies, and then went to Corinth, and drew a line of circumvallation about the citadel, which the Achæans refused to surrender. However, he sent for the friends and stewards of Aratus, and ordered them to take care of his house and effects in that city. He likewise sent again to that general by Tritymallus the Messenian, and proposed that the citadel should be garrisoned, half with Achæans and half with Lacedæmonians, offering, at the same time, to double the pension he had from Ptolemy, king of Egypt. As Aratus, instead of accepting these conditions, sent his son and other hostages to Antigonus, and persuaded the Achæans to give orders that the citadel of Corinth should be put into the hands of that prince, Cleomenes immediately ravaged the territories of Sicyon, and in pursuance of a decree of the Corinthians, seized on the whole estate of Aratus. After Antigonus had passed Gerania,[2] with a great army, Cleomenes thought it more advisable to fortify the Onæan mountains[3] than the Isthmus, and by the advantage of his post to tire out the Macedonians, rather than hazard a pitched battle with a veteran phalanx. Antigonus was greatly perplexed at this plan of operations. For he had neither laid in a sufficient quantity of provisions, nor could he easily force the pass by which Cleomenes had sat down. He attempted one night, indeed, to get into Peloponnesus by the port of Lachæum,[1] but was repulsed with loss.

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[1] Towns between Argos and Corinth.

[2] A mountain between Megara and Corinth.

[3] This range of mountains extends from the Scironian rocks, on the road to Attica, as far as Mount Cithæron. STRAB. l. vii.

Cleomenes was much encouraged with this success, and his troops went to their evening's refreshments with pleasure. Antigonus, on the other hand, was extremely dispirited; for he saw himself in so troublesome a situation that it was scarcely possible to find any resources which were not extremely difficult. At last he determined to move to the promontory of Heræum, and from thence to transport his troops to Sicyon; but that required a great deal of time and very considerable preparations. However, the evening after, some of the friends of Aratus arrived from Argos by sea, being sent to acquaint him that the Argives were revolting from Cleomenes, and purposed to invite him to that city. Aristotle was the author of the defection, and he had found no great difficulty in persuading the people into it, because Cleomenes had not cancelled their debts, as he had given them room to hope. Upon this Aratus, with 1500 men whom he had from Antigonus, sailed to Epidaurus. But Aristotle, not waiting for him, assembled tne townsmen, and with the assistance of Timoxenus and a party of Achæans from Sicyon attacked the citadel.

Cleomenes getting intelligence of this about the second watch of the night, sent for Megistonus, and, in an angry tone, ordered him to the relief of Argos, for it was he who had principally undertaken for the obedience of the Argives, and by that means prevented the expulsion of such as were suspected. Having despatched Megistonus upon this business, the Spartan prince watched the motions of Antigonus, and endeavoured to dispel the fears of the Corinthians, assuring them it was no great thing that had happened at Argos, but only an inconsiderable tumult. Megistonus got into Argos, and was slain in a skirmish there; the garrison was hard pressed, and messenger after messenger sent to Cleomenes. Upon this he was afraid that the enemy, after they had made themselves masters of Argos, would block up the passages against him, and then go and ravage Laconia at their pleasure, and besiege Sparta itself, which was left without defence. He therefore decamped from Corinth, the consequence of which was the loss of that town; for Antigonus immediately entered it, and placed a garrison there. In the meantime, Cleomenes, having collected his forces, which were scattered in their march, attempted to scale the walls of Argos; but failing in that enterprise, he broke open the vaults under the quarter called Aspis, gained an entrance that way, and joined his garrison, which still held out against the Achæans. After this he took some other quarters of the city by assault, and ordering the Cretan archers to ply their bows, cleared the streets of the enemy. But when he saw Antigonus descending with his infantry from the heights into the plain, and his cavalry already pouring into the city.

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[1] One of the harbours at Corinth.

he thought it impossible to maintain his post. He had now no other resource but to collect all his men, and retire along the walls, which he accordingly did without loss. Thus, after achieving the greatest things in a short space of time, and making himself master of almost all Peloponnesus in one campaign, he lost all in less time than he gained it; some cities immediately withdrawing from his alliance, and others surrendering themselves not long after to Antigonus.

Such was the ill success of this expedition. And what was no less a misfortune, as he was marching home, messengers from Lacedæmon met him in the evening near Tegea, and informed him of the death of his wife. His affection and esteem for Agiatis was so great that amidst the current of his happiest success, he could not stay from her a whole campaign, but often repaired to Sparta. No wonder, then, that a young man, deprived of so beautiful and virtuous a wife, was extremely affected with her loss. Yet his sorrow did not debase the dignity of his mind. He spoke in the same accent; he preserved the same dress and look; he gave his orders to his officers, and provided for the security of Tegea.

Next morning he entered Lacedæmon; and after paying a proper tribute to grief at home with his mother and his children, he applied himself to the concerns of state. Ptolemy, king of Egypt, agreed to furnish him with succours, but it was on condition that he sent him his mother and children as hostages. This circumstance he knew not how to communicate to his mother; and he often attempted to mention it to her, but could not go forward. She began to suspect that there was something which he was afraid to open to her, and she asked his friends what it might be. At last he ventured to tell her; upon which she laughed very pleasantly, and said, "Was this the thing which you have so long hesitated to express? Why do not you immediately put us on board a ship, and send this carcase of mine where you think it may be of most use to Sparta, before age renders it good for nothing, and sinks it into the grave?"

When everything was prepared for the voyage, they went by land to Tænarus, the army conducting them to that port. Cratesiclea being on the point of taking ship, took Cleomenes alone into the temple of Neptune, where, seeing him in great emotion and concern, she threw her arms about him, and said, "King of Sparta, take care that, when we go out, no one perceive us weeping, or doing anything unworthy that glorious place. This alone is in our power; the event is in the hands of God." After she had given him this advice, and composed her countenance, she went on board, with her little grandson in her arms, and ordered the pilot to put to sea as soon as possible.

Upon her arrival in Egypt, she understood that Ptolemy had received ambassadors from Antigonus, and seemed to listen to his proposals; and, on the other hand, she was informed that Cleomenes, though invited by the Achæans to a pacification, was afraid, on her account, to put an end to the war without Ptolemy's consent.

In this difficulty she wrote to her son, to desire him "to do what he thought most advantageous and honourable for Sparta, and not, for the sake of an old woman and a child, to live always in fear of Ptolemy." So great was the behaviour of Cratesiclea under adverse fortune.

After Antigonus had taken Tegea, and plundered Orchomanus and Mantinea, Cleomenes, now shut up within the bounds of Laconia, enfranchised such of the *helots* as could pay five Attic *minæ* for their liberty. By this expedient he raised 50 talents; and having, moreover, armed and trained in the Macedonian manner 2000 of those *helots*, whom he designed to oppose to the *Leucaspides* of Antigonus, he engaged in a great and unexpected enterprise. Megalopolis was at that time as great and powerful a city as Sparta. It was supported, besides, by the Achæans and Antigonus, whose troops lay on each side of it. Indeed, the Megalopolitans were the foremost and most eager of all the Achæans in their application to Antigonus. This city, however, Cleomenes resolved to surprise; for which purpose he ordered his men to take five days' provisions, and led them to Sellasia, as if he designed an inroad into the territories of Argos. But he turned short, and entered those of Megalopolis; and, after having refreshed his troops at Rhœtium, he marched by Helicon,[1] directly to the object he had in view. When he was near it, he sent Panteus before with two companies of Lacedæmonians, to seize that part of the wall which was between the two towers, and which he understood to be the least guarded. He followed with the rest of his army at the common pace. Panteus, finding not only that quarter but great part of the wall without defence, pulled it down in some places, undermined it in others, and put all the sentinels to the sword. While he was thus employed, Cleomenes came up and entered the city with his forces, before the Megalopolitans knew of his approach.

They were no sooner apprised of the misfortune which had befallen them, than the greatest part left the city, taking their money and most valuable effects with them. The rest made a stand, and though they could not dislodge the enemy, yet their resistance gave their fellow-citizens opportunity to escape. There remained not above 1000 men in the town, all the rest having retired to Messene with their wives and children, before there was any possibility of pursuing them. A considerable part even of those who had armed and fought in defence of the city got off, and very few were taken prisoners. Of this number were Lysandridas and Thearidas, two persons of great name and authority in Megalopolis. As they were such respectable men, the soldiers carried them before Cleomenes. Lysandridas no sooner saw Cleomenes, than he thus addressed him: "Now," said he in a loud voice, because it was at a distance—"now, king of Sparta, you have an opportunity to do an action much more glorious and princely than the late one, and to acquire immortal honour." Cleomenes, guessing at his aim, made answer,

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[1] Lubinus thinks it should read Helisson, there being no such place as Helicon in Arcadia.

"You would not have me restore you the town?" "That is the very thing," said Lysandridas, "I would propose. I advise you, by all means, not to destroy so fine a city, but to fill it with firm friends and faithful allies, by restoring the Megalopolitans to their country, and becoming the saviour of so considerable a people." Cleomenes paused awhile, and then replied, "This is hard to believe; but be it as it will, let glory with us have always greater weight than interest." In consequence of this determination, he sent the two men to Messene, with a herald in his own name, to make the Megalopolitans an offer of their town, on condition that they would renounce the Achæans, and declare themselves his friends and allies.

Though Cleomenes made so gracious and humane a proposal, Philopœmen would not suffer the Megalopolitans to accept it, or to quit the Achæan league,[1] but assuring them that the king of Sparta, instead of inclining to restore them their city, wanted to get the citizens too into his power, he forced Thearidas and Lysandridas to leave Messene. This is that Philopœmen who afterwards was the leading man among the Achæans, and one of the most illustrious personages among the Greeks.

Upon this news, Cleomenes, who hitherto had kept the houses and goods of the Megalopolitans with such care that not the least thing was embezzled, was enraged to such a degree that *he plundered the whole, sent the statues and pictures to Sparta*, and levelled the greatest and best parts of the city with the ground. After this he marched home again, being under some apprehensions that Antigonus and the Achæans would come upon him. They, however, made no motion towards it, for they were then holding a council at Ægium. Aratus mounted the *rostrum* on that occasion, where he wept a long time, with his robe before his face. They were all greatly surprised, and desired him to speak. At last he said, "Megalopolis is destroyed by Clemonenes." The Achæans were astonished at so great and sudden a stroke, and the council immediately broke up. Antigonus made great efforts to go to the relief of the place; but, as his troops assembled slowly from their winter quarters, he ordered them to remain where they were, and marched to Argos with the forces he had with him.

This made the second enterprise of Cleomenes appear rash and desperate, but Polybius (lib. xi.), on the contrary, informs us that it was conducted with great prudence and foresight. For knowing (as he tells us) that the Macedonians were dispersed in winter quarters, and that Antigonus lay in Argos with only his friends and a few mercenaries about him, he entered the territories of that city, in the persuasion that either the shame of suffering such an inroad would provoke Antigonus to battle, and expose him to a defeat, or that if he declined the combat, it would bring him into disrepute with the Argives. The event justified his expectation. When the people of Argos saw their country laid waste, everything that was valuable destroyed or carried off, they ran in great displeasure to the king's gates, and besieged them with clamour, bidding him either go out and fight or else give place to his superiors. Antigonus, however, like a wise and able general, thought the censures of strangers no disgrace, in comparison of his quitting a place of security and rashly hazarding a battle, and therefore he abode by his first resolutions. Cleomenes, in the meantime, marched up to the very walls, insulted his enemies, and, before he retired, spread desolation at his pleasure.

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[1] Polybius bestows great encomiums on this condition of the Megalopolitans, l. 11.

Soon after his return, he was informed that Antigonus was come to Tegea, with a design to enter Laconia on that side. Upon this emergency he put his troops under march another way, and appeared again before Argos by break of day, ravaging all the adjacent fields. He did not now cut down the corn with scythes and sickles, as people usually do, but beat it down with wooden instruments in the form of scymitars, as if this destruction was only an amusement to his soldiers in their march. Yet when they would have set fire to Cyllarabis, the school of exercise, he prevented it; reflecting that the ruin of Megalopolis was dictated rather by passion than by reason.

Antigonus immediately returned to Argos, having taken care to place guards in all the passes of the mountains. But Cleomenes, as if he held him and his operations in the utmost contempt, sent heralds to demand the keys of Juno's temple, that he might sacrifice to the goddess. After he had pleased himself with this insult on his enemy, and offered his sacrifice under the walls of the temple, which was fast shut up, he led his troops off to Phlius. In his march from thence he dislodged the garrison of Ologuntum, and then proceeded by Orchomenus; by which means he not only inspired this people with fresh courage, but came to be considered by the enemy as a most able general, and a man capable of the greatest undertakings; for, with the strength of the single city to oppose the whole power of the Macedonians and Peloponnesians, and all the treasures of the king, and not only to keep Laconia untouched, but to carry devastation into the enemy's country, were indications of no common genius and spirit.

He who first called money *the sinews of business* seems principally to have had respect to that of war. And Demades, when the Athenians called upon him to equip their navy and get it out, though their treasury was very low, told them, "They must think of baking bread before they thought of an embarkation." It is also said that the old Archidamus, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, when the allies desired that the quota of each should be determined, made answer, that "war cannot be kept at a set diet." And in this case we may justly say, that as wrestlers, strengthened by long exercise, do at last tire out those who have equal skill and agility, but not the exercise; so Antigonus coming to the war with vast funds, in process of time tired out and overcame Cleomenes, who could but in a very slender manner pay his mercenaries, and give his Spartans bread.

In all other respects the times favoured Cleomenes, Antigonus being drawn home by the bad posture of his affairs; for in his absence the barbarians invaded and ravaged all Macedonia. The Illyrians in particular, descending with a great army from the north, harassed the Macedonians so much that they were forced to send for Antigonus. Had the letters been brought a little before the battle, that general would have immediately departed, and bidden the Achæans a long farewell. But fortune, who loves to make the greatest affairs turn upon some minute circumstance, shewed on this occasion of what consequence a moment of time may be.[1] As soon as the battle of Sallasia[2] was fought, and Cleomenes had lost his army and his city, messengers came to call Antigonus home. This was a great aggravation of the Spartan king's misfortunes. Had he held off and avoided an action only a day or two longer, he would have been under no necessity of fighting; and after the Macedonians were gone, he might have made peace with the Achæans on what conditions he pleased. But such, as we said, was his want of money that he had no resource but the sword; and, therefore, as Polybius informs us, with 20,000 men was forced to challenge 30,000.

He showed himself an excellent general in the whole course of the action; his Spartans behaved with great spirit, and his mercenaries fought not ill. His defeat was owing to the superior advantage the Macedonians had in their armour, and to the weight and impetuosity of their *phalanx*.

Phylarchus, indeed, assures us, it was the treachery of one of his officers that ruined the affairs of Cleomenes. Antigonus had ordered the Illyrians and Acarnanians secretly to fetch a compass, and surround that wing which was commanded by Euclidas, the brother of Cleomenes, while he was marshalling the rest of his army. Cleomenes, taking a view from an eminence of his adversary's disposition, could not perceive where the Illyrians and Acarnanians were posted, and began to fear they were designed for some such manœuvre. He therefore called Damotecles, whose business it was to guard against any surprise, and ordered him to reconnoitre the enemy's rear with particular care, and form the best conjecture he could of the movements they intended. Damotecles, who was said to be bribed by Antigonus, assured him that "he had nothing to fear from that quarter, for all was safe in the rear; nor was there anything more to be done but to bear down upon the front." Cleomenes, satisfied with this report, attacked Antigonus. The Spartans charged with so much vigour, that they made the Macedonian *phalanx* give ground, and eagerly pursued their advantage for about five furlongs. The king then seeing Euclidas in the other wing quite surrounded, stopped, and cried out, "Thou art lost, my dear brother, thou art lost! in spite of all thy valour; but great is thy example to our Spartan youth, and the songs of our matrons shall for ever record thee!"

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[1] Plutarch had this reflection from Polybius.

[2] Polybius has given a particular account of this battle. Antigonus had 28,000 foot, and 12,000 horse. The army of Cleomenes consisted only of 20,000, but it was advantageously posted. He was encamped on two mountains, which were almost inaccessible, and separated only by a narrow defile. These he had fortified with strong ramparts and a deep fosse; so that Antigonus, after reconnoitring his situation, did not think proper to attack him, but encamped at a small distance on the plain. At length, for want of money and provisions, Cleomenes was forced to come to action, and was beaten. POL. lib. 11.

Euclidas, and the wing he commanded, thus being slain, the victors fell upon Cleomenes, who, seeing his men in great confusion, and unable to maintain the fight, provided as well as he could for his own safety. It is said that great numbers of the mercenaries were killed; and that of 6000 Lacedæmonians no more than 200 were saved.

When he reached Sparta, he advised the citizens to receive Antigonus. "For my part," said he, "I am willing either to live or to die, as the one or the other may be most for the interest of my country." Seeing the women running to meet the few brave men who had escaped with him, help to take off their armour, and present them with wine, he retired into his own house. After the death of his wife, he had taken into his house a young woman who was a native of Megalopolis and freeborn, and had fallen into his hands at the sack of the place. She approached him, according to custom, with a tender of her services on his return from the field. But, though both thirsty and weary, he would neither drink nor sit down—he only leaned his elbow against a pillar, and his head upon it, armed as he was; and having rested a few moments, while he considered what course to take, he repaired to Gythium with his friends. There they went on board vessels provided for that purpose, and immediately put out to sea.

Upon the arrival of Antigonus, Sparta surrendered. His behaviour to the inhabitants was mild and humane, and not unsuitable to the dignity of their republic; for he offered them no kind of insult, but restored to them their laws and polity; and after having sacrificed to the gods, retired the third day. He was informed, indeed, that Macedonia was involved in a dangerous war, and that the barbarians were ravaging the country. Besides, he was in a deep consumption, and had a continual defluxion upon the lungs. However, he bore up under his affliction, and wrestled with domestic wars, until a great victory over and carnage of the barbarians made him die more glorious. Phylarchus tells us (and it is not at all improbable) that he burst a vessel in his lungs with shouting in the battle; though it passed in the schools, that in expressing his joy after the victory, and crying out, "O glorious day!" he brought up a great quantity of blood, and fell into a fever, of which he died.

From the isle of Cythea, where Cleomenes first touched, he sailed to another island called Ægialia. There he had formed a design to pass over to Cyrene, when one of his friends, named Therycion, a man of high and intrepid spirit on all occasions, and one who

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[1] He acted like a brave soldier, but not a skilful officer. Instead of pouring upon the enemy from the heights, and retiring as he found it convenient, he stood still, and suffered the Macedonians to cut off his retreat.

always indulged himself in a lofty and haughty turn of expression, came privately to Cleomenes, and thus addressed him: "We have lost, my prince, the most glorious death, which we might have found in the battle; though the world had heard us boast that Antigonus should never conquer the king of Sparta till he had slain him. Yet there is another exit still offered us by glory and virtue. Whither then are we so absurdly sailing? Flying a death that is so near, and seeking one that is remote. If it is not dishonourable for the descendants of Hercules to serve the successors of Philip and Alexander, why do not we save ourselves a long voyage by making our submission to Antigonus, who, in all probability, as much excels Ptolemy as the Macedonians do the Egyptians? But if we do not choose to be governed by a man who beat us in the field, why do we take one who never conquered us for our master? Is it that we may show our inferiority to two instead of one by flying before Antigonus, and then going to flatter Ptolemy? Shall we say that you go into Egypt for the sake of your mother? It will be a glorious and happy thing truly for her to show Ptolemy's wives her son, of a king become a captive and an exile. No! while we are yet masters of our swords, and are yet in sight of Laconia, let us deliver ourselves from this miserable fortune, and make our excuse for our past behaviour to those brave men who fell for Sparta at Sellasia. Or shall we rather sit down in Egypt and inquire whom Antigonus has left governor of Lacedæmon?"

Thus Therycion spoke, and Cleomenes made this answer: "Dost thou think then, wretch that thou art! dost thou think, by running into the arms of death, than which nothing is more easy to find, to show thy courage and fortitude? And dost thou not consider that this flight is more dastardly than the former? Better men than we have given way to their enemies, being either overset by fortune or oppressed by numbers. But he who gives out either for fear of labour and pain, or of the opinions and tongues of men, falls a victim to his own cowardice. *A voluntary death ought to be an action, not a retreat from action. For it is an ungenerous thing either to live or to die to ourselves.* All that thy expedient could possibly do would be only the extricating us from our present misfortunes, without answering any purpose either of honour or utility. But I think neither thou nor I ought to give up all hopes for our country. If those hopes should desert us, death, when we seek for him, will not be hard to find." Therycion made no reply; but the first opportunity he had to leave Cleomenes, he walked down to the shore and stabbed himself.

Cleomenes left Ægialia and sailed to Africa, where he was received by the king's officers and conducted to Alexandria. When he was first introduced to Ptolemy (Eurgetes) that prince behaved to him with sufficient kindness and humanity; but when, upon further trial of him, he found what strength of understanding he had, and that his laconic and simple way of conversing was mixed with a vein of wit and pleasantry: when he saw that he did not, in any instance whatever, dishonour his royal birth, or crouch to fortune, he began to take more pleasure in his discourse than in the mean sacrifices of complaisance and flattery. He greatly repented, too, and blushed at the thought of having neglected such a man, and given him up to Antigonus, who, by conquering him, had acquired so much power and glory. He, therefore, encouraged him now with every mark of attention and respect, and promised to send him back to Greece with a fleet and a supply of money to re-establish him in his kingdom. His present appointments amounted to 24 talents by the year. Out of this he maintained himself and his friends in a sober and frugal manner, and bestowed the rest in offices of humanity to such Greeks as had left their country and retired into Egypt.

But old Ptolemy died before he could put his intentions in favour of Cleomenes into execution; and the court soon becoming a scene of debauchery, where women had the sway, the business of Cleomenes was neglected. For the king[1] was so much corrupted with wine and women that in his more sober and serious hours he would attend to nothing but the celebration of mysteries, and *the beating a drum with his royal hands about the palace;* while the great affairs of state were left to his mistress Agathoclea, and her mother, and Oenanthes the infamous minister to his pleasures. It appears, however, that at first some use was made of Cleomenes; for Ptolemy, being afraid of his brother Magas, who, through his mother's interest, stood well with the army, admitted Cleomenes to a consultation in his cabinet, the subject of which was, whether he should destroy his brother. All the rest voted for it, but Cleomenes opposed it strongly. He said, "The king, if it were possible, should have more brothers, for the greater security of the crown and the better management of affairs." And when Sosibius, the king's principal favourite, replied, "That the mercenaries could not be depended on while Magas was alive, Cleomenes desired them to give themselves no pain about that; "for," said he, "above 3000 of the mercenaries are Peloponnesians, who, upon a nod from me, will be ready with their arms." Hence, Ptolemy, for the present, looked upon Cleomenes not only as a fast friend, but a man of power; but his weakness afterwards increasing his timidity, as is common with people of little understanding, he began to place his security in jealousy and suspicion. His ministers were of the same stamp, and they considered Cleomenes as an object of fear, on account of his interest with the mercenaries; insomuch that many were heard to say, "That he was a lion among a flock of sheep." Such, indeed, he seemed to be in court, where, with a silent severity of aspect, he observed all that passed.

In these circumstances, he made no more applications for ships or troops. But being informed that Antigonus was dead; that the Achæans were engaged in war with the Ætolians; and that affairs called strongly for his presence, in the troubles and distraction that then reigned in Peloponnesus, he desired only a conveyance thither for himself and his friends. Yet no man listened to him. The king, who spent his time in all kinds of Bacchanalian revels with women, could not possibly hear him. Sosibius, the prime minister, thought Cleomenes must prove a formidable and dangerous man, if he were kept in Egypt against his will; and that it was not safe to dismiss him because of his bold and enterprising spirit, and because he had been an eye-witness to the distempered state of the kingdom; for it was not in the power of money to mollify him. As the ox Apis, though revelling, to all appearance, in every delight that he can desire, yet longs after the liberty which nature gave him, wants to bound over the fields and pastures at his pleasure, and discovers a manifest uneasiness under the hands of the priest who feeds him; so Cleomenes could not be satisfied with a soft and effeminate life; but like Achilles,

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[1] Ptolemy Philopater.

> Consuming cares lay heavy on his mind;
> In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
> And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.

While his affairs were in this posture, Nicagoras the Messenian, a man who concealed the most rancorous hatred of Cleomenes under the pretence of friendship, came to Alexandria. It seems he had formerly sold him a handsome piece of ground; and the king, either through want of money or his continual engagement in war, had neglected to pay him for it. Cleomenes, who happened to be walking upon the quay, saw this Nicagoras just landing from a merchantman, and saluting him with great kindness, asked, "What business had brought him to Egypt?" Nicagoras returned the compliment with equal appearance of friendship, and answered, "I am bringing some fine war-horses for the king." Cleomenes laughed, and said, "I could rather have wished that you had brought him some female musicians and pathics; for these are the cattle that the king at present likes best." Nicagoras at that time only smiled; but a few days after, he put Cleomenes in mind of the field he had sold him, and desired he might now be paid; pretending that he would not have given him any trouble about it if he had not found considerable loss in the disposal of his merchandise. Cleomenes assured him, "That he had nothing left of what the kings of Egypt had given him;" upon which Nicagoras, in his disappointment, acquainted Sosibius with the joke upon the king. Sosibius received the information with pleasure; but being desirous to have something against Cleomenes that would exasperate Ptolemy still more, he persuaded Nicagoras to leave a letter, asserting that, "If the Spartan prince had received a supply of ships and men from the king of Egypt's bounty, he would have made use of them in seizing Cyrene for himself." Nicagoras accordingly left the letter and set sail. Four days after, Sosibius carried it to Ptolemy, as if just come to his hands; and having worked up the young prince to revenge, it was resolved that Cleomenes should have a large apartment assigned him, and be served there as formerly, but not suffered to go out.

This was a great affliction to Cleomenes, and the following accident made his prospects still more miserable. Ptolemy, the son of Chrysermus, who was an intimate friend of the king's, had all along behaved to Cleomenes with great civility; they seemed to like each other's company, and were upon some terms of confidence. Cleomenes in this distress desired the son of Chrysermus to come and speak to him. He came, and talked to him plausibly enough, endeavouring to dispel his suspicions and to apologize for the king. But as he was going out of the apartment, without observing that Cleomenes followed him to the door, he gave the keepers a severe reprimand, "for looking so carelessly after a wild beast, who, if he escaped, in all probability could be taken no more." Cleomenes having heard this, retired before Ptolemy perceived him, and acquainted his friends with it. Upon this they all dismissed their former hopes, and taking the measures which anger dictated, they resolved to revenge themselves of Ptolemy's injurious and insolent behaviour, and then die as became Spartans, instead of waiting long for their doom in confinement, like victims fatted for the altar; for they thought it an insufferable thing that Cleomenes, after he had disdained to come to terms with Antigonus, a brave warrior, and a man of action, should sit expecting his fate from a prince who assumed the character of a priest of Cybele; and who, after he had laid aside his drum, and was tired of his dance, would find another kind of sport in putting him to death.

After they had taken their resolution, Ptolemy happening to go to Canopus, they propagated a report that, by the king's order, Cleomenes was to be released; and as it was the custom of the kings of Egypt to send those to whom they designed to extend such grace a supper, and other tokens of friendship, the friends of Cleomenes made ample provision for the purpose, and sent it to the gate. By this stratagem the keepers were deceived; for they imagined that the whole was sent by the king. Cleomenes then offered sacrifice, with a chaplet of flowers on his head, and afterwards sat down with his friends to the banquet, taking care that the keepers should have large portions to regale them. It is said, that he set about his enterprise sooner than he intended, because he found that one of his servants who was in the secret had been out all night with his mistress. Fearing, therefore, that a discovery might be made, about mid-day while the intoxication of the preceding night still kept the guards fast asleep, he put on his military tunic, having first opened the seam of the left shoulder, and rushed out, sword in hand, accompanied by his friends, who were thirteen in number, and accoutred in the same manner.

One of them, named Hippotas, though lame, at first was enabled, by the spirit of enterprise, to keep pace with them; but afterwards perceiving that they went slower on his account, he desired them to kill him, and not ruin the whole scheme by waiting for a man who could do them no service. By good fortune they found an Alexandrian leading a horse in the street; they took it, and set Hippotas upon it, and then moved swiftly through the streets, all the way inviting the people to liberty. They had just spirit enough left to praise and admire the bold attempt of Cleomenes, but not a man of them ventured to follow or assist him.

Ptolemy, the son of Chrysermus, happening to come out of the palace, three of them fell upon him and despatched him. Another Ptolemy, who was governor of the city, advanced to meet them in his chariot; they attacked and dispersed his officers and guards, and, dragging him out of his chariot, put him to the sword. Then they marched to the citadel, with a design to break open the prison and join the prisoners, who were no small number, to their party; but the keepers had prevented them by strongly barricading the gates. Cleomenes, thus disappointed again, roamed up and down the city; and he found that not a single man would join him, but that all avoided him as they would avoid infection.

He therefore stopped, and said to his friends, "It is no wonder that women govern a people who fly from liberty;" adding, "That he hoped they would all die in a manner that would reflect no dishonour upon him, or on their own achievements." Hippotas desired one of the younger men to despatch him, and was the first that fell. Afterwards each of them, without fear or delay, fell upon his own sword, except Panteus, who was the first man that scaled the walls of Megalopolis, when it was taken by surprise. He was in the flower of his age, remarkable for his beauty, and of a happier turn than the rest of the youth for the Spartan discipline, which perfections had given him a great share in the king's regard, and he now gave him orders not to despatch himself, till he saw his prince and all the rest breathless on the ground. Panteus tried one after another with his dagger, as they lay, lest some one should happen to be left with life in him. On pricking Cleomenes in the foot, he perceived a contortion in his face. He therefore kissed him, and sat down by him till the breath was out of his body, and then embracing the corpse, slew himself upon it.

Thus fell Cleomenes, after he had been sixteen years king of Sparta, and shewed himself in all respects the great man. When the report of his death had spread over the city, Cratesiclea, though a woman of superior fortitude, sunk under the weight of the calamity; she embraced the children of Cleomenes, and wept over them. The eldest of them, disengaging himself from her arms, got unsuspected to the top of the house, and threw himself down headlong. The child was not killed, but much hurt; and, when they took him up, he loudly expressed his grief and indignation that they would not suffer him to destroy himself.

Ptolemy was no sooner informed of these things than he ordered the body of Cleomenes to be flayed and nailed to a cross, and his children to be put to death, together with his mother and the women her companions. Amongst these was the wife of Panteus, a woman of great beauty, and a most majestic presence. They had been but lately married, and their misfortunes overtook them amidst the first transports of love. When her husband went with Cleomenes from Sparta, she was desirous of accompanying him; but was prevented by her parents, who kept her in close custody. But soon after she provided herself a horse and a little money, and, making her escape by night, rode at full speed to Tænarus, and there embarked on board a ship bound for Egypt. She was brought safe to Panteus, and she cheerfully shared with him in all the inconveniences they found in a foreign country. When the soldiers came to take out Cratesiclea to execution, she led her by the hand, assisting in bearing her robe, and desired her to exert all the courage she was mistress of; though she was far from being afraid of death, and desired no other favour than that she might die before her children. But when they came to the place of execution, the children suffered before her eyes, and then Cratesiclea was despatched, who, in this extreme distress, uttered only these words, "*O my children! whither are you gone?*"

The wife of Panteus, who was tall and strong, girt her robe about her, and, in a silent and composed manner, paid the last offices to each woman that lay dead, winding up the bodies as well as her present circumstances would admit. Last of all, she prepared herself for the poignard, by letting down her robe about her, and adjusting it in such a manner as to need no assistance after death; then calling the executioner to do his office, and permitting no other person to approach her, *she fell like a heroine.* In death she retained all the decorum she had preserved in life; and the decency which had been so sacred with this excellent woman still remained about her. Thus, in this bloody tragedy, wherein the women contended to the last for the prize of courage with the men, Lacedæmon shewed that *it is impossible for fortune to conquer virtue.*

A few days after, the soldiers who watched the body of Cleomenes on the cross[1] saw a great snake winding about his head, and covering all his face, so that no bird of prey durst touch it. This struck the king with superstitious terrors, and made way for the women to try a variety of expiations; for Ptolemy was now persuaded that he had caused the death of a person who was a favourite of Heaven, and something more than mortal. The Alexandrians crowded to the place, and called Cleomenes a hero, a son of the gods, till the philosophers put a stop to their devotions by assuring them that, as dead oxen breed bees,[2] horses wasps, and beetles rise out of the putrefaction of asses, so human carcases, when some of the moisture of the marrow is evaporated, and it comes to a thicker consistence, produce serpents. The ancients knowing this doctrine, appropriated the serpent rather than any other animal to heroes.

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[1] That the friends of the deceased might not take it away by night. Thus we find in Petronius's Ephesian Matron: *Miles qui cruces asservabat, nequis ad sepulturam corpora detraheret.* And thus we find it an authority we shall not mention at the same time with Petronius.

[2] This was the received opinion of antiquity, as we find in Varro, &c. &c.

PHILOPŒMEN.

AT Mantinea there was a man of great quality and power named Cassander,[1] who, being obliged by a reverse of fortune to quit his own country, went and settled at Megalopolis. He was induced to fix there, chiefly by the friendship which subsisted between him and Crausis,[2] the father of Philopœmen, who was in all respects an extraordinary man. While his friend lived, he had all that he could wish; and being desirous, after his death, to make some return for his hospitality, he educated his orphan son, in the same manner as Homer says Achilles was educated by Phœnix, and formed him from his infancy to generous sentiments and royal virtues.

But when he was past the years of childhood, Ecdemus and Demophanes[3] had the principal care of him. They were both Megalopolitans, who, having learned the academic philosophy of Arcesilaus,[4] applied it, above all the men of their time, to action and affairs of state. They delivered their country from tyranny by providing persons privately to take off Aristodemus; they were assisting Aratus in driving out Nicocles the tyrant of Sicyon; and at the request of the people of Cyrene, whose government was in great disorder, they sailed thither, settled it on the foundation of good laws, and thoroughly regulated the commonwealth. But among all their great actions, they valued themselves most on the education of Philopœmen, as having rendered him, by the principles of philosophy a common benefit to Greece. And indeed, as he came the last of so many excellent generals, Greece loved him extremely, as the child of her old age, and, as his reputation increased, enlarged his power. For which reason, a certain Roman calls him *the last of the Greeks*, meaning that Greece had not produced one great man, or one that was worthy of her, after him.

His visage was not very homely,[5] as some imagined it to have been, for we see his statue still remaining at Delphi. As for the mistake of his hostess at Megara, it is said to be owing to his easiness of behaviour and the simplicity of his garb. She having word brought that the general of the Achæans was coming to her house, was in great care and hurry to provide his supper, her husband happening to be out of the way. In the meantime Philopœmen came, and as his habit was ordinary, she took him for one of his own servants, or for a harbinger, and desired him to assist her in the business of the kitchen. *He presently threw off his cloak, and began to cleave some wood;* when the master of the house returning and seeing him so employed, said, "What is the meaning of this, Philopœmen?" He replied in broad Doric, "I am paying the fine of my deformity." Titus Flaminius rallying him one day upon his make, said, "*What fine hands and legs you have! but then you have no belly;*" and he was indeed very slender in the waist. But this raillery might rather be referred to the condition of his fortune; for he had good soldiers, both horse and foot, but very often wanted money to pay them. These stories are subjects of disputations in the schools.

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[1] Pausanias calls him *Cleander;* and some manuscripts of Plutarch agree with him. So it is in the translation of Guarini.

[2] Craugis in Pausanias; in the inscription of a statue of Philopœmen at Tegea; and in an ancient collection of epigrams.

[3] In Pausanias their names are Ecdelus and Megalophanes.

[4] Arcesilaus was founder of the middle Academy, and made some alteration in the doctrine which had obtained.

[5] Pausanias assures us that his visage was homely but at the same time declares that in point of size and strength no man in Peloponnesus exceeded him.

As to his manners, we find that his pursuits of honour were too much attended with roughness and passion. Epaminondas was the person whom he proposed his pattern; and he succeeded in imitating his activity, shrewdness, and contempt of riches; but his choleric, contentious humour prevented his attaining to the mildness, the gravity, and candour of that great man in political disputes, so that he seemed rather fit for war than for the civil administration. Indeed, from a child he was fond of everything in the military way, and readily entered into the exercises which tended to that purpose—those of riding, for instance, and handling of arms. As he seemed well formed for wrestling too, his friends and governors advised him to improve himself in that art, which gave him occasion to ask, whether that might be consistent with his proficiency as a soldier? They told him the truth—that the habit of body and manner of life, the diet and exercise, of a soldier and a wrestler, were entirely different; and the wrestler must have much sleep and full meals, stated times of exercise and rest, every little departure from his rules being very prejudicial to him; whereas the soldier should be prepared for the most irregular changes of living, and should chiefly endeavour to bring himself to bear the want of food and sleep without difficulty. Philopœmen hearing this, not only avoided and derided the exercise of wrestling himself, but afterwards, when he came to be general, to the utmost of his power exploded the whole art by every mark of disgrace and expression of contempt; satisfied that it rendered persons, who were most fit for war, quite useless, and unable to fight on necessary occasions.

When his governors and preceptors had quitted their charge, he engaged in those private incursions into Laconia which the city of Megalopolis made for the sake of booty; and in these he was sure to be the first to march out, and the last to return.

His leisure he spent either in the chase, which increased both his strength and activity, or in the tillage of the field. For he had a handsome estate 20 furlongs from the city, to which he went every day after dinner, or after supper; and at night he threw himself upon an ordinary mattress, and slept as one of the labourers. Early in the morning he rose and went to work along with his vine-dressers or ploughmen; after which he returned to the town, and employed his time about the public affairs with his friends and with the magistrates. What he gained in the wars he laid out upon horses or arms, or in the redeeming of captives; but he endeavoured to improve his own estate the justest way in the world, by agriculture I mean.[1] Nor did he apply himself to it in a cursory manner, but in full conviction that *the surest way not to touch what belongs to others is to take care of one's own.*

He spent some time in hearing the discourses and studying the writings of philosophers; but selected such as he thought might assist his progress in virtue. Among the poetical images in Homer he attended to those which seemed to excite and encourage valour; and, as to other authors, he was most conversant in the *Tactics* of Evangelus[2] and in the History of Alexander; being persuaded that learning ought to conduce to action, and not be considered as mere pastime and a useless fund for talk. In the study of *Tactics* he neglected those plans and diagrams that are drawn upon paper, and exemplified the rules in the field; considering with himself as he travelled, and pointing out to those about him, the difficulties of steep or broken ground, and how the ranks of an army must be extended or closed, according to the differences made by rivers, ditches, and defiles.

He seems, indeed, to have set rather too great a value on military knowledge; embracing war as the most extensive exercise of virtue, and despising those that were not versed in it as persons entirely useless.

He was now thirty years old, when Cleomenes,[3] king of the Lacedœmonians, surprised Megalopolis in the night, and having forced the guards, entered and seized the market-place. Philopœmen ran to succour the inhabitants, but was not able to drive out the enemy, though he fought with the most determined and desperate valour. He prevailed, however, so far as to give the people opportunity to steal out of the town, by maintaining the combat with the pursuers, and drawing Cleomenes upon himself, so that he retired the last with difficulty, and after prodigious efforts, being wounded, and having his horse killed under him. When they had gained Messene, Cleomenes made them an offer of their city with their lands and goods. Philopœmen perceiving they were glad to accept the proposal, and in haste to return, strongly opposed it, representing to them in a set speech, that Cleomenes did not want to restore them their city, but to be master of the citizens, in order that he might be more secure of keeping the place; that he could not sit still long to watch empty houses and walls, for the very solitude would force him away. By this argument he turned the Megalopolitans from their purpose, but at the same time furnished Cleomenes with a pretence to plunder the town and demolish the greatest part of it, and to march off loaded with bootv

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[1] Columella says, agriculture is next akin to philosophy. It does, indeed, afford a person who is capable of speculation, an opportunity of meditating on nature; and such meditations enlarge the mind.

[2] This author is mentioned by Arrian, who also wrote a discourse on Tactics. He observes, that the treatise of Evangelus, as well as those of several other writers on that subject, were become of little use in his time, because they had omitted several things as sufficiently known in their days which, however, then wanted explication. This may serve as a caution to future writers on this and such like subjects.

[3] Cleomenes made himself master of Megalopolis in the second year of Olympiad 139, B.C. 221.

Soon after Antigonus came down to assist the Achæans against Cleomenes; and finding that he had possessed himself of the heights of Sellasia, and blocked up the passages, Antigonus drew up his army near him, with a resolution to force him from his post. Philopœmen, with his citizens, was placed among the cavalry, supported by the Illyrian foot, a numerous and gallant body of men, who closed that extremity. They had orders to wait quietly, until from the other wing, where the king fought in person, they should see a red robe lifted up upon the point of a spear. The Achæans kept their ground, as they were directed; but the Illyrian officers with their corps attempted to break in upon the Lacedæmonians. Euclidas, the brother of Cleomenes, seeing this opening made in the enemy's army, immediately ordered a party of his light-armed infantry to wheel about and attack the rear of the Illyrians, thus seperated from the horse. This being put in execution, and the Illyrians, harassed and broken, Philopœmen perceived that it would be no difficult matter to drive off that light-armed party, and that the occasion called for it. First he mentioned the thing to the king's officers, but they rejected the hint, and considered him as no better than a madman, his reputation being not yet respectable enough to justify such a movement. He, therefore, with the Megalopolitans, falling upon that light-armed corps himself, at the first encounter put them in confusion, and soon after routed them with great slaughter. Desirous yet further to encourage Antigonus's troops, and quickly to penetrate into the enemy's army, which was now in some disorder, he quitted his horse; and advancing on foot, in his horseman's coat of mail and other heavy accoutrements, upon rough uneven ground, that was full of springs and bogs, he was making his way with extreme difficulty, when he had both his thighs struck through with a javelin, so that the point came through on the other side, and the wound was great though not mortal. At first he stood still as if he had been shackled, not knowing what method to take. For the thong in the middle of the javelin rendered it difficult to be drawn out; nor would any about him venture to do it. At the same time the fight being at the hottest, and likely to be soon over, honour and indignation pushed him on to take his share in it; and therefore, by moving his legs this way and that, he broke the staff, and then ordered the pieces to be pulled out. Thus set free, he ran, sword in hand, through the first ranks to charge the enemy; at the same time animating the troops and firing them with emulation.

Antigonus, having gained the victory, to try his Macedonian officers, demanded of them, "Why they had brought on the cavalry before he gave them the signal?" By way of apology, they said, "They were obliged, against their will, to come to action, because a young man of Megalopolis had begun the attack too soon." "That young man," replied Antigonus smiling, "has performed the office of an experienced general."

This action, as we may easily imagine, lifted Philopœmen into great reputation, so that Antigonus was very desirous of having his service in the wars, and offered him a considerable command with great appointments; but he declined it, because he knew he could not bear to be under the direction of another. Not choosing, however, to lie idle, and hearing there was a war in Crete, he sailed thither to exercise and improve his military talents. When he had served there a good while, along with a set of brave men, who were not only versed in all the stratagems of war, but temperate besides, and strict in their manner of living, he returned with so much renown to the Achæans, that they immediately appointed him general of horse. He found that the cavalry made use of small and mean horses, which they picked up as they could when they were called to a campaign; that many of them shunned the wars, and sent others in their stead; and that shameful ignorance of service, with its consequence, timidity, prevailed among them all. The former generals had connived at this, because, it being *a degree of honour among the Achæans to serve on horseback*, the cavalry had great power in the commonwealth and considerable influence in the distribution of rewards and punishments. But Philopœmen would not yield to such considerations, or grant them the least indulgence. Instead of that, he applied to the several towns, and to each of the young men in particular, rousing them to a sense of honour, punishing where necessity required, and practising them in exercised reviews and mock-battles in places of the greatest resort. By these means in a little time he brought them to surprising strength and spirit; and, what is of most consequence in discipline, rendered them so light and quick that all their evolutions and movements, whether performed separately or together, were executed with so much readiness and address, that their motion was like that of one body actuated by an internal voluntary principle. In the great battle which they fought with the Ætolians and Eleans near the river Larissus,[1] Demophantus, general of the Elean horse, advanced before the lines at full speed against Philopœmen. Philopœmen, preventing his blow, by a push with his spear brought him dead to the ground. The enemy seeing Demophantus fall, immediately fled. And now Philopœmen was universally celebrated as not inferior to the young in personal valour, nor to the old in prudence, and as equally well qualified both to fight and to command.

Aratus was, indeed, the first who raised the commonwealth of the Achæans to dignity and power. For, whereas before they were in a low condition, dispersed in unconnected cities, he united them in one body, and gave them a moderate civil government worthy of Greece. And as it happens in running waters, that when a few small bodies stop, others stick to them, and one part strengthening another, the whole becomes one firm and solid mass, so it was with Greece. At a time when she was weak and easily broken, dispersed as she was in a variety of cities, which stood each upon its own bottom, the Achæans first united themselves, and then drawing some of the neighbouring cities to them by assisting them to expel their tyrants, while others voluntarily joined them for the sake of that unanimity which they beheld in so well-constituted a government, they conceived the great design of forming Peloponnesus into one community. It is true, that while Aratus lived, they attended the motions of the Macedonians, and made their court first to Ptolemy, and after to Antigonus and Philip, who all had a great share in the affairs of Greece. But when Philopœmen had taken upon him the administration, the Achæans, finding themselves respectable enough to oppose their strongest adversaries, ceased to call in foreign protectors. As for Aratus, not being so fit for conflicts in the field, he managed most of his affairs by address, by moderation, and by the friendships he had formed with foreign princes. But Philopœmen, being a great warrior, vigorous and bold, and successful withal in the first battles that he fought, raised the ambition of the Achæans together with their power; for under him they were used to conquer.

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[1] This battle was fought the fourth year of Olympiad 142, when Philopœmen was in the forty-fourth year of his age.

In the first place, he corrected the errors of the Achæans in drawing up their forces and in the make of their arms. For hitherto they had made use of bucklers which were easy to manage on account of their smallness, but too narrow to cover the body, and lances that were much shorter than the Macedonian pikes, for which reason they answered the end in fighting at a distance, but were of little use in close battle. As for the order of battle, they had not been accustomed to draw up in a *spiral* form,[1] but in the square battalion, which, having neither a front of pikes nor shields fit to lock together, like that of the Macedonians, was easily penetrated and broken. Philopœmen altered both, persuading them instead of the buckler and lance, to take the shield and pike; to arm their heads, bodies, thighs, and legs; and, instead of a light and desultory manner of fighting, to adopt a close and firm one. After he had brought the youth to wear complete armour, and on that account to consider themselves as invincible, his next step was to reform them with respect to luxury and love of expense. He could not, indeed, entirely cure them of the distemper with which they had long been infected—the vanity of appearance; for they had vied with each other in fine clothes, in purple carpets, and in the rich service of their tables. But he began with diverting their love of show from superfluous things to those that were useful and honourable, and soon prevailed with them to retrench their daily expense upon their persons, and to give in to a magnificence in their arms and the whole equipage of war. The shops therefore were seen strewed with plate broken in pieces, while breast-plates were gilt with the gold, and shields and bridles studded with the silver. On the parade the young men were managing horses, or exercising their arms. The women were seen adorning helmets and crests with various colours, or embroidering military vests both for the cavalry and infantry. The very sight of these things inflamed their courage and called forth their vigour, made them venturous, and ready to face any danger. For much expense in other things that attract our eyes, tempts to luxury, and too often produces effeminacy, the feasting of the senses relaxing the vigour of the mind; but in this instance it strengthens and improves it. Thus Homer represents Achilles, at the sight of his new armour, exulting with joy,[1] and burning with impatience to use it. When Philopœmen had persuaded the youth thus to arm and adorn themselves, he mustered and trained them continually, and they entered with pride and pleasure into his exercise. For they were greatly delighted with the new form of the battalion, which was so cemented that it seemed impossible to break it. And their arms became easy and light in the wearing, because they were charmed with their richness and beauty, and they longed for nothing more than to use them against the enemy, and to try them in a real encounter.

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[1] The Macedonian phalanx occasionally altered their form from the square to the *spiral* or orbicular, and sometimes to that of the *cuneus* or wedge.

At that time the Achæans were at war with Machanidas, the tyrant of Lacedæmon, who, with a powerful army, was watching his opportunity to subdue all Peloponnesus. As soon as news was brought that he was fallen upon the Mantineans, Philopœmen took the field, and marched against him. They drew up their armies near Mantinea, each having a good number of mercenaries in pay, besides the whole force of their respective cities. The engagement being begun, Machanidas with his foreign troops attacked and put to flight the spearmen and the Tarentines, who were placed in the Achæan front; but afterwards, instead of falling upon that part of the army who stood their ground, and breaking them, he went upon the pursuit of the fugitives; and when he should have endeavoured to rout the main body of the Achæans, left his own uncovered. Philopœmen, after so indifferent a beginning, made light of the misfortune, and represented it as no great matter, though the day seemed to be lost. But when he saw what an error the enemy committed in quitting their foot and going upon the pursuit, by which they left him a good opening, he did not try to stop them in their career after the fugitives, but suffered them to pass by. When the pursuers were got at a great distance, he rushed upon the Lacedæmonian infantry, now left unsupported by their right wing. Stretching, therefore, to the left, he took them in flank, destitute as they were of a general, and far from expecting to come to blows; for they thought Machanidas absolutely sure of victory when they saw him upon the pursuit.

After he had routed this infantry with great slaughter (for it is said that 4000 Lacedæmonians were left dead upon the spot), he marched against Machanidas, who was now returning with his mercenaries from the pursuit. There was a broad and deep ditch between them, where both strove a while, the one to get over and fly, the other to hinder him. Their appearance was not like that of a combat between two generals, but between two wild beasts (or rather between a hunter and a wild beast), whom necessity reduces to fight. Philopœmen was the great hunter. The tyrant's horse being strong and spirited, and violently spurred on both sides, ventured to leap into the ditch; and was raising his fore feet in order to gain the opposite bank, when Simmias and Polyænus, who always fought by the side of Philopœmen, both rode up and levelled their spears against Machanidas. But Philopœmen prevented them; and perceiving that the horse, with his head high reared, covered the tyrant's body, he turned his own a little, and pushing his spear at him with all his force, tumbled him into the ditch. The Achæans, in admiration of this exploit and of his conduct in the whole action, set up his statue in brass at Delphi, in the attitude in which he killed the tyrant.

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[1] She drops the radiant burden on the ground;
Clang the strong arms, and ring the shores around;
Back shrink the Myrmidons with dread surprise,
And from the broad effulgence turn their eyes.
Unmoved, the hero kindles at the show,
And feels with rage divine his bosom glow;
From his fierce eyeballs living flames expire,
And flash incessant like a stream of fire.
Il. b. xix.

It is reported, that at the Nemean games, a little after he had gained the battle of Mantinea, Philopœmen, then chosen general a second time, and at leisure on account of that great festival, first caused this phalanx, in the best order and attire, to pass in review before the Greeks, and to make all the movements which the art of war teaches with the utmost vigour and agility. After this he entered the theatre, while the musicians were contending for the prize. He was attended by the youth in their military cloaks and scarlet vests. These young men were all well made, of the same age and stature, and though they shewed great respect for their general, yet they seemed not a little elated themselves with the many glorious battles they had fought. In the moment that they entered, Pylades the musician happened to be singing to his lyre the *Persæ* of Timotheus,[1] and was pronouncing this verse, which begins,

The palm of liberty for Greece I won,

when the people, struck with the grandeur of the poetry, sung by a voice equally excellent, from every part of the theatre turned their eyes upon Philopœmen, and welcomed him with the loudest plaudits. They caught in idea the ancient dignity of Greece, and in their present confidence aspired to the lofty spirit of former times.

As young horses require their accustomed riders, and are wild and unruly when mounted by strangers, so it was with the Achæans. When their forces were under any other commander, on every great emergency they grew discontented and looked about for Philopœmen; and if he did but make his appearance, they were soon satisfied again and fitted for action by the confidence which they placed in him, well knowing that he was the only general whom their enemies durst not look in the face, and that they were ready to tremble at his very name.

Philip, king of Macedon, thinking he could easily bring the

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[1] Timotheus was a Dithyrambic poet, who flourished about Olympiad 96, B.C. 398.

Achæans under him again, if Philopœmen was out of the way, privately sent some persons to Argos to assassinate him. But this treachery was timely discovered, and brought upon Philip the hatred and contempt of all the Greeks. The Bœotians were besieging Megara, and hoped to be soon masters of the place, when a report, though not a true one, being spread among them that Philopœmen was approaching to the relief of the besieged, they left their scaling-ladders, already planted against the walls, and took to flight. Nabis, who was tyrant of Lacedæmon after Machanidas, had taken Messene by surprise. And Philopœmen, who was out of command, endeavoured to persuade Lysippus, then general of the Achæans, to succour the Messenians; but not prevailing with him, because he said the enemy was within, and the place irrecoverably lost, he went himself, taking with him his own citizens, who waited neither for form of law nor commission, but followed him upon this natural principle, that *he who excels should always command.* When he was got pretty near, Nabis was informed of it, and not daring to wait, though his army lay quartered in the town, stole out at another gate with his troops, and marched off precipitately, thinking himself happy if he could escape. He did indeed escape, but Messene was rescued.

Thus far *everything is great in the character of Philopœmen;* but as for his going a second time into Crete, at the request of the Gortynians, who were engaged in war, and wanted him for general, it has been blamed, either as an act of cowardice in deserting his own country when she was distressed by Nabis, or as an unseasonable ambition to show himself to strangers. And it is true, the Megalopolitans were then so hard pressed, that they were obliged to shut themselves up within their walls, and to sow corn in their very streets, the enemy having laid waste their land, and encamped almost at their gates. Philopœmen, therefore, by entering into the service of the Cretans at such a time, and taking a command beyond sea, furnished his enemies with a pretence to accuse him of basely flying from the war at home.

Yet it is said, that as the Achæans had chosen other generals, Philopœmen, being unemployed, bestowed his leisure upon the Gortynians, and took a command among them at their request; for he had an extreme aversion to idleness, and was desirous, above all things, to keep his talents as a soldier and general in constant practice. This was clear from what he said of Ptolemy. Some were commending that prince for daily studying the art of war, and improving his strength by martial exercise: "Who," said he, "can praise a prince of his age, that is always preparing and never performs?"

The Megalopolitans, highly incensed at his absence, and looking upon it as a desertion, were inclined to pass an outlawry against him; but the Achæans prevented them by sending their general[1] Aristænetus to Megalopolis, who, though he differed with Philopœmen about matters of government, would not suffer him to be declared an outlaw. Philopœmen, finding himself neglected by his citizens, drew off from them several of the neighbouring boroughs, and instructed them to allege that they were not comprised in their taxations, nor originally of their dependencies. But assisting them to maintain this pretext, he lessened the authority of Megalopolis in the general assembly of the Achæans.

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[1] Polybius and Livy call him Aristænus.

Whilst he commanded the Gortynians in Crete, he did not, like a Peloponnesian or Arcadian, make war in an open generous manner, but adopting the Cretan customs, and using their artifices and sleights, their stratagems and ambushes against themselves, he soon shewed that their devices were like the short-sighted schemes of children, when compared with the long reach of an experienced general.

Having greatly distinguished himself by these means, and performed many exploits in that country, he returned to Peloponnesus with honour. Here he found Philip beaten by T. Q. Flaminius, and Nabis engaged in war both with the Romans and Achæans. He was immediately chosen general of the Achæans, but venturing to act at sea, he fell under the same misfortune with Epaminondas; he saw the great ideas that had been formed of his courage and conduct vanish in consequence of his ill success in a naval engagement. Some say, indeed, that Epaminondas was unwilling that his countrymen should have any share of the advantages of the sea, lest of good soldiers (as Plato expresses it) they should become licentious and dissolute sailors; and therefore chose to return from Asia and the isles without affecting anything. But Philopœmen being persuaded that his skill in the land service would insure his success at sea, found, to his cost, how much experience contributes to victory, and how much practice adds in all things to our powers. For he was not only worsted in the sea-fight for want of skill; but having fitted up an old ship which had been a famous vessel 40 years before, and manned it with his townsmen, it proved so leaky that they were in danger of being lost. Finding that, after this, the enemy despised him as a man who disclaimed all pretensions at sea, and that they had insolently laid siege to Gythium, he set sail again; and as they did not expect him, but were dispersed without any precaution, by reason of their late victory, he landed in the night, burned their camp, and killed a great number of them.

A few days after, as he was marching through a difficult pass, Nabis came suddenly upon him. The Achæans were in great terror, thinking it impossible to escape out of so dangerous a passage, which the enemy had already seized. But Philopœmen, making a little halt, and seeing at once the nature of the ground, shewed that *skill in drawing up an army is the capital point in the art of war.* For altering a little the disposition of his forces, and adapting it to the present occasion, without any bustle he easily disengaged them from the difficulty; and then falling upon the enemy, put them entirely to the rout. When he saw that they fled not to the town, but dispersed themselves about the country, as the ground was woody and uneven, and on account of the brooks and ditches impracticable for the horse, he did not go upon the pursuit, but encamped before the evening. Concluding, however, that the fugitives would return as soon as it grew dark, and draw up in a straggling manner to the city, he placed an ambush by the brooks and hills that surrounded it, many parties of the Achæans with their swords in their hands. By this means the greatest part of the troops of Nabis were cut off; for not returning in a body, but as the chance of flight had dispersed them, they fell into their enemies' hands, and were caught like so many birds, ere they could enter the town.

Philopœmen being received on this account with great honour and applause in all the theatres of Greece, it gave some umbrage to Flaminius, a man naturally ambitious. For, as a Roman consul, he thought himself entitled to much greater marks of distinction among the Achæans than a man of Arcadia, and that, as a public benefactor, he was infinitely above him; having by one proclamation set free all that part of Greece which had been enslaved by Philip and the Macedonians. After this, Flaminius made peace with Nabis; and Nabis was assassinated by the Ætolians. Hereupon Sparta being in great confusion, Philopœmen, seizing the opportunity, came upon it with his army, and, partly by force and partly by persuasion, brought that city to join in the Achæan league. The gaining over a city of such dignity and power made him perfectly adored among the Achæans. And, indeed, Sparta was an acquisition of vast importance to Achæia, of which she is now become a member. It was also a grateful service to the principal Lacedæmonians, who hoped now to have him for the guardian of their liberty. For which reason, having sold the house and goods of Nabis, by a public decree, they gave the money, which amounted to 120 talents, to Philopœmen, and determined to send it by persons deputed from their body.

On this occasion it appeared how clear his integrity was, that he not only seemed, but *was* a virtuous man. For not one of the Spartans chose to speak to a person of his character about a present; but afraid of the office, they all excused themselves, and put it upon Timolaus, to whom he was bound by the rights of hospitality. Timolaus went to Megalopolis, and was entertained at Philopœmen's house; but when he observed the gravity of his discourse, the simplicity of his diet, and his integrity of manners, quite impregnable to the attacks and deceits of money, he said not a word about the present, but having assigned another cause for his coming, returned home. He was sent a second time, but could not mention the money. In the third visit he brought it out with much difficulty, and declared the benevolence of Sparta to him. Philopœmen heard with pleasure what he had to say, but immediately went himself to the people of Lacedæmon, and advised them not to try to tempt good men with money who were already their friends, and of whose virtues they might freely avail themselves; but to buy and corrupt ill men who opposed their measures in council, that, thus silenced, they might give them less trouble: it being much better to stop the mouths of their enemies than of their friends. Such was Philopœmen's contempt of money.

Some time after, Diophanes, being general of the Achæans, and hearing that the Lacedæmonians had thoughts of withdrawing from the league, determined to chastise them.[1] Meanwhile, they prepared for war, and raised great commotions in Peloponnesus. Philopœmen tried to appease Diophanes and keep him quiet, representing to him, "That while Antiochus and the Romans were contending in the heart of Greece with two such powerful armies, an Achæan general should turn his attention to them; and instead of lighting up a war at home, should overlook and pass by some real injuries." When he found that Diophanes did not hearken to him, but marched along with Flaminius into Laconia, and that they took their route towards Sparta, he did a thing that cannot be vindicated by law and strict justice, but which discovers a great and noble daring. He got into the town himself, and though but a private man, shut the gates against an Achæan general and a Roman consul; healed the divisions among the Lacedæmonians, and brought them back to the league.

Yet, afterwards, when he was general himself, upon some new subject of complaint against that people, he restored their exiles, and put 80 citizens to death, as Polybius tells us; or, according to Aristocrates, 350. He demolished their walls, took from them great part of their territory, and added it to that of Megalopolis. All who had been made free of Sparta by the tyrants he disfranchised and carried into Achaia, except 3000 who refused to quit the place, and those he sold for slaves. By way of insult as it were upon Sparta, with the money arising thence he built a portico in Megalopolis. Pursuing his vengeance against that unhappy people, who had already suffered more than they deserved, he added one cruel and most unjust thing to fill up the measure of it: he destroyed their constitution. He abolished the discipline of Lycurgus, compelled them to give their children and youth an Achæan education, instead of that of their own country, being persuaded that their spirit could never be humbled while they adhered to the institutions of their great lawgiver. Thus brought by the weight of their calamities to have the sinews of their city cut by Philopœmen, they grew tame and submissive. Some time after, indeed, upon application to the Romans, they shook off the Achæan customs, and re-established their ancient ones as far as it could be done after so much misery and corruption.

When the Romans were carrying on the war with Antiochus in Greece, Philopœmen was in a private station; and when he saw Antiochus sit still at Chelcia, and spend his time in youthful love and a marriage unsuitable to his years, while the Syrians roamed from town to town without discipline and without officers, and minded nothing but their pleasures, he repined extremely that he was not then general of the Achæans, and scrupled not to declare that he envied the Romans their victory; "For had I been in command," said he, "I would have cut them all in pieces in the taverns." After Antiochus was overcome, the Romans pressed still harder upon Greece, and hemmed in the Achæans with their power; the orators too inclined to their interest. Under the auspices of Heaven, their strength prevailed over all; and the point was at hand where fortune, who had long veered, was to stand still. In these circumstances, Philopœmen, like a good pilot, struggled with the times. Sometimes he was forced to give way a little and yield to the times, but on most occasions maintaining the conflict, he endeavoured to draw all that were considerable either for their eloquence or riches to the side of liberty. Aristænetus the Megalopolitan, who had great interest among the Achæans, but always courted the Romans, declared it in council as his opinion, "That they ought not to be opposed or disobliged in anything." Philopœmen heard him with silent indignation, and at last, when he could refrain no longer, said to him, "And why in such haste, wretched man, to see an end of Greece!" Manius,[1] the Roman consul, after the defeat of Antiochus, moved the Achæans to permit the Lacedæmonian exiles to return, and Titus seconded him in his application; but Philopœmen opposed it, not out of any ill-will to the exiles, but because he was willing they should be indebted for that benefit to himself and the Achæans, and not to the favour of Titus and the Romans; for the next year, when he was general himself, he restored them. Thus his gallant spirit led him to contend with the prevailing powers.

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[1] The same year Caius Livius with the Roman fleet defeated Antiochus near Ephesus.

He was elected general of the Achæans the eighth time, when 70 years of age, and now he hoped not only to pass the year of his magistracy without war, but the remainder of his life in quiet; for as the force of distempers abates with the strength of the body, so in the states of Greece the spirit of contention failed with their power. Some avenging deity, however, threw him down at last, like one who, with matchless speed, runs over the race, and stumbles at the goal. It seems, that being in company where a certain general was mentioned as an extraordinary man, Philopœmen said, "There was no great account to be made of a man who suffered himself to be taken alive." A few days after this, Dinocrates the Messenian, who was particularly on ill terms with Philopœmen, and, indeed, not upon good terms with any one, by reason of his profligate and wicked life, found means to draw Messene off from the league; and it was also said that he was going to seize a place called Colonis.[2] Philopœmen was then at Argos, sick of a fever; but upon this news he pushed to Megalopolis, and reached it in one day, though it was at the distance of 400 furlongs. From thence he presently drew out a body of horse, consisting of the nobility, but all young men, who from affection to his person and ambition for glory, followed him as volunteers. With these he marched towards Messene, and meeting Dinocrates on Evander's hill,[1] he attacked and put him to flight. But 500 men who guarded the flat country suddenly coming up, the others, who were routed, seeing them, rallied again about the hills. Hereupon Philopœmen, afraid of being surrounded, and desirous of saving his young cavalry, retreated upon rough and difficult ground, while he was in the rear, often turning upon the enemy, and endeavouring to draw them entirely upon himself. Yet none of them dared to encounter him; they only shouted and rode about him at a distance. As he often faced about and left his main body on account of his young men, each of whom he was solicitous to put out of danger, at last he found himself alone amidst a number of the enemy. Even then they durst not attack him hand to hand, but, hurling their darts at a distance, they drove him upon steep and craggy places, where he could scarcely make his horse go, though he spurred him continually. He was still active through exercise, and for that reason his age was no hindrance to his escape; but being weakened by sickness, and extremely fatigued with his journey, his horse threw him, now heavy and encumbered, upon the stones. His head was wounded with the fall, and he lay a long time speechless, so that the enemy, thinking him dead, began to turn him, in order to strip him of his arms. But finding that he raised his head and opened his eyes, they gathered thick about him, bound his hands behind his back, and lead him off with such unworthy treatment and gross abuse, as Philopœmen could never have supposed he should come to suffer, even from Dinocrates.

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[1] Manius Acilius Glabrio.

[2] There is no such place known as *Colonis.* Livy (lib. 39) calls it *Corone;* and Plutarch probably wrote *Corona*, or *Coronis.* Strabo mentions the latter as a place in the neighbourhood of Messene.

The Messenians, elated at the news, flocked to the gates. But when they saw Philopœmen dragged along in a manner so unworthy of the glory of his achievements and trophies, most of them were touched with pity and compassion for his misfortune. They shed tears, and contemned all human greatness as a faithless support, as vanity and nothing. Their tears, by little and little, turned to kind words, and they began to say, they ought to remember his former benefits, and the liberty he had procured them by expelling the tyrant Nabis. A few there were indeed, who, to gratify Dinocrates, talked of putting Philopœmen to torture and to death, as a dangerous and implacable enemy, and the more to be dreaded by Dinocrates, if he escaped after being made prisoner, and treated with such indignity. At last they put him in a dungeon called the *Treasury*,[2] which had neither air nor light from without, and which, having no doors, was closed with a great stone. In this dungeon they shut him up with the stone, and placed a guard around it.

Meanwhile, the Achæan cavalry re-collecting themselves after their flight, found that Philopœmen was not with them, and probably might have lost his life. They made a stand, and called him with loud cries, blaming each other for making a base and shameful escape, by abandoning their general, who had been prodigal of his own life in order to save theirs. By much search and inquiry about the country, they got intelligence that he was taken prisoner, and carried the heavy news to the states of Achaia, who, considering it as the greatest of losses, resolved to send an embassy to demand him of the Messenians; and in the meantime prepared for war.

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[1] *Evander's hill* is likewise unknown. Polybius, and after him Pausanius, mentions a hill called *Evan* (which name it probably had from the cries of the Bacchanals) not far from Messene.

[2] The public treasure was kept there, and it was shut up with an immense stone, moved to it by an engine. Liv. lib. xxxix.

While the Achæans were taking these resolutions, Dinocrates, who most of all dreaded time, as the thing most likely to save Philopœmen, determined to be beforehand with the league. Therefore, when night was come and the multitude retired, he opened the dungeon, and sent in one of his servants with a dose of poison, and orders not to leave him till he had taken it. Philopœmen was laid down in his cloak, but not asleep; vexation and resentment kept him awake. When he saw the light and a man standing by him with a cup of poison, he raised himself up, as well as his weakness would permit, and, receiving the cup, asked him, "Whether he had heard anything of his cavalry, and particularly of Lycortas?" The executioner answering that they almost all escaped, he nodded his head in sign of satisfaction; and looking kindly upon him said, "Thou bringest good tidings, and we are not in all respects unhappy." Without uttering another word, or breathing the least sigh, he drank off the poison, and lay down again. He was already brought so low that he could not make much struggle with the fatal dose, and it despatched him presently.

The news of his death filled all Achaia with grief and lamentation. All the youth immediately repaired with the deputies of the several cities to Megalopolis, where they resolved, without loss of time, to take their revenge. For this purpose, having chosen Lycortas[1] for their general, they entered Messene, and ravaged the country, till the Messenians with one consent opened their gates and received them. Dinocrates prevented their revenge by killing himself; and those who voted for having Philopœmen put to death, followed his example. But such as were for having him put to the torture, were taken by Lycortas, and reserved for more painful punishments.

When they had burned his remains, they put the ashes in an urn, and returned not in a disorderly and promiscuous manner, but uniting a kind of triumphal march with the funeral solemnity. First came the foot with crowns of victory on their heads, and tears in their eyes, and attended by their captive enemies in fetters. Polybius, the general's son, with the principal Achæans about him, carried the urn, which was adorned with ribbons and garlands, so that it was hardly visible. The march was closed by the cavalry, completely armed and superbly mounted; they neither expressed in their looks the melancholy of such a mourning nor the joy of a victory. The people of the towns and villages on their way, flocked out as if it had been to meet him returning from a glorious campaign, touched the urn with great respect, and conducted it to Megalopolis. The old men, the women, and children, who joined the procession, raised such a bitter lamentation, that it spread through the army and was re-echoed by the city, which, besides her grief for Philopœmen, bemoaned her own calamity, as in him she thought she lost the chief rank and influence among the Achæans.

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[1] This was the second year of Olympiad 140. Lycortas was father of Polybius the historian, who was in the action, and might be then about twenty years of age.

His interment was suitable to his dignity, and the Messenian prisoners were stoned to death at his tomb. Many statues were set up, and many honours decreed him by the Grecian cities. But when Greece was involved in the dreadful misfortunes of Corinth, a certain Roman attempted to get them all pulled down,[1] accusing him in form, as if he had been alive, of implacable enmity to the Romans. When he had finished the impeachment, and Polybius had answered his calumnies, neither Mummius nor his lieutenants would suffer the monuments of so illustrious a man to be defaced, though he had opposed both Flaminius and Glabrio not a little. For they made a proper distinction between virtue and interest, between honour and advantage; well concluding, that rewards and grateful acknowledgments are always due from persons obliged to their benefactors, and honour and respect from men of merit to each other. So much concerning Philopœmen.

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[1] This happened 37 years after his death, the second year of Olympiad 148, B.C. 145.

CHRONOLOGICAL MEMORANDA.

Agesilaus, King of Sparta, died æt. 85—in Africa—on duty,	B.C.	359
Agis, the reformer, distrusted, betrayed, strangled,	„	000
Alcibiades of Athens—exiled—in Asia—shot down, æt. 48,	„	402
Alexander—mad with ambition—died of fever at Babylon, æt. 33,	„	321
Aratus—patriot chief of Achæa—poisoned by King Philip,	„	260
Aristides—the Just, of Athens—banished—soon recalled,	„	000
Artaxerxes—Mnemon—brothers, sons, wives slain—died æt. 94,	„	359
Cimon, admiral of Athens—always victorious—died in Cyprus,	„	448
Cleomenes—last king of Sparta—dies in Egypt, nobly but sadly.	,	000
Demetrius—tyrant of Macedon—king of Athens—dies a captive, æt 54,	„	000
Demosthenes—the orator—banished—in despair poisons himself,	„	000
Dion of Syracuse—a patriot—dies by the envious dagger of Calippus,	„	352
Eumenes—secretary of Alexander—murdered by Antigonus,	„	314
Lycurgus—lawgiver of Sparta—died, æt. 85—flourished,	„	904
Lysander, admiral and general of Sparta—falls in battle,	„	402
Nicias—general of Athens—defeated and killed in Sicily,	„	411
Pelopidas—friend and compatriot of Epaminondas—falls in battle,	„	000
Pericles—ruler of Athens—when greatest—died of the plague,	„	428
Philopœmen—last of the Greeks—made captive and poisoned,	„	182
Phocion—the Good, of Athens—æt. 80 is made to drink of hemlock,	„	316
Pyrrhus of Epirus—the warrior—fell by hand of a woman,	„	000
Solon—the sage ruler of Athens—flourished,	„	598
Themistocles—victor at Salamis—exiled—æt. 65 poisons himself,	„	469
Theseus—founder of Athens—flourished,	„	1025
Timoleon of Corinth—liberator of Sicily—died,	„	337

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